

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE

OF

LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND EDUCATION.

MAY, 1868.

DALLAS GALBRAITH.

CHAPTER XV.

COLONEL LADDOUN, seeing the figure coming toward him from the inn, pulled up the mare, and sat stiffly erect in the saddle. This fellow should stand, like the beggar that he was, at his stirrup. This fellow—whom he had taken from the dunghill, and to whom family and rank and an estate like a principality came and waited until he should choose to claim them. Luck might be on his side, but he should see that Laddoun was still master.

He swelled, he puffed, he played with Bill Thorp's riding-whip as though it had been a sceptre, his red lips growing redder, and his black eyes arrogant and defiant under the thick lids, as he watched Dallas coming nearer.

The twilight was distinct enough for him to see him clearly. By George! how pale the fellow was! Five years of living on prison-broth and stewed cocoa-shells. And Dallas used to dearly love a good square meal, and would share it with even a nigger! The boy had hard lines to pull, after all! Laddoun burst into a good-humored laugh, his face softening as he glanced downward over the baggily-clothed figure. Poor Dall! Where had he picked up that coat? No-

body with gentlemanly instincts could be tricked into making such a guy of himself; but Galbraith was always ready to be duped like a child; and as for dress—but, poor devil, it was not his fault if he had no fine perceptions.

He grew uneasy after that as he waited. Not with remorse that he himself had laid down the hard lines for the boy's life, nor with gratitude because the lad had put out his hand to save him from the gulf into which he had fallen. But he did remember, with a sudden spasm of the heart under his velvet waistcoat, how Dall used to admire his fashionable clothes, his bow, his princely manner—what a slave the fellow had been to him from sheer affection. "He loved me like a dog—Dallas. And he never made me ridiculous trying to copy me, either, like that idiot, McGill!"

He was within half-a-dozen yards of him now. It was the same old Dall! The steady, loping gait: mouth and nose still too big for the man's face as they had been for the boy's: the same inscrutable expression. A thousand remembrances swarmed up unbidden at the sight of him—of the journeys, the fun, the scrapes they had shared in the long, every-day life together: of Lizzy, who had been fond of the boy. Laddoun's face

kindled into that affectionate, generous glow which his admirers so well knew. He got down with a certain hesitation from his horse, holding one hand out while the other rested on the saddle, as Galbraith came swiftly toward him. He stopped short, and they stood for a moment silent in the twilight, intently regarding each other.

Laddoun broke into a loud, uncertain laugh: "Why, Dallas, old fellow! I—I'm devilish glad to see you! 'Pon my soul I am. It makes me feel like a woman. Shake hands?"

Galbraith glanced from the florid, excited face down to the fat, outstretched hand, but made no other reply.

"You don't mean to bluff me off? As you please: George Laddoun never offers his hand twice," drawing back haughtily. He could not comprehend the silence of the other man, nor the tense compression about his nostrils and jaws. Was he afraid? Or did he mean mischief?

"Now, Dallas, you're keeping malice," he broke out, frankly. "There's nothing of that in me. I've got no account of old grudges. I came here to do you a kindness. I came clear from California to be on hand when you got free, and give you a helping hand. I followed you out here for that. George Laddoun's not the sort to forget old friends. I'd have walked the streets of Albany with you in your prison-clothes, and knocked down any man who insulted you."

"Yes, I understand."

"Then you need not stand off, weighing and measuring me. You'll find me the same jolly brick—old Laddoun. More heart than head about me, as every body knows. 'Pon my soul, the sight of you brought up things I've not thought of for years! There was Lizzy—now. Well," after a moment's pause, "my taste in women has changed, of course. But there's nothing like love's young dream. 'Twas odor fled, As soon as shed.' But you never cared for the sex." He felt, as he rattled over this uneasily, that his hold had slipped from the lad, never to be regained: his old dupe stood farther outside and apart from

him than any other man, and the knowledge cost Laddoun, who was everybody's friend, a sentimental, unaffected pang. He hesitated, then cried impetuously:

"Come, Galbraith, there's my hand. Friend or enemy, as you choose. You know me."

"Yes, I know you, George Laddoun. But keep back. Don't touch me," drawing back as the other approached, his hands clasped tightly behind him.

Laddoun was startled out of his perpetual applause and patting of himself: he took a quick, keen survey of Galbraith. There was a sudden qualm of fear in his soggy, dull heart—something in the face before him reminded him that the man had had five years of solitude in which "to think it over."

The road was narrow and ran along the edge of a precipice. Galbraith was the more athletic and better built of the two. He had not spoken a word of the wrong done to him; and that looked dangerous.

"If I thrust my friendship on him, it will let loose the devil that he's trying to hold down," the Colonel judged shrewdly in the paralyzed instant that followed. Then he put his foot in the stirrup and slowly swung himself heavily up, keeping a guarded watch on Dallas. There was an aggrieved sense of injury in his manner. He was quite conscious that all the good feeling which had brought him from California had been thrown back in his face: he was not so conscious, to do him justice, of his disappointment in his plans of leeching the heir of the Galbraiths, though the disappointment was there.

Up on the mare's back, he looked about at the darkening twilight and down at the pale, controlled face of the man leaning back against the rocks, as from a vantage-ground of safety. It was but a boy's credulous face after all—never would be anything else: there was not a line of shrewdness or self-confidence in it.

Laddoun pressed his horse closer toward him. "Keep back from you, eh? It's on the cards," half closing his eyes, speculatively, "whether I leave you or

not to shift for yourself, Galbraith. I can make or unmake you as I please," measuring his words deliberately. "I can bring you in heir of this very land you stand on, or I can speak a word that would cause your own mother to cast you off. You've marked out a straight road for yourself? Very well! Do you think Pritchard would take *you* as his companion if I choose to tell him what you are? Do you think that stupid Beck and his wife would keep you under their roof—let their boy go wandering about with a jail-bird? You cannot wash yourself clear of that."

He waited for an answer, but Galbraith was motionless. At the mention of the child he had only clasped his hands more closely behind him, the fingers strained until they were bloodless, and, turning from Laddoun, fixed his eyes steadily on the ground.

The fellow was insensate as a stone!

"I hold you and your fate there, sir—there!" cried Laddoun, loudly, holding out his soft, open hand and patting it with his forefinger. "You may scheme and work to build yourself up as you please. But if you throw off George Laddoun like a pauper and scoff at his friendship, it will cost me no more than the closing of my palm to crush you like a worm."

Galbraith made a sudden step forward. Standing in front of the horse's breast, he grasped the bridle. Whatever control he had held over himself was gone: his face was set and his eyes shone like those of a wild beast. But his voice was curiously quiet:

"I never mean to punish you for what you did to me. I let that go. But I am going to lead a new life. It is in my own hands, and I warn you that it will be safer not to stand in my way."

"I'd have been your friend, if you had chosen," sullenly. "You're the first man that ever chose George Laddoun as an enemy. You never can shake me off now. I'll show you to-morrow what your new life is worth."

Galbraith pressed closer on him. "Then I'll be free of you!" he said, slowly. "I am a better man than you. I count it no more crime to put you out

of my way than a snake that bit me. Look out, Laddoun!"

His sudden onslaught wrenched a half whine, half cry from the Colonel: he grew deadly pale as he wheeled his horse about, throwing Galbraith on the ground. "The boy is mad," urging the powerful beast full on him. "I could ride you down like a dog. And I am armed. Stand back! Stand back, I say!" He brought down the revolver, covering Galbraith's breast.

Dallas stood one instant, watchful as a panther. "If you've a pistol, you are even with me," he muttered, and made the spring. Catching the bridle close by the horse's nostrils, he dragged her by sheer strength across the road to the edge of the precipice and held her there. The brute's terrible cry and Laddoun's yell rose together: her pawing hind-hoofs struck the pebbles down into the chasm. In that moment Laddoun, leaning forward, uncocked his pistol and threw it on the ground.

"I'd not kill *you*, Dallas!" he gasped.

Galbraith glanced at the pistol lying at his feet, and up at the mare and her rider, the insanity going out of his eyes, like a man from whom a physical spasm is passing. He pulled the horse up on level ground again with difficulty, for the strength given by his fury was gone, and held it steady until the Colonel, trembling and sopping the sweat from his face, had slowly alighted and crept across the road to where the pistol lay. Galbraith did not heed him: he stood mechanically stroking down the shivering, terrified animal.

"I am the worse devil of the two. There's not been a day for years when I would not have been glad to see him dead. And he—spared my life—spared my life."

Laddoun picked up the pistol and brushed it on his sleeve with an odd chuckle.

"Say, Dallas, come to yourself, hey? Now, I meant you nothing but good, as you might have known. I'll hold no grudge against you for this bout, boy. Nobody can say George Laddoun keeps malice;" and he held out his hand to the

man who had tried a moment ago to murder him, with a frank smile.

But Dallas shook his head. "I'm no hypocrite. You're no friend of mine, Laddoun. No. You never shall be."

The Colonel took off his hat and pushed his hair back, doubtfully. The boy, like most half-witted people, was obstinate as a mule—hard to manage. Was the game worth the chase? He had a half mind to mount, and, washing his hands of the whole matter, start back to California in the morning. But then he glanced up at the mountains, rich in minerals, down at the broad river, through the grazing valley. It was the estate of a prince: some day to settle down as perpetual prime minister to the ruler of it would be no ill ending to his vagabondage. It was worth another trial, at any rate.

"Let us talk the matter over quietly, Dallas," he said, earnestly. "Look at it coolly. You are beginning your career: circumstances have so chanced that you have singularly little knowledge of the world, while few men have had my opportunity for mastering its ways to success. I offer you my help out of sheer regard for old friendship, and it seems to me you are but a headstrong, hot-headed fool to put it from you. That's how I look at the thing. You may have another view of the subject." He took out a cigar, and, striking a match across his boot, lighted it.

Galbraith, who had patted and soothed the mare into quiet, handed the bridle back to him. "I have no confidences to make to you. I am going with Doctor Pritchard, as you know, no doubt. It would be wiser in you not to interfere with me. I acted like a beast to-night, and I may do it again. I haven't the control of myself that you have—that any man has, I suppose." He turned away abruptly to go down the hill, with no word of leave-taking.

There had been a bitter, humiliated tone in his voice, which, Laddoun felt, came from some depth in the man's nature which he could not sound. He watched him as he went slowly down the hill with the amused admiration

which he might give to a bull-headed, courageous dog.

"Now, that fellow," he thought, as he critically bit the end of his cigar, "knows that I did the job for which he was punished, yet he never blew on me, nor even taunted me with it to-night. He's too cursedly proud. Turns his broad back on me now, not caring to think what a target it is if I chose to put a bullet through it! I'll have another tug with him. I think I know how to fetch him down. Hi! Galbraith!" Finding that he did not turn, he sprang on the horse and cantered after him; but slowly, in order to allow Dallas to almost reach the Indian Queen before he joined him.

Galbraith paid no attention to the horse's tramp behind him: an utter, overwhelming sense of defeat seemed to shut him out from the world. Not an hour ago, walking up and down in the twilight, he had been picturing to himself the place which an educated gentleman, strong and kindly, could take in life—a follower of One whom Dallas, with the reverence of a child or a savage, never named aloud: thinking of this ideal hero, vaguely and in strange connections: with miserable, vicious little children, and with a pure young girl: wondering what chance there would be for him in this expedition with Pritchard to train himself into the likeness of such an one. This was but an hour ago; now, his hands would be stained with murder but for the manliness of George Laddoun: no brute could have wallowed in more besotted depth of blind passion than he had done to-night. He had gone to find the something that had always been against him in Laddoun yonder, and the stronger, viler foe in his own breast had risen and dragged him down. When the Colonel rode up beside him again he glanced at him indifferently, as if he and his malice were almost forgotten.

"I—I have had a long ride, Galbraith," said Laddoun, with well-acted hesitation, "and—well, to be honest, I'm hungry. I suppose your landlady can give me a bite of supper?"

Dallas' color rose, and he quickened his steps without looking up. "You'll

be my guest, Laddoun?" he said, civilly, with an effort which the other took care not to notice.

"With pleasure, my boy!" heartily. "You were always a hospitable fellow. The old times have come back, eh?"

Dallas made no answer: but presently as he walked he loosened his cravat as though straitened for breath. They went down the road in silence, Laddoun tranquilly puffing at his cigar, a twinkle of amusement in his black eyes.

"Say, Galbraith! 'Pon my soul it's too good a joke to keep!" he broke out at last. "I sold you, out and out, up on the hill yonder. I know you so well, you see. When I threw down the pistol at your feet, it wa'n't loaded! Lord!" with a hearty laugh, "I'd have made another use of it if it had been. Though I'd be sorry to hurt a hair of your head, Dall. But you didn't suspect me, eh?"

"No, I did not suspect you," calmly, and with no sign of surprise or irritation.

"Well, your skull was always thick, boy. But it was a neat hit to make in the very jaws of death, as one might say," caressing his jetty beard for a long time afterward, and smiling to himself. The matter, on the contrary, seemed to pass out of Galbraith's mind at once. It mattered nothing to him what tricks Laddoun played on him: it was some ghastly power tugging at his heart within with which he wrestled in silence.

"Hallo! here we are," called the Colonel, pulling up before the porch and alighting. "And this is Mrs. Beck, eh?" taking his hat quite off as he went up the steps. "My friend Mr. Galbraith has promised me that you will give me a morsel of supper, madam. Pie, bread and cheese, anything you have. A slice of Sunday's roast goose, say."

"We *had* a goose for dinner," said Peggy, getting up in quite a flutter. "How could you guess that now, Mr.—?"

"Laddoun. Colonel Laddoun. This is your boy?" drawing Matt up to his knee, for he had entered the little living-room, and already seemed to pre-empt and fill it. But Matt pulled away, and went out whining to Dallas, who, after a few words to Mrs. Beck, paced slowly

up and down the porch. The child took his hand, and looked up in his face, but Dallas avoided his eye.

It needed only a few moments for Peggy to spread an appetizing cold supper before the Colonel from the shelves of her clean little pantry, chattering, as she went in and out, of Dallas and the victuals alternately, while Laddoun listened, with a smile on his red lips under the moustache; but there was no smile in the keen, black eyes fixed on Galbraith, who, as yet, had made no motion to join him at the table. He knew Dallas had an Arab sense of hospitality: if he broke bread with him, he had ceased to count him as an enemy. But Laddoun made no effort to bring him in: it was a good test to show how they stood toward each other.

When the supper was ready, therefore, he ate of it alone, though every mouthful choked him, feeling like a dog to whom a bone had been thrown in charity. Dallas came to the door as he pushed his chair back and stood up.

"Try some of this old Monongahela, Galbraith?" eagerly—"to our better understanding of each other. Come."

"I will not drink with you, Laddoun. You are no friend to me."

Laddoun put down the untasted glass with a heat on his face which Galbraith's attempt at murder had not roused in him.

"As you will. You're implacable in a way that I cannot understand. It's not in my nature, thank God!" He closed the door and came up to Dallas, who stood leaning on the mantel-shelf. Laddoun hesitated and stammered before the steady, blue eyes, doubtful how to begin his last attack.

"I thought we could patch up our old break over a meal together," he said at last. "You used to be the prince of good fellows, Dallas. I came here to-night with the best intentions toward you, as I said. I have discovered a certain matter about you, of which I think you are not aware." He paused, but Dallas stood silent.

The Colonel paced slowly up and down; Mrs. Beck, outside, listening to

the ponderous tread that shook the little house, with the respect due to affability when found encased in such superfine clothes and chains of Californian gold.

"It don't matter whether we are friends or foes," his sonorous bass voice rising into a sort of frank, heroic rhythm. "I'll do what I can for you, and then, if you say the word, I'll leave you to enjoy your good fortune alone. I have discovered who you are, Galbraith," with a melodramatic wave of the hand.

Dallas nodded, indifferently.

"You see those hills filled with mineral wealth, the arable slopes, the water-power in those creeks?" pointing out of the window, and rolling the words like a sweet morsel under his tongue. "You are the heir of this estate, Dallas Galbraith," with an unction as though he had declared the triumph his own. "You are the heir!"

"I know it," quietly.

Laddoun stopped short with amazement. "You know it? And you are going with Pritchard without putting in your claim? Do you mean never to take your rightful place?"

"I do not say that," said Dallas, hesitating. "I may come back to them when I am fit for that place. Not until then."

"When you've washed off the Albany smell, eh?" with a loud laugh. "A whiff of that would be damnation to your cause down in the Galbraith house, I fancy. The old fellow and his niece are narrow, religious bigots, and the old madam would cut off her own right hand if it had touched that of a felon's. I know the whole party well," his voice swelling perceptibly. "Pritchard and old James Galbraith and I are chums, in fact. He's got a capital run of sherry, your grandfather; but I forgot: you don't know much about wines," with a smothered laugh. "As for the little Dundas girl," putting on the leer with which he was used to fascinate women, "she's a nice little creature." He stopped short, seeing a great and uncontrollable change in Galbraith's face, and then continued, more deliberately:

"In my younger days I might have been tempted, perhaps. But George Laddoun's too old a bird to catch now."

He waited in vain for any reply.

"How long will you be gone with Pritchard?"

"I do not know. One or four years."

"The devil!" He could not conceal his chagrin and anger; bit his under lip, and then whistled, as he walked rapidly up and down, to keep himself silent. Even one year to a man who crowded his life as he did, meant an utter change of his base and relations. What was his secret hold on Galbraith worth if it was to be half a lifetime before he could bring his lever to bear?

"Tut, boy! What folly is this? I—you may be six foot under ground in as many months. Why should a young, hearty fellow like you thrust off your Luck even for a day when it comes to force good fortune on you? A year! You will come back in a year to find your grandfather dead, most likely, and the estate given over to that sober little Honora. And she," watching him shrewdly, "the property of some clever chap who knows how to pick up a good thing when he sees it."

Dallas raised himself up from the lounging attitude in which he had listened. "We have gone far enough," he said. "My mind was made up to go with Doctor Pritchard. You are wasting time with me. I shall not alter it."

Laddoun listened attentively, remaining thoughtful and silent a moment after Dallas had done speaking, slowly looping the tassel-buttons of his overcoat. His face suddenly cleared.

"Well, I throw the matter up. You will not take even fortune and a bride, if it be my hand that points the way to them. I'll bid you good-bye, Galbraith, and hope you may have another friend as willing and ready when you need him. As for me, I will not cross your path again."

"You have not pointed the way to fortune nor kept me back from it, Laddoun," said Dallas, with a half smile. "Your coming to-night has not altered my plans or position a whit. The time is over for you to affect my fortune in any way. I see that. If there are any enemies for me to fight, they must come

nearer and be more akin to me than you are to do me harm."

The Colonel measured the cool, undemonstrative face and figure before him speculatively for a moment: then he relaxed into his usual good-humored nonchalance. "You will neither suffer me to be foe nor friend," he said, with a laugh. "So be it. Good-night, And good luck, Dallas!" and swinging on his glossy beaver with a half-cordial, half-mocking bow, he sallied out of the room, and in a moment had brought Peggy, Beck and Wash about him, eager and garrulous.

Dallas listened to his loud, musical, hearty voice answering, flinging back some parting jest to them after he had mounted, and his horse's hoofs began to ring down the rocky path. It sounded to Galbraith like a hateful, unmeaning refrain to which the words of his early life had been set. To-night he found that it had lost all power over him—had died utterly out of his life; and listening to it, a light-hearted sense of boyish freedom altogether new to him began to brighten the world. This bugbear of his youth proved, when fairly met, to be but a paltry sham; and then a broad, easy road to the best manhood had opened itself before him. As for the foe within, Dallas did just as we all do, and put it comfortably out of sight. Original sin, or taint of the prison, or whatever it was, there was a long life before him in which to subdue it. That was an easy matter!

What were those words of Laddoun's? "Fortune and a bride?"

The usually grave, composed young fellow took Matt nervously up on his knee, and sat glowering into the red cinders late into the night, deaf to that small man's efforts at conversation, until the fire burned out, and Matt, in despair, fell asleep and snored like a trumpeter. If Doctor Pritchard started during the next week, Galbraith must find some means to see his mother again, himself unseen. It was this visit which he thought he was planning now, fancying a casual meeting with her on the road. She would not be alone—it was not likely

she would be alone. Well, and then? Lizzy would have thought her favorite an idiot if she had known his wild, incredible fancies that night: the years—the long, beautiful, healthy life from youth to far-off death—which he built out of that *then*: the chance that she would not be alone.

Laddoun, meanwhile, rode briskly back on the road by which he came. He wanted to sleep somewhere near the Stone-post Farm, that he could be there bright and early in the morning. If Galbraith chose to put off his chances for years, he (Laddoun) would put up with no such folly. He meant to take the fellow and his fortune in hand at once, and work them as puppets to what end he chose. He would begin the job to-morrow: he had no time to lose. There was a pig-headed stupidity in Dallas and these Western kinsfolk of his which would bring the boy's affairs into a hopeless muddle unless some man of ability would take them up and make what profit he could out of them for Galbraith and himself.

He was in high spirits when he reached Thorp's and called Bill out to take the mare. "Not a hair turned, Billy, though I put her to her mettle."

"You've got urgent business on hand, it seems, Colonel?"

"I have that!" emphatically. "I'm going to put a young fellow through in a way that'll astonish the folks in these parts. Going to see that he gets his rights, or I'll take the wind out of the sails of a certain party that I know. I hate oppression, Bill."

"A young fellow in these parts, eh? You couldn't give names, I reckon?" rubbing down the mare reflectively.

"Well, no, Billy, I couldn't. But you wait. When George Laddoun's about, justice 'll be done. That's my way. When any of the boys want a lift down in San Francisco, Colonel's the man. I don't say it boastfully. It's my nature, and I can't help it. Better for me if I could." He went off soon after, Thorp looking after him almost as much kindled with admiration for his generosity as Laddoun was for it himself.

CHAPTER XVI.

THERE was a bunch of flowers, in a little vase, on Madam Galbraith's breakfast-table next morning—a crimson camellia, with a snowy edging of violets. Gerty saw it the instant she came in. Mr. Dour had been down at the village last night, and there was a hot-house in the truck-garden there, and the bouquet was beside Honora's plate. Hers was on the opposite side of the table. A lump rose in her throat, choking her, and the dry tears began to burn in her eyes. Walking home from church yesterday, Paul had been barely civil to her, and was it any wonder? She had but two dresses in which to make herself look decent—the blue poplin and red merino—while Honora had a costume for every fresh humor and whim. Yet Mr. Dour thought that she was his own soul's true mate: he had said as much one day, and quoted Plato about it. She did not know much about Plato, but she did know that she would be glad to be his servant, to black his shoes if need were; and if he would make her his wife they could live nicely on—well, just next to nothing: she was a different sort of housekeeper from Miss Dundas. The poor fellow would never have to go about then with unhemmed cravats and ragged shirt-cuffs. But there was no hope of that! She believed Madam Galbraith had brought him there expressly to marry Honora, and they had him in their toils now; and as for her, she was growing old and shabby. There was quite a wrinkle between her eyes lately; and how miserable the ruffle of cotton lace looked about her neck beside Honora's lovely worked linen chemisettes!

She could not eat her muffin or chop at all, but merely sipped wretchedly at her coffee. Mr. Dour sat near her, but she would not turn so much as a glance toward him. She hoped she knew her duty as a woman. Miss Dundas came in late, just as her pony-chaise was driven in front of the windows. She wore a gray dress, edged with fur, and carried her little fur cap and gloves in her hand—all delicate and picturesque

and winning, oddly suiting the dewy, clear eyes and fresh, emphatic little face: how could one ever make anything out of a stiff poplin look like that? Honora looked soberly at the flowers a moment.

"Jane," she said—"Jane, there is a mistake here. These flowers cannot be intended for me;" and began to chip her egg in severe silence. Mr. Dour scowled at her, but said nothing, old Madam Galbraith's eyes being on him; and the vase was carried by Jane ignominiously to the mantel-shelf, where the camellia began to wilt, and finally fell in the ashes.

"You are going to drive, Honora?" asked Mrs. Duffield, who was looking lazily over the last week's paper.

"Yes, down to the village."

"Alone? Your ponies look mettlesome, child."

"I am going alone." Miss Dundas' tones were without doubt cross: the flowers had made her heart beat more than she chose to perceive. She could not shut her eyes any longer to Mr. Dour's proceedings. Poor Gerty! It was a shame! a shame! And yet what must it be to be loved—to love?

Whatever might be the ogre or angel who made pictures before the young woman's brain just then, they kept her sitting at the table alone after every one else was gone—eating dry toast mechanically, quite unconscious of her pawing ponies, and of even Mr. Dour, who had held his eyes upon her during the whole course of the meal. She passed him, when she did rise from her breakfast, with such an indifferent nod, that he turned straight to the well-known blue dress in an arm-chair by the fire. But little Gerty did not even nod to him: indeed, her big eyes, patient and sorrowful as a cow's, were so intent on her tatting that she did not seem to feel him touch her arm. He turned from her.

"My poor camellia!" in a half whisper, picking it up from the fender. "It went far astray this morning. As the heart of its owner," with a deep breath.

The tatting went all wrong: the curled lashes trembled on the chubby cheeks.

"You did not mean to give it to Miss Dundas, then?"

"No."

She looked closer at her shuttle: two big tears rolled from under the lashes. They were too much for Paul Dour. "I meant to give nothing to Miss Dundas, Gerty," bending over her.

"I am sure it does not matter to me if you gave her all the flowers in the world," said Miss Rattlin, drawing herself suddenly up with the dignity of a partridge. "Why should it?"

Paul stared down at her and crumbled the burned flower into bits. "To be sure, why should it?" he said vacantly, and putting on his cap directly afterward, he went out to look for quails, followed by a saucy laugh from the fireside. He was out of temper with himself. What did it concern him if this silly little village girl was full of vagaries? He had taken the first honors of his year: he had made a pilgrimage to Concord to visit Emerson, believing that he stood on the foremost ramparts of thought, side by side with that great seer. Sometimes (especially after reading the books of that great master) he was conscious of original power in his own brain enough to make this whole fallow country fruitful with ideas. And this little jilt treated him as though he were a penny whistle, on which she could blow what tune she pleased. She was nothing to him.

What the devil did she mean just now? Was it possible she did not care for him?

"What are you so glum about, Dour?" asked Colonel Pervis, who was with him. "A woman, I'll wager."

"Oh, I've done with women, long ago," sourly. "I've outgrown that folly. Nobody ever did understand them since the old Serpent when he managed Eve."

"And even he got the worst of it at last—eh?"

Gerty, for some reason, was by this time quite rosy and radiant over her shuttling. She made half-a-dozen puns, at which Mrs. Duffield lifted her delicate brows in astonishment and smiled faintly. She grew very caressing to Honora, put on her cap for her, and called her a dear

little thing, patronizingly, at the end of every sentence.

"What a queer dress, you dear little thing! Quite Polish, isn't it, though? Gentlemen don't like anything so pronounced, I think. Why don't you wear blue? But you can't—I forgot. Your skin won't bear it. I think this is a sweet shade in my poplin. 'Tender and true,' that's the meaning of the color. A gentleman told me so last week."

"Letters!" called Madam Galbraith, taking a black leather bag from a man at the door. "Half a dozen for your sister, Gertrude. All from young men. Tut! tut! Girls nowadays pass about their ideas and feelings at such a rate that they must be tolerably well-worn coin when a husband comes to get them. Here is a letter for Elizabeth, Honora. I wish you would take it to her, child. And speak to her of that matter," lowering her voice. "I will not have her go, d'ye understand? I want to hear no more of it. It's sheer temper in Elizabeth. And the woman has no home but this. I know it."

Honora obeyed quickly, as though the errand pleased her. She looked, as she went, at the big, square yellow envelope, with its direction in a man's crabbed hand, and the queer, written postmark—*Manasquan*. "It's a love-letter," with an authoritative nod. "Maybe she has another home than this, after all." Honora was as nervous and curious in this matter of love to-day as a traveler might be about a new country of which his feet had just touched the shore.

"I've something for you, Lizzy," she cried, tapping at the door of the house-keeper's prim little room and going in. "News from a friend. The best friend, perhaps," holding it over her head and looking archly at Lizzy as she rose soberly, brushing the bits of thread from her dress before she took the letter and looked at it. Surely she blushed!

"Sit down, Honora," gravely placing a chair. She always treated her like a willful child, but Nora spent a large share of her time in Lizzy's room, knowing by instinct how welcome she was to the lonely woman. Honora was the only

one in the house who had always treated her as an equal.

"It's a letter from Manasquan," she said, after she had glanced over it, folding it hurriedly. "My old home, you know. It's from a friend of mine—James Van Zeldt; or he's an agent, rather, I ought to say. I have a little house and a lot there, and he rents them for me, and twice a year he writes about them."

"Oh!" with a disappointed shrug. "Now, I had made up my mind it was from a lover, Lizzy. Everybody has a lover."

"He is only an agent, I assure you, Honora," without a smile. "Wait; here is his letter. There is no reason why I should keep Jim's letters secret, as if they mattered anything to me," earnestly, pulling it out of her pocket. "Do take it, Honora. I wish you to read it."

"Well, I will then," ensconcing herself comfortably on the low window-seat. The room was on the ground floor, and the road leading to the door wound past the low windows. The sun shone in pleasantly through the frosted bushes which overgrew the panes, over Honora's bent head. Lizzy stood, square and sober, facing her, looking beyond her down the outside slope. Nora opened the letter slowly.

"I suppose you are thinking of going back to Manasquan, Miss Byrne," she said, her color rising diffidently. "But my aunt bade me tell you you must not say one other word of leaving us. She cannot do without you, Lizzy, and neither can I."

Lizzy touched a bit of the girl's soft brown hair, which hung loose, gently, and then drew her hand hastily away. "I did not think anybody here would care for my going," she said, with a pleased heat and flurry. "It has come to be really like home to me," glancing round at the neat little bed, the rocking-chair, the teapot and solitary cup and saucer beside the fire. She was thinking that it would be good if she could wait here until her boy Dallas came back to claim his own. It would be a very hard wrench to part with Honora. She was fonder than she knew of the girl.

"But I never would go back to Manasquan unless just to die there," she said, solemnly, at which Honora looked up at her with her liquid, dark eyes instantly full of sympathy. She understood it all. Poor Lizzy had buried something out of her life in the old home for which there was no resurrection.

"You will stay with us, and we won't talk of Manasquan any more," she said, gently, and was purposely a long time in opening the envelope and taking out Jim's awkward letter, while Lizzy stood motionless. It was not altogether disagreeable for her to look out into the pleasant sunshine and think that her life had been a sacrifice. She might be homely and sedate and middle-aged, but she was a heroine! Quite as much as the ideal woman of any novel she had ever read. She had acted from the inner truth of things to help others. Now, all hope for herself here was over—all over. She had grown old. She knew "the purple glory of the morning faded."

Since she found she could do nothing more for Dallas at the Stone-post Farm, she naturally had looked about the world for a place to which to go. It must never be to Manasquan. She had been young there and beloved. Her walks with Laddoun on the sands in the moonlight, with the eternal moan of the sea making rhythm for the song in her heart, came back to her. Whatever Laddoun might be, that was the one gleam of poetry in her life. No true woman could love or be happy twice. Some day, perhaps, when she felt the last hour was very near, she would go back to the quiet old village, and, with the moan of the sea sounding in her ears, and the moonlight perhaps shining down on her changed face, make a fit ending to her sad story. For Lizzy, like most women, had drawn much of her idea of the eternal fitness of things from the poems and semi-religious novels which she read.

When she found Honora had opened the letter, she said, apologetically: "It is a very plain letter that Jim writes, and I'm not so sure about the spelling. But he is a good, kind fellow, for all."

He seemed so far outside and below

the living poem in which the sea and her forsaken home and the music of Laddoun's deceiving tongue had share. And yet—

"It is a very good letter," said Honora, gravely, after a while. "I think I would like your James Van Zeldt more than you do." Turning to the first page, she read it again aloud:

"MANASQUAN, October 30.

"RESPECTED FRIEND: I take the liberty of stating to you, that the House is lett: to the same parties as heretofore. I remit the rent due. With regard to your inquirers as to repairs: I have to say there is none needed: a new Roof was put on by some of the Neighbors: same as regards a Pump: they desire their names not to be mentioned: But that it would be strange if you would wish to make payment therefor: they have not forgot old times, though they fear greatly that you have so done. There is no change in Manasquan, since I wrote last, except that one or two is gone. Aaron Bent and the mother of your old friend George. She grew feebler for two years, going up and down the beach incessant; watching the far-off sails, thinking they would bring one of her boys: We found her lying quite still there one morning, the sand blown over her: We have not heard news of her son George since you went away five years ago last April: his property was sold out then: I have thought of asking you if you knew of his whereabouts. There have been times when I thought I would ask you to tell me if your relations to him had changed: but I would not hurt you, Lizzy, no matter what my feelings may be. You ask me about my own affairs. They are prosperous. I have a comfortable House and Farm. I have the best poultry-yard in these parts. I find it lonesome at times but I am in no mind to marry, any young girl hereabouts as you proposed to me once. I have no more to say except that if you are minded to come back you'll find them as was friends—friends still. Your taking part with that unfortunate Boy will not set any one against

you. Least of all, me. But I suppose you are among fashionable folk and know the World. It is a long time since you went away. Five years last April. I often wonder if you know how long. I am with respect, your friend and well-wisher,
JAMES VAN ZELDT."

"I am not so sure as to what you would call a love-letter," said Honora, meaningly, patting the letter on her hand. "But he was a very genuine man who wrote that, I think."

"Oh, Jim is a very honest fellow. But—"

"I would like to see his farm and house."

"It would not differ in any way from any small plot about here. Jim is very commonplace, and so are all his belongings;" comparing, as she said it, little Van Zeldt, his house and poultry-yard, with the flood of moonlight on the great, ebbing tide, and the tender grace and glamour of Laddoun's presence—a presence which had grown very real to Lizzy lately, as she had fallen into the habit of bringing it before her, after the fashion of women, to make more bitter the consciousness that her idol had been but clay. It came so strongly before her now that she scarcely heeded Honora as she rose and gave her the letter, turning to the little oval mirror on the wall to adjust her cap and hair.

"I am going now, Lizzy. I mean to drive down to the village."

"It is a good morning for— What is that?" with a sudden cry.

"Why, Lizzy!" Honora caught her arm. "I heard nothing. Do you see ghosts in daylight? What frightened you?" placing her on a chair.

"I will not sit down. It was a voice I have not heard for years."

"I hear Sam whistling: he is raking the leaves from the path. There is nobody else there," going to the window. "Your letter has put you *en rapport* with somebody who is gone, as the mediums would say, or made you nervous. That is it."

"I can't be deceived!" said Lizzy, huskily, straining her eyes across the

field. Her pale, thick skin was damp and her mouth set firmly. "What shall I do if he comes here, Honora? It is all over between us—all over."

Mrs. Duffield's doubt of Lizzy's sanity came to Nora's mind. "I do not think there was any one there, dear Miss Byrne," she said, soothingly. "However, I will go and look."

When she left the room the old musical voice rang out again suddenly and close at hand. The gardener's mumbling tones were heard in reply. Lizzy threw up the window, leaning on the sill with both hands, and waited.

"Get from under the horse's feet, fellow!" cried Laddoun, loudly, snapping his whip over the horse's ear. "Tell old James Galbraith and his wife I want them—both of 'em—without loss of time."

"And who'll I say wants them?" deliberately, dragging a mass of leaves across the road.

"One that can put you and them to the right-about when he chooses," sternly. "One that will be met in this house in a different sort of fashion a year from now, I fancy."

How princely the sternness and courage in his voice used to seem to her! She was older now. She only thought that he must have been drinking, early as it was in the day. The old gardener shuffled by, grumbling and stopping to rake as he went. The horse's slow footfalls came nearer on the graveled road beside her, so near that Moro, the old house-dog, ran lazily by out of his way. She could not draw her breath in all the cold, fresh air. There was a moment's silence, and then, in the full morning sunshine, Laddoun rode up the path. The lover of her youth, with no tender glamour of grace and youth about him, but overgrown and well-to-do; oily and coarse with low successes: vulgar chains strung over his gaudy waistcoat, and a vulgar leer under his thick eyelids. He had set his hat on one side, curbed his horse, and rode with a sort of triumphant pomp for his own delectation, with the bearing which he imagined would be that of a crown prince entering on possession of his kingdom. True, Dallas was the heir,

but what would Dallas ever be but his tool? He lifted his eyes with a haughty indifference.

Lizzy stood in the low window beside him.

She was squarer and more sober and matter-of-fact than ever. There was the very brown stuff dress which she wore at Manasquan, and her knitting stuck in its sheath. She and Dallas, of all the world, alone knew him to be a forger and a villain.

He put out both hands before him, dropping the bridle, breathless and silent for a moment. Then he hurled an oath at her full of fury, as readily as if he had been her husband all these years.

"Why did you come in my way? What are you here for?"

There was no reply. The bright morning sunshine fell about them. The crackling of the twigs under his horse's feet sounded loud and jarring in the intense silence, and his watch ticked noisily.

Lizzy put her hands to her throat. "Is it Dallas?" she cried, under her breath. "Do you want him? How could you think I would harm you, Laddoun! If only for the sake of old times—"

"Bah!" gathering up the rein with a snort of anger and disdain. "What are old times to me?"

No matter what his loss might be, Laddoun, with men, never lost his temper when the cards were against him. But this was only a woman, and the game had been so nearly won! He adjusted the bridle a moment, controlling himself, and then pushing the horse into the bushes which separated them, scanned her from head to foot with a cool, deliberate stare, which took note of, and taunted her, as she well understood, with every mark of age or homeliness.

"Old times have no significance to me, Lizzy," he said. "You forget that I have been abroad in the world, and seen many other women since then, differing from those of Manasquan."

She drew back: the quick change in her face made him suddenly pause.

"I had no wish to remind you of Manasquan, George," she said, with un-

natural quietness. "I said the remembrance of it would keep me from doing you harm. It has not lost its significance to me."

But there was a different meaning in these words, he fancied. A covert threat; and Laddoun secretly cowered before it. He thought, too, he understood her game. "There is no room here for you and me both to work," he said, coarsely, "and you've been beforehand with me. You always had 'capacity,' as the Yankees say. You've got the whip-hand of me with Dallas now."

"Dallas is going: he will not be in your way," she cried. "Let the boy alone, for God's sake, George! You've done him harm enough."

Laddoun looked at her keenly in silence. She was not levying black-mail off Galbraith then? At least not for the present. There might yet be time to play his last card.

"You are going to let him start on this wild-goose chase then? The more fool you. Well, my game is up. So, so!" snapping his fingers with a shrug which he had caught from the Mexicans, his manner always being a thing of shreds and patches, gathering as he went.

"Good-bye, Lizzy," lifting his hat and fixing his bold, black eyes on her. "It was but yesterday Dall and I spoke of you. But you've altered. Time tells on us all, eh?"

She was bending forward, her hands resting on the window-sill, steadily looking into his red, excited face. Laddoun moved uneasily. "Do you see that it is the same man as your old lover?" with a forced laugh.

"I see that it is the same."

"Yes, I'm the same old Laddoun. Good-bye, Lizzy." But he bowed again, and glanced back uncomfortably once or twice at the motionless figure as he rode away. He thought that he had played his hand badly. She might have stood his friend. "I fancied the old fire had not altogether burned out when she looked at me first. But Talleyrand was right. She is my enemy now for life. I have called her ugly and old."

CHAPTER XVII.

HONORA came back in a few moments: "I knew you were mistaken, Lizzy. There is no one in sight whom you could possibly know. There is a horseman going down the avenue, a stout, over-dressed man, whose very shoulders assert themselves: I think it is a Colonel Laddoun, whom we met yesterday coming home from church. He is—" an indescribable contemptuous shrug finished the sentence. "He could be nothing to you, Lizzy."

"No," said Lizzy, "he is nothing to me."

"You're dreadfully shaken by that letter, poor thing. I did not think you had been so nervous. Come out with me: the cold air will make you feel as if you were freshly born."

"No. I'll lie down by the fire, and take some tea. That is the remedy for all middle-aged people," glancing with a miserable smile over the girl's shoulder into the little mirror.

"Middle-aged, indeed! Why look at this," and Honora, with ready tact, pulled down Lizzy's beautiful hair, and let the black, glossy masses fall about her until they touched the floor. "What would I not give for it? Talk of your youth being gone while you have that, and your smooth, pure skin! If you'd only drink less tea, and brood less over the fire, your color would come back; and you ought to take care of your looks for the sake of—your 'friends and well-wishers,'" with a meaning twinkle in her eyes.

But Lizzy refused to smile, cowering on a stool wretchedly over the fire, paler even than before. Honora began to draw on her gloves, watching her doubtfully.

"Elizabeth," she said, with an authoritative nod, measuring her words in a miniature imitation of Madam Galbraith, "there is one sentence in that letter about which I think it is my duty to speak to you. I believe that I see in it the cause of your troubles. I inferred from it that you had allowed yourself to become entangled in the fortunes of some

desperate character—some abandoned wretch. I think that—well, I think it very imprudent, Elizabeth."

Lizzy turned and looked up at her with a sudden, inexplicable meaning on her face. "You saw the abandoned wretch, Honora, for whom I sacrificed my life. You gave him your hand, and told him you believed in him. He will not soon forget it. The touch of your hand counted for more to him than the work of many of my years."

"Oh, the convict! I remember," growing violently hot and red. "I could not help that. Something in the man's words carried me out of myself for the time. But I draw a line," her slight, stately figure rising to its height: the training and creed of her whole life starting up to give fluency and force to the words. "It is our duty as Christians to hold out a helping hand and to speak encouraging words to that class of people, but to consort with them and make them companions!—It is to touch pitch and to be defiled."

"You forget your Master's work," rising. "He made friends of publicans and sinners."

"That is a different matter," sharply. The little lady, with all her radicalism, did not choose that her housekeeper should argue with her. "He could not be tainted by contact, but a woman like me or you, Elizabeth, should keep herself pure and apart. The Church's ministers were left to preach His gospel," sententiously. "We are to teach it too, but more by example than directly: surely not by mixing ourselves up with the every-day life of vulgar and vile people. I will be very sorry, Lizzy, if I find you have been drawn into any such connection. My uncle and aunt would be very sorry," buttoning her gloves decisively.

"The convict, as you call him, was not guilty. He was punished unjustly."

"That may be," more dogmatically, as Lizzy appeared to yield. "But your own common sense must teach you that five years of prison life would render him unfit for an hour's companionship with women of our position. Think of the

vileness which he must have drawn in from the very air! And I think a man should be as pure and carefully taught and religious as a woman. Like my uncle, for instance. You need not say a word, Lizzy. Give the unfortunate man money, or whatever kindness you please; but if you lower yourself by associating with him, for however short a time, you are unjust to Mr. Van Zeldt, whose wife you will some time be."

"I will never be his wife! And for the unfortunate man, Honora—" Lizzy stopped abruptly, the indignant, speechless tears rushing into her eyes as she looked at the girl who had usurped Dallas' place; scanning fiercely the delicate figure, the flushed, high-bred face, and the sunshine all about her. "You would give him money and kindness? You!"

Honora drew back quickly as if she had been struck, and was silent for a moment. "You forget yourself, Elizabeth," she said, gently. "I will leave you to rest a while," and went quickly out of the room, without suffering her to reply; while Lizzy sat down on her stool again, her hands clasped about her knees, her back to the window, that she might not see the dainty equipage and the radiant, picturesque little heiress driving off triumphant. She muttered to herself something about bigotry and Pharisaism, and then she turned so that she could look into the mirror; and, twisting up her hair and taking off her collar to leave the yellow crow's feet in her throat bare, she studied her own age and ugliness, almost forgetting Dallas. She yawned nervously, chafed her wrists, cold and hot shivers creeping out from one spot in her side through her whole body, weak tears dribbling over her cheeks unconsciously; going, in short, through the whole process by which nature seeks to relieve hysteric women of pain which might else be mortal.

And Lizzy's life had suffered an amputation that day worse for a woman than the loss of leg or arm. Back yonder, in the youth to which she had looked steadily for years, there was a gap never to be filled. Moonlight and ebbing tide and the voice whose sorcery had made enchantment of

them, and all that these things meant to her, were gone for ever. Instead, there was coarse, every-day sand, a silly girl and a vulgar braggart.

Yet, underneath all, there was deeper dread of another loss. The people at Manasquan had not seen her for five years: would they all think her homely and middle-aged?

Perhaps Jim Van Zeldt had met "other and different women."

Presently she shook out her mass of hair until the sun touched it: it was finer and heavier than Mrs. Duffield's—than even Madam Galbraith's magnificent gray mane; and her skin, too, as Honora said, was smooth as a child's, passing her forefinger over her cheek. After all, Honora was an affectionate, fine-natured little thing, toned on too high a key by those foolish old people, but with wonderfully just perceptions for her years. She was sorry she had vexed her. It was not her fault that she had taken Dallas' place, and as for her antipathy to what she chose to consider vulgar and vile, the child had sucked in such prejudices with her mother's milk: they were a part of her as much as her blood or voice: she would never lose them while she lived.

Honora, meanwhile, being angry, walked her ponies at a funeral pace, aggravating to them and herself. She was not going to be suspected of venting her temper on them! Her uncle, coming through a cornfield up to the road, thought she would make a curious study for an artist as she passed through the solitary landscape, sitting erect in the low chaise in her odd, furred costume, the reins loose in her hands, her face fixed and intent. He had never seen the power in the child's face before. She was a something singularly discordant and out of harmony with the faded November day, in which both the chilly earth and sky betrayed their weariness and lack of strength. The fanciful old man thought that the girl might have better typified some cool spring morning, behind whose faint, beautiful heats and dews lay prophecy of all the passion and storms of the year to come. He leaned over the fence unnoticed, marking

the nervous strength of her grasp, the broad, white forehead, the steady, brilliant eyes, the red heat on her cheeks that burned and faded with her thoughts: reading, as a skillful botanist would in a yet flowerless weed, possibilities of which the plant itself knew nothing and which perhaps might never be developed.

As for Honora, she was only conscious that the world had turned the wrong side to her to-day, like a grand piece of embroidery of which she saw only the knots and tangled ends of threads, or like a wonderful harmony, whose shrill treble and dissonant bass only reached her. In church, or after reading certain books, it was very easy to plan out a part for herself in it that would be like a sweet, perfect symphony; oh, very easy: she was quite sure, if she had the chance, she was capable to-day of any of the heroic acts of greatly good women from Madam Roland down.

But when she came out of her shell for a moment, and was even as good and self-reliant as other girls, see the miserable muddles into which she ran! Madam Galbraith scolded her, or Mr. Dour made absurd love to her, or Lizzy insulted her gratuitously, or—and then the angry heat faded into a more meaning pallor. That any convict who had been in contact for years with thieves and murderers should boast of the touch of her hand! "It counted for much to him." There had been a meaning smile on Lizzy's face when she said this, that maddened her: her pity must have made her beside herself, not to see that the man was young. Honora, alone on the road, took off her glove and wiped her little white fingers vehemently. After this she would live to herself. Nobody understood her but her uncle, or if any one came in her way who seemed worth knowing—as a mere study of human nature—they took no note of her. Not as much as if she were a bit of coal or a root, and went away, leaving the dull, commonplace world just as it was before. There was small room for heroism or grand, sweet symphonies of lives there! Plod on, plod on to the end.

But Honora had tried the world through only nineteen clean, sweet-aired years: her melancholy and despair were, after all, rather appetizing: a not unwholesome training with which Nature ordinarily exercises the brains of girls. She suffered her ponies to break into a trot, which grew faster and faster as they reached a level stretch of road, both her eyes and theirs beginning to sparkle. Then the sun came out behind the watery yellow sky: presently she halted, detecting an odd change in the scents of the stubble-fields: then she drove up to the rocks to reach a flaming branch of a gum-tree, taking off her cap to put in a leaf or two. The bit of color suited her altered mood: the road being lonely, she sang to herself some broken snatches of a cheery song to which the flashing hoofs of the ponies kept time. She reached the mile-post in the road where it separated—a by-way turning lonesomely up into the hills, while the common broad plank-road went straight down to the village.

Honora drew her reins and hesitated. She was in no mood for the village women's questions or gossip; or, perhaps (still lashing herself for her sins), she was not fit for it. She had better live alone in future, as far as was possible. The solitary mountain road, shut in by leafless hickory woods, tempted her. She waited, uncertain, a moment, and then turned into it; changing, it may be, as she did so, the whole current of her life. For, jogging down the path, a quarter of a mile in advance, rode Laddoun; and when he saw her coming far behind him, he drew into the shelter of the bushes on one side and waited for her. He had set his face to California on leaving Lizzy. His game was up at the Stone-post Farm, with her there to proclaim him a cheat and forger to the old people. Galbraith might play out the play as suited him. He was on his way to his inn, there to take passage in the evening coach for New York, when he saw the glittering wheels and fiery black ponies coming swiftly up the road, and the slight gray figure guiding them.

He only meant, when he drew off, be-

ing a connoisseur in women, to treat himself to a farewell look at the girl, who had a witchery and freshness about her beside which mere beauty was tame. But in the moment of waiting, a sudden inspiration came to him—a scheme which he welcomed as complete and sure of success. Now, Laddoun was a confirmed theatre-goer; his brain was full of hackneyed plots; the garish light of the stage colored all his ideas as thoroughly as religion would those of Honora. When he fell on this plan, therefore, utterly melodramatic and impracticable to anybody else, he took a firmer seat in his saddle, and set his hat confidently upon his oily curls again, his sanguine face beaming with delight and self-complacency.

In the brief space which elapsed before Honora's chaise came up abreast with him, he had to elaborate his plan. Given, a mystery and the chance of being a heroine, and any woman living was ready to throw herself soul and body into the part: he would tell the girl the secret of Galbraith's birth, and either out of love of romance or the chance of winning Dallas, and so saving a share of the spoils for herself, she would seek the boy out.

"Let him meet her again," thought Laddoun, "and the work's done. I saw how he held himself as with an iron curb at the thought of her yesterday. Slow, cold fellows like Dallas come to a white heat under a woman's influence, which men like me never reach. Let him be fairly in love with the girl, and, with all his boasted honesty, I'll wager there'll be no word spoken of Albany to the Galbraiths! That little episode will sink out of the young man's remembrance as if a volcano swallowed it. So? so? When they have been married a few months, it will be time for me, with that bit of knowledge in my hand, to put on the screws."

Honora came closer: the Colonel, unseen, watched her through the hickory boughs. She seemed very untainted and childlike to the jaded roué; and her face, or the healthy mountain air or the pleasant sunshine about him, gave him a sudden twinge of disgust for the

job he had taken in hand. "I'd better be off to the ranches and McGill, and let the dirty work alone." But the next moment brought a subtler counselor. "Where's the harm? Dallas is a clever dog and I'm throwing a fortune and a good wife at his feet. There's nobody else would do it for him. Curse it, if I think he deserves it at my hands! Wouldn't drink with me when I took him out of the very gutter, eh? Curse it, if I haven't a mind to throw up the whole business and let him shift for himself! If I do bring him in such a haul as this, he'll hardly begrudge me my commission. No: Dall's not mean. Commission: that's what it is."

By the time the ponies passed him, therefore, in a slow trot, for the descent was steep, it was with the gracious feeling of a lordly benefactor, and quite the benign air of one, that he sallied out to overtake them.

"You drive well, Miss Dundas," bowing to his saddle as he came up beside her. "Your finger is as gentle and steady as a man's on the rein."

Honora had given a start of annoyance at the first sight of him, but she bowed civilly. "I have always been accustomed to horses," she said, formally, drawing back to one side of the narrow lane and motioning for him to pass her—a motion to which the Colonel was blind, though he smiled under his moustache, reining in his horse close by her seat.

"You are a lover of nature, I see?" with a profound respect in his tone and manner which was unaffected. "So am I—so am I. Though the zest of the matter to me is, that we can put our hand on mountains and sea and say, 'The lord of this is man.' I beg your pardon, but the girth of the off-horse—it is a little loose. Permit me?"

"It is quite secure, I think," said Miss Dundas, dryly.

Laddoun was silent a moment, then began a fresh attack. "What magnificent pasturage this is! I suppose you do not know whether it is included in the Galbraith domain? The estate which you will inherit, Miss Dundas," with

another bow, "is larger than many a German duchy, did you know?"

"No, I did not know. The land is my uncle's." Honora's brows were contracting: her temper would bear but little strain this morning. Besides, all the formal reserve in which she had been reared protested against this forced companionship; and there was about Laddoun that insensible air of impurity which surrounds some men, which women breathe with difficulty. He made one or two efforts to talk to her, and was met by cold and colder monosyllables. His black eyes glittered at the unwonted rebuff: he fingered nervously the gold eagles strung over his breast. There was no use in delay, nor reason why he should submit to the insolence of this petted girl: his business with her could be brought to a speedy end: a few sharp words would settle it.

"You prefer that I should ride on, Miss Dundas?" with a sudden change of voice.

Honora blushed when her rudeness was thus brought before her. "I was out of temper this morning, I'm afraid," forcing a courteous smile, "and I came here for a solitary drive to cure myself. I am unattended, as you see."

"Yes, I saw that," coolly, "You will be the better able to attend to a few words which I have to say to you." He turned his horse rapidly, so as to face her, and laid his fat hand on the reins.

Her horses stopped. Honora gave one quick glance down the lonely road, up the mountain-side, growing slowly deathly pale. Then she sat erect and looked him steadily in the eye. "I know of no subject in common between Colonel Laddoun and me. If there be one, this is not the place to discuss it," she managed to say, though her heart was quaking horribly under the Polish jacket, and her own voice deafened her.

"This is the place I choose," he rejoined, insolently. He stopped in genuine admiration, magnetized by the wide eyes, dark with terror and defiance, and the colorless face which the extremity of the moment had vivified with a rare and tragic beauty.

"I did not think there was so much power in you," he said, good-humoredly, after a pause. "Now, see, Miss Dundas," leaning on the edge of the little carriage. "There's no need to be frightened. I'm one that goes straight to the point. I have a hard blow to give you, but I'll make it as easy as I can. I mean well in the end by you, as you'll acknowledge some day."

She motioned for him to go on, not speaking.

"I think it will be a wholesome lesson for you. You carry yourself in a way hardly befitting society in a country where there is no such thing as rank. You learned that from your uncle, I suppose. But that air of distance and hauteur wouldn't go down with an old traveler like George Laddoun!" with an angry pause. "And it is especially unbecoming in you, because you base it on a heritage to which you have no claim. You are the heir of the Galbraiths, the country people say. But if Dallas Galbraith should come to light, what are you then?"

"Dallas Galbraith?" with a long, bewildered breath. "The boy who is dead?"

"What are you then?" persistently. "A poor relation reared by charity. Dallas Galbraith is not dead," his voice rising. "And I—George Laddoun—know the secret of his life. He has been left to work in the coal-pits at Scranton; to— But the rest of his life doesn't matter. He has suffered from hunger and cold while you slept soft and lived warm, holding his place—a place which even now he won't rob you of, humble fool that he is. If you were a man, now that you know the truth, you would bring the boy back to his place. But the usual rules of honor don't obtain with lovely woman," with an uneasy sneer, for he began to fear he had counted too largely on her readiness for heroism.

Miss Dundas paid no more attention to his stream of words than to the neighing of her ponies. She did not seem conscious, either, that he had ceased to speak and was watching keenly her pale face and uncertain breathing.

"Do you mean," turning to him at last, and speaking slowly, "that Tom Galbraith's son is alive—that I can bring him back to my uncle?"

"You've Colonel Laddoun's word for it that he is alive. You can bring him back to-day, if you mean to do it."

She paused a moment, and then gave the reins a fierce little jerk, breaking the horses into a break-neck pace down the hill, bidding him follow by a commanding glance. The girl, Laddoun saw, scarcely knew what she was doing. She was not much better fitted than a baby to master the emergency in which she was placed. He was not at all surprised to find, therefore, when he had urged his horse again abreast of her, that the tears were running down her cheeks, and that she was brushing them off and lashing the ponies alternately with feeble strokes. "They're so slow!" choking back a sob. "They don't heed me a bit to-day."

"Wouldn't it be better to inquire where to go, Miss Dundas?" smothering a laugh, for her energy had put him in high good-humor. "We'll take it leisurely. There's ample time to find Galbraith. He has waited all his life: an hour or two more won't matter, I reckon."

"I wasn't thinking of *him*. I know nothing about him. But he will go to the house if he is so near, and I want to bring him to my uncle. I thought, when you told me, What if I could take Tom's son to him? That is, if you are telling me the truth."

"I am telling you the truth, Miss Dundas," gently, looking steadily into the glowing, wet little face. The look of pathetic tenderness in it belonged to a world outside of Laddoun's experience. Nobody but the old man who was so dear to her had ever seen it there before. He did not speak to her again as they rode on for some distance together. It touched even him that her sole thought at the time should be of the only friend and companion she had ever had.

"I suppose, now, the death of his boy was the one great loss of your uncle's life?" ventured the Colonel, sympathizingly.

Honora started and looked at him, on guard on the instant. "I never have heard my uncle speak of his son," she said, quietly, gathering up the reins into a steadier hold. The road which they traversed had narrowed into a mere lane, which opened, a few rods further on, into a wide stretch of pasture-land sloping down to the creek. On the other side the hills were cut by a winding cattle-path. Honora looked at her watch.

"Have we far to go?" she asked, uneasily. "Mr. Galbraith has an appointment in the village at noon, and if he should meet his grandson, he will certainly know him. I shall be too late."

"Dallas is not in the village. Besides, I cannot go with you to find him at all, Miss Dundas. We're not on good terms, exactly. To tell you the truth, he has treated me so shabbily that any other man than I would give him the go-by for life. I'm going to California to-morrow, but I thought I'd do him this good turn before I left. That's my way."

Honora looked at him scrutinizingly, but made no reply. He began to doubt whether the little girl who guided her horses with such a firm hand was altogether the baby he had supposed, or whether, if her uncle had not been brought into question, she would not have been plucky enough to master any crisis in life. He had a mean desire to bring out some fresh emotion, to play on her again as on an instrument.

"Say, Miss Dundas! You are regarded as the heir of the old people yonder. Your position will be altered. You've forgotten your own part in the matter."

"No; I have not forgotten," calmly.

"Umph!" after a pause. "Will you go on alone to find Dallas?"

"Alone! Yes. Where is he? How shall I know him? I wish to take him back before four o'clock if possible. My uncle will be alone then."

"By George! You do mean to block your own game, then?" with a burst of admiration. "There's no compulsion, you understand? Dall'll never claim the place unless you go after him."

"Where am I to go, Colonel Laddoun?" coldly. "My time is short."

"So is mine. I've to reach the lower ford inn by noon. You know Dallas," his eyes fixed on her face. "You met him once by the quarry in the mountains. A tall, powerful young fellow, with his mind set on slates and coal, I'll wager, far more than on a pretty face."

Miss Dundas drew the reins suddenly, so sharply that the ponies came to a dead halt. She betrayed no other sign of emotion. But she did not speak. "That was Dallas Galbraith, was it? Dallas Galbraith?" she said, at last, to herself.

Laddoun did not answer her. He was peering into her dark eyes breathlessly. So much of his chances for life hung on the thought going on just now in this silly girl's brain. But the face was as inscrutable as Dallas' own. These Galbraiths all had the rare knowledge of when not to speak or act—a tremendous staying-power, in the language of the turf. Laddoun drew back, and put his horse in a trot, baffled. The ponies kept even pace with him.

"You will take the road to the right," he said, when they came to the end of the lane, turning to her. "That will lead you to the Indian Queen. I must bid you good-bye, here, Miss Dundas. Perhaps I may meet you again before next year—who knows? But I'm off to the gold regions now: I'll let things take their course: I can neither let nor forward them any further. You'll find Dallas Galbraith at the Indian Queen."

Miss Dundas bowed—a statelier bow than she ever could have learned from Madam Galbraith.

"I am very much obliged to you, Colonel Laddoun. You have done Mr. Galbraith a great service, and I can answer for his gratitude if you ever choose to claim it. I will inform my uncle of the place where you say he will find his grandson."

"You will not go for Dallas?"

"No;" and with a sudden motion of farewell she turned her horses toward the open common and drove rapidly

away. Laddoun looked after her in appalled dismay: then he burst into a loud laugh:

"By the Lord! The fellow's more to her than I guessed! She is afraid to meet him!"

The air grew fresh to Honora when she had left him, but the short saffron grass and zig-zag fences whirled past her blinded eyes. She heard with a feeble terror voices approaching. She was not sure of herself—of a look or word which she would give: the very house at home and the life there this morning seemed far off to her, and never to be regained.

One thing she knew. She had a word to say to her uncle which would heal that old wound in his soul for ever. No one but she ever had known what his dead son had been to him. She was

glad that she had never spoken that son's name to him. If she could have been the one to bring his boy to him!—

But— And Honora, being alone, let fall the reins and covered her face with her hands, as if to shut out from her own consciousness the burning heat that rose from her bosom up to her forehead.

Presently she turned her ponies swiftly into the hill road. It was a lonely and direct route toward the Galbraith house. She must lose no time in finding her uncle there.

But fate was against her; for when she had driven some fifty rods into the narrow defile she looked up, and there, coming rapidly toward her in his workman's blouse of gray flannel, was Dallas Galbraith.

PASSING BEYOND.

On yon far crag a beacon veers:

The wintry ocean booms and heaves,
The naked boughs are strung with tears,
And brittle hang the icy spears
Along the eaves.

And down upon the garden snow

The glimmer of a night-lamp falls,
And shadows past the curtain go,
And they within the chamber know
The Voice that calls.

They bend to watch the dying eyes,

They hear the lonely billows boom;
And out across the unclouded skies
A noiseless golden meteor flies
From gloom to gloom!

JOHN NEAGLE, THE ARTIST.

MORE than two years have passed since this eminent portrait painter died in Philadelphia; and, as no life of him has appeared to gratify public curiosity, a sketch of his career, some of his opinions on art and artists, with mention of his chief works, and an anecdote or two, cannot be unacceptable to the public. The writer's acquaintance with Mr. Neagle covered a period of a quarter of a century.

John Neagle was born in Boston, Massachusetts, November 4, 1796, while his parents were on a visit to that city. He first saw the light of day in the Marlborough House, Marlborough street, then a hotel of some pretensions. Shortly thereafter he was baptized in the Catholic church, Boston. Just as the ceremony was about to commence, an alarm of fire set the town in commotion, and the male sponsor stepped out to see where the fire was, and found it near his own residence. Not returning in time, Bishop Chevereux said, "Well, he is a nice boy, and, if you will allow me, I will become the sponsor." This graciousness greatly pleased the father and mother. They started in a few days with the future artist for Philadelphia. In the course of time he was placed at school, and at the age of fourteen apprenticed to Thomas Wilson, coach painter and ornamenter, in Library street. Before entering upon his apprenticeship he took lessons of Peter Ancora, a well-known teacher of drawing. Early he exhibited a taste for the arts. He was constantly sketching upon the walls and woodwork of the house. At Ancora's he met Wilson, who witnessed his proficiency, and induced him to become an apprentice. He remained with Wilson until his eighteenth year, when he purchased the remainder of his time. Finding he had made a mistake in undertaking coach ornamenting, he resolved to begin portrait painting.

From Bass Otis he received about a month's lessons, which was all the direct instruction he obtained from any artist. With Otis he began drawing the eye, the nose and the mouth, and then proceeded to more enlarged studies. He set up his easel in his mother's house at Almond and Front streets. It must be understood that his leisure moments for several years had been devoted to the study of painting. While in Wilson's shop all the ornamenting fell to him. He was industrious and faithful, and often earned from twenty-five to thirty dollars a week for his master. His good habits, general intelligence and ambition attracted the notice and elicited the praise of the community.

Shortly after the purchase of the remaining year and a half of his apprenticeship, Neagle resolved to go to Lexington, Kentucky, and take charge of the painting department of a large coach-making establishment. He went out there and was installed in his office, and, among other things, painted ornaments for coaches, which drew the attention of the people of Lexington, and also of an English coach painter who had considerable reputation in that place; and, although he had never seen this competitor in his branch, he acknowledged himself outdone by Neagle, whom he pronounced the most skillful painter of coach ornaments in America. Neagle, finding the place not suited to his tastes, and wishing to pursue the legitimate art, became listless and decided to leave.

About this time a coach painter from Philadelphia arrived in Lexington with his family, and, being short of funds, applied to the heads of the coach establishment for work, and out of kindness they gave him a piece of plain work to execute, telling Neagle not to be offended. While he was thus employed the dinner-bell rang. Neagle availed himself of the opportunity to ask him whether he would like to fill the situation that he (Neagle)

then filled. He said he should be the happiest man alive if he could secure Neagle's place. Neagle, instead of going to dinner, begged the man to take him to his hotel and let him see his family. This was done, and Neagle then offered him the situation, provided the heads of the house would accept him as a substitute. They consented to let Neagle go, inasmuch as he was too unwell to remain. They paid him what was due, and he set off toward Frankfort, on the way down to New Orleans. While waiting for the stage he was accosted by a townsman, named Joseph Burns, saying:

"Is not this John Neagle, of Philadelphia?"

"My name is Neagle, sir," was the reply.

"Which way are you going?" asked Burns.

"I hardly know," said Neagle; "but I had some thought of trying to make my way to New Orleans."

"God bless you! I am going the same way. Meeting a man from Philadelphia is like meeting a friend. We will go together."

They went as far as Louisville and stopped at the same inn. Burns took Neagle to a place then called Shippingsport, on the Ohio river, where two steamboats were getting ready to start for New Orleans. The price of passage in the large boat was seventy-five dollars, and in the small one fifty dollars. They visited both boats, and, for a reason best known to himself—namely, pressure in the money market—Neagle decided upon taking the small boat, to the disappointment of Burns, who preferred the large one, having plenty of money to pay his way. They returned to their tavern, and Neagle, having paid his bill, found he had but forty-seven dollars left. Here was a strait for our young artist, who was gloomy at the trouble which surrounded him. Burns did not suspect the real cause of his depression. At last, thinking Neagle *might* be in pecuniary difficulty, he invited him to go up to his room, and, locking the door, put the key in his pocket.

"Now," said Burns, "I want you to

tell me what is the matter with you? Why do you prefer the small boat to the large one? Why do you give the preference to bacon and greens over poultry and all the et-ceteras provided on the large boat?"

For a time Neagle was silent. At length he said:

"If the truth must be told, all the money I have is forty-seven dollars, which is three dollars short of the passage."

"Oh!" exclaimed Burns; "is that all? If that is the cause of your depression, cheer up, my boy, for I am loaded with money. Look at this," and he drew forth a purse filled with gold. "While this lasts I will share with you; therefore make your mind easy, and let us have a bottle of champagne to bind the bargain."

They were too late, however, for the large boat, and, much to the disappointment of Burns, were compelled to take passage in the small one. On the way down Neagle became acquainted with the captain, and sold him a coat, some vests, and some of his shirts, for which he received twenty-two dollars. This was done without the knowledge of Burns, who was sorely put out when he heard of it. On their arrival at New Orleans, Burns procured a dozen portraits for Neagle to paint, and the hospitable people of that city to whom he was introduced united in expressions of satisfaction that he had come among them, and hoped he would remain; but Neagle told a Mr. Edward Hall, of the firm of Hawkins & Hall, of Philadelphia, that his greatest wish was to get back to Philadelphia. Mr. Hall owned a vessel which was about to sail to New York, and he invited Neagle and Burns on board, where he gave them an entertainment. Here Neagle exhibited a portrait of Washington, after Stuart, which he had brought with him. Mr. Hall took a fancy to this picture, and begged Neagle to set a price upon it.

"If you will give me a passage to New York in your schooner, the picture shall be yours," said Neagle.

"Done," replied Hall, "and I will do more: I will give you a handsome outfit

into the bargain"—an offer which was gratefully accepted.

While at Lexington he made the acquaintance of Mr. Jouett, a student of Stuart's, and by all odds the finest painter west of the mountains. An inspection of this artist's works convinced Neagle that he had yet much to learn before he could hope successfully to practice his art, and entirely dissipated the notion that there were no genuine artists in the Western country. For this reason he was more anxious to go home and enter upon the careful study of his profession. It will be understood that his early attempts at painting were crude, but all his likenesses were remarkable. He had a wonderful faculty of catching the expression and character of his subject. At this time he charged for portraits from eight to ten dollars. This continued for a year or two, when his pictures began to attract the attention of judges of the art. His first decided success was a portrait of the Rev. Dr. Pilmore, a distinguished Methodist clergyman, who came here with Whitefield. Afterward Dr. Pilmore became an Episcopalian, and at the time of his death was rector of St. Paul's Church, Third street, Philadelphia. This portrait is now in the possession of the St. George's Society, and is still considered a remarkably fine picture. It is based upon the plan of his studies—first to secure character and light and shadow, as a basis of pictorial effect. This picture was exhibited in the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, and was highly praised.

From this time forward Neagle never lacked sitters. The public saw evidence of good taste and power, and a knowledge of the arts surprising in one so young and whose advantages had been so meagre. His most prominent sitter was Robert Walsh, editor of the old *National Gazette*. This was likewise a success. It was larger than a kitcat (a full half-length), representing him at his editorial desk, surrounded by books, papers, pens, etc. His next prominent sitter was the Rev. Dr. Wylie, Vice-Provost of the University. This brought crowds of sitters from among the most distin-

guished people in the city. Among them, Commander Barron, Commander Elliott,* Colonel Linnard of the army, and others. In the mean time, finding himself so far from the centre of the city, he removed his studio to Walnut street, below Fifth, where he finished the portrait of Matthew Carey, the well-known bookseller and author. This picture won compliments from our ablest artists. The celebrated Gilbert Stuart said, on looking at it in Boston: "I know that man, though I have not seen him for fifty years." He first saw him in Dublin, in a printing-office—a merry, mischievous, bright lad, always in scrapes, full of Irish pluck, and prone to fights. When Mr. Stuart saw the portrait, he said, "That is a bobbish picture." Neagle did not understand the term "bobbish," and upon asking Mrs. Stuart what it meant, she answered:

"Did he call your picture 'bobbish'?"

"Yes," said Neagle, "and I am afraid he does not like it."

"Quiet your fears," she replied, "for, if that is what he said, he paid you a high compliment. With him, 'bobbish' is synonymous with 'remarkably fine!'"

Allston also praised it highly, saying it was better than any head of Leslie's he had seen, except one—the head of Sir Walter Scott (then hanging in the parlor of a gentleman in Boston). Mr. Neagle, it must be understood, had gone to Boston with letters to Allston and Stuart, for the purpose of making the acquaintance of those eminent artists, and asking their opinion of his portrait of Carey, which he had taken with him as a specimen of what he could do. While in Boston, Mr. Stuart sat to him for his own portrait, which Neagle thought the greatest compliment ever paid him, Stuart having refused to sit to many others. This picture is now hanging in the Athenæum at Boston. While he was painting it, Mr. Allston called at the studio of Mr. Stuart and compared the picture with the life, and gave high approbation of its likeness and effect. He was particu-

* Elliott, afterward Commodore Elliott, born in Maryland, 1782, died in Philadelphia, Dec. 18, 1845.

larly pleased with the color and the manner in which the artist had used "Naples yellow" in the lights of the flesh. Mr. Neagle remained in Boston about a month, visiting the different collections, and met everywhere with the hospitality for which that city is renowned. The portrait of Stuart was handsomely noticed in two or three of the leading newspapers, and he came home highly gratified and much improved by his visit.

Shortly after his return to Philadelphia (1825), while at work one day in his studio, Pat Lyon, the celebrated retired blacksmith, called, and seeing Neagle, said:

"This, I presume, is Mr. Neagle?"

"Yes, sir, that is my name."

"I wish you, sir, to paint me at full length, the size of life, representing me at the smithery, with my bellows-blower, hammers, and all the et-ceteras of the shop around me."

Thinking he did not know the expense of a large picture, with two figures and all the surroundings, our artist said:

"This, sir, will be a large and difficult work, and the expense considerable."

Mr. Lyon replied, "D—n the expense!" upon which Neagle added—

"Even the canvas will cost several dollars."

"Here is the money; go ahead," Lyon said: "how much more will you have to start on?" Presently, he added, "I wish you to understand clearly, Mr. Neagle, that I do not desire to be represented in the picture as a gentleman—to which character I have no pretension. I want you to paint me at work at my anvil, with my sleeves rolled up and a leather apron on. I have had my eye upon you. I have seen your pictures, and you are the very man for the work."

An arrangement was then made for the first sitting, which was a mere head, to try the likeness. This was so satisfactory to Mr. Lyon and his friends that the full length was immediately proceeded with. During the progress the painter visited the blacksmith-shop in the Navy Yard, and other shops throughout the city, and made a number of sketches, in order to become acquainted with the

detail of the business. On one occasion Neagle made a sketch of a man with a paper cap on his head.

"What are you doing?" said Lyon.

"I am sketching this man for a bellows-blower."

"Pooh! pooh! do not do anything so absurd. No blacksmith was ever seen with a paper cap on his head while at work."

Afterward, Neagle showed him a sketch of an anvil, hooped around with an iron band looped in a manner to receive the tools.

Lyon laughed at this, saying: "Put no such thing in my picture, for truth's sake! A genuine blacksmith would scorn such a thing! Horse-shoers only, who strike and do their own blowing, would descend to such a thing! Why, my dear sir, you will always find that a legitimate blacksmith has his tools placed in a framework around the bellows. He calls for each tool wanted, and it is handed to him by the bellows-blower."

Lyon was a remarkable man in more respects than one: he had a fine mathematical mind, and worked his problems out on paper before he cut his iron. He was renowned as a blacksmith. He built the Diligent fire engine, and it remained the best of Philadelphia engines for forty years after his death. It was a machine of remarkable power and singular accuracy and skill. Lyon was noted likewise as a manufacturer of hydraulic engines, locks, and everything relating to his business. A characteristic anecdote is related of him: An iron chest in one of the banks could not be opened on account of the key having been mislaid. Lyon was sent for to pick the lock. He came and opened it.

"What is your charge?" asked the president.

"Ten dollars," answered Lyon.

"That is exorbitant," said the other.

"Very well," replied Lyon, shutting down the lid again, "perhaps some one will do it for you more cheaply." He then walked away.

One or two other persons were applied to and failed in their attempts to open the chest, so it became necessary

to send for Lyon again, who came and reopened it.

"Here is your ten dollars," said the president.

"No," replied Lyon, "it must now be twenty."

"I will not give it," exclaimed the president, putting his hands on the lid of the chest, and attempting to force it entirely open.

"Take your hands away!" shouted Lyon, "or I will smash them," and the hands were instantly withdrawn and the lid shut down. It was a case of great urgency, and, cost what it might, the chest must be opened; so they concluded they had better give him the twenty dollars, for Lyon said he would charge them ten dollars for each visit. Thereupon the money was paid, and Lyon departed, considerably elated at having triumphed over the meanness of the president.

But to return to the painting: the old prison, which stood at the corner of Walnut and Sixth streets, facing Independence Square, with its western side to Potter's Field (now known as Washington Square), was introduced into the picture at Lyon's request. It was seen with its cupola through the window of his shop, which stood in Library street, where Goldsmiths' Hall now stands. This was a whim of Lyon, to commemorate his unjust imprisonment in the building on the charge of picking the locks of the old Bank of Pennsylvania and robbing it of a large amount of money. Many objected to the introduction of the prison into the picture, but Judge Hopkinson, who, with Alexander J. Dallas, was his counsel in this very interesting trial, approved of the whim, saying:

"That is right, Lyon: preserve the recollection of the old prison, as it is a very important part of your history."

NEAGLE AND KEAN.

Neagle was married on the 28th of May, 1826, to Miss Mary Chester Sully,* the step-daughter of Thomas Sully, the great artist. She bore him ten children: Maurice, Elizabeth, Garret, Sallie, Susan, John, Mary, Jenny, Margaret and

Ellen. Immediately after his marriage, Neagle went to New York on a visit of business and pleasure. He had received a commission from Wemyss and Lopez to paint rapid portraits of certain distinguished actors in New York; among them, Kean, Forrest, Mr. and Mrs. Hilson, Mr. and Mrs. Barnes, Mr. Thayer, and others. While there, he was invited to a dinner-party at the house of Mr. Foot, two or three miles from the city, on the banks of the Hudson. A number of gentlemen were present, and after the cloth had been removed, it was proposed that Mr. Kean should give Neagle a sitting, the artist having taken his materials with him for that purpose. The character chosen was Richard III., and the passage to be illustrated was, "I can smile, and smile, and murder while I smile." Mr. Kean, being about to leave New York for some engagement, had all his things packed. The artist was placed immediately opposite to him at the dinner-table, that he might have an opportunity of studying the countenance of the great tragedian. Mr. Wemyss was present and suggested the sitting. Kean called his servant to unstrap his trunks and get out his dress and ornaments for the character. Meanwhile, Neagle had prepared his paints and canvas, and asked Kean to have the goodness to call up a look expressive of the sentiment of the part. With every desire to aid the artist, Kean felt great embarrassment at the emergency, declaring that he could not do it, and saying to Neagle, "Let us have a glass of brandy and water together." After which, he made an effort or two, and failing, he remarked: "I'll be d—d if I could ever stand up like a school-boy and recite a passage detached from its meaning or connection."

Neagle seemed surprised at this, and observed: "Sir, you have been accustomed to face immense houses in Europe and in this country: what is the reason you cannot call up the requisite expression in this small circle?"

The actor replied: "It is not affectation, sir: the simple truth is, I cannot express what I do not feel. Let us have some more brandy and water."

* Mrs. Neagle died on the 4th of March, 1845.

But the artist, realizing the task before him, touched the brandy lightly. That raised a laugh. Neagle then said to Kean: "With Hamlet and Othello I am well acquainted, but with Richard I am at a loss. Where is your book?"

"Bring the book," said Kean to his attendant, and opening it and reading to himself a page or two, he at once entered into the feeling of the part, and threw himself into a superb attitude, repeating the words with admirable effect, and eliciting applause from all present. This posture he held for twenty minutes, during which time the artist worked for dear life. Then Kean said: "Let us have a little more brandy." He took the posture again, three times, twenty minutes each, and that concluded the sketch. This was the only sitting Kean gave to an artist in this country.* The gentlemen resumed their seats at the table, and the conversation became general until the party broke up. When Kean's carriage drove up, he sprang into the coachman's seat.

"What are you doing there?" inquired Foot.

Kean replied: "I am going to drive Neagle to town."

"No, no," said Foot: "the coachman is here, and you shall not do it."

"But I will, though," replied Kean: "I am on the box, with the ribbons and the whip; so good-night to you all." And crack went the whip, and away rolled Kean and his friend Neagle. This was the eve of the Fourth of July, and the town was alive with boys and men, shooting off fire-crackers, pistols and squibs of all kinds, greatly to the alarm of the horses. On their arrival in the vicinity of the Park, the horses reared and plunged at a frightful rate, but Kean, skillful and self-possessed, piloted them through the throngs of excited humanity, and finally reached the hotel—Clark & Brown's—at the junction of Maiden lane and Liberty street. This was long a famous resort for the business men of New York, and is still a popular dining-

house. On their arrival at the hotel, Kean insisted upon Neagle's going in with him. "Come," said he, "the great Fourth of July will be to-morrow, and we will make a night of it."

"No, no," replied Neagle. "My wife is waiting for me, and I cannot stay."

"But you shall," said Kean. "Come in: we will have a bottle of wine and a grand supper. What do you like best? Come, now—if there is any delicacy to be had for love or money, we will have it." Neagle, however, with a great deal of difficulty, begged off, and returned to his young wife.

The next day, by appointment, Neagle, with a friend, called upon Kean, who had promised to give him a second sitting. He found him alone and looking out of the window. "Come," said Neagle, "let us have the second sitting."

"What?" exclaimed Kean, "a sitting on the Fourth of July? Are you an American and a patriot? Nonsense, man: we will have no sitting to-day, except the sitting at a fine dinner, in which you and your friend must participate, for I expect a number of the most distinguished *literati* here to dine with me, and I want you to be of the party." Neagle, however, excused himself.

In conversation, on another occasion, on Kean's style of acting, particularly in Othello, Neagle said: "Allow me, sir, to ask you why you make yourself so monotonous in your soliloquies? I know you have a reason for it, and I wish you would give it to me?"

His reply was: "Shakespeare never intended that those soliloquies should be great points in the hands of the actor. A play is like a picture—you, as an artist, know that: the same principles govern both. I see, from your own pictures, you do not put everything in a bright light. I ask you, sir, do you not require bright lights for some portions, lesser lights for others, and obscurity for others?"

The artist said: "Yes; no pictorial effect can be produced without attention to these important principles."

Kean then resumed: "I know the compass of my own voice; I know the

* This picture is now in the possession of Mr. John E. Owens, the comedian, of Baltimore. It was sold to him by the writer.

notes that are good, and those which are indifferent: were I to throw the whole power of my voice upon those soliloquies, which are often merely explanatory, I should certainly fail when I arrived at some leading point of the author; for the author must give his principal characters, and secondary characters, and supernumeraries to make a whole. So, also, does he give you principal parts of a principal character, which should receive the brightest lights, and secondary parts to be under some subordination of light, with portions, also, to be thrown into partial obscurity." Again he said: "These bright lights are the proper emphasis to produce an effect. We should cease to be astonished at the thunder if it thundered all the time."

A SPOT OF BLUE.

Allston, looking at Neagle's portrait of Stuart, said that in every good painting a spot of blue, be it ever so small, should be introduced—that blue was the grand corrector of all the colors. Neagle thought this was as true as truth itself. He often put a spot of blue in his portraits.

LORD HEATHFIELD AND MRS. SIDDONS.

Neagle said Reynolds was noble in his backgrounds, which afford a study for any artist. His portraits of men possess a senatorial dignity seldom encountered, while some of his women are touchingly sweet and gentle. His Lord Heathfield, holding in his hands the keys of Gibraltar, is a grand production, worthy of being placed beside Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse—proving the artist equally great as a painter of men and women.

NEAGLE AND EICKHOLTZ.

Some years since, Col. Perkins, of Boston (a gentleman of great liberality, fine intelligence and unbounded benevolence), sent to the Philadelphia Academy of the Fine Arts a copy of Rubens' "Descent from the Cross," from the original in the Cathedral at Antwerp (one of the three great pictures of the world—the other two being the "Com-

munion of St. Jerome," by Domenichino, and the "Transfiguration," by Raphael). One morning, during the exhibition, Mr. Neagle visited the Academy, where he met Mr. Eickholtz, an artist lately from Lancaster, Pa.

Seeing Neagle rapt before the picture, Eickholtz exclaimed: "What, Neagle! are you one of those who go into raptures over this picture?"

"Yes," exclaimed Neagle, "I thank God I have the faculty to enjoy so fine a work. I imagine I can see the original even through the copy."

"Humph!" exclaimed Eickholtz; "do you call that a well-painted foot?" indicating the foot of St. John.

"No: as a specimen of a foot, I do not think it well painted."

"Do you think that drapery on the female at the foot of the cross is in good taste?"

"No: it is Flemish in its form and fashion."

"Well, do you call that a good hand?"

"No, not remarkably good as a hand."

"Do you think that black sky is natural?"

"No, not as an every-day sky—nor is it so intended."

"Do you think that brute at the top of the cross, who holds the sheet in his teeth, furnishes fine expression? Do you think his head affords fine character?"

"Not refined character, certainly; but the expression is eminently just, all things considered."

"Well, then, if the hand is not good, nor the foot, nor the sky, nor the Flemish petticoat, nor the head with the sheet between its teeth, how can it be a good picture with so many faults?"

"My dear sir," said Neagle, "we view this work from different stand-points. I judge it as a whole, and not by parts. I look upon it as masterly—gloriously so. Rubens could have painted a better foot or hand, and a more natural sky; but his genius was too impetuous on so sublime a subject to stoop to unimportant details—to unessential points. Now, look at this picture—so grand, so broad,

so impressive! Can't you see the Divinity of Christ? Do you not perceive and feel the power of the great conception of the artist? Can't you see the heaviness of death in our Saviour? Observe the breadth, the union of the body of Christ with the massive white sheet. Observe the tremendous vigor and harmony of color throughout—the unapproachable light and shadow—the immensity and unity of the masses. That savage at the top of the cross, with his brutish force and bestial character, is an inspiration to contrast with the meekness, the gentleness and patient suffering of the Redeemer. The sky, of which you complain, is most appropriate and true to the story."

"Come, now, Mr. Neagle," exclaimed Eickholtz, "are you not influenced by the great name of Rubens?"

"Not at all. I take the work as I see it."

"What would you say if you had never heard of this picture or its author, and were told that it was painted by me?"

Neagle, feeling a delicacy, hesitated in his reply. He was urged by Eickholtz to speak—to tell him exactly what he thought—to call (as was his wont) things by their right names.

"I am reluctant to speak," replied Neagle; "but, as you urge, I must tell you that my opinion would be that our heavenly Father had inspired you in the most miraculous manner; for nothing but a miracle direct from God himself could have produced such a result through such a medium."

Quite dumbfounded, Eickholtz did not know what to say, but he stammered: "To me this picture is like an unknown tongue—I cannot read or understand it. Come to my house, where we can smoke a cigar and finish our conversation." They walked to the house of Eickholtz.

"Now, Neagle," said he, "for the life of me I cannot understand what you mean by harmony of color. Look at my portraits here, and tell me if you see any deficiency of harmony or any violation of the rules of good coloring?"

"Shall I speak as I think?"

"Certainly."

"Well, then, my friend, there is a portrait of a woman on your easel, draped in brimstone-color, with staring sky-blue gloves. It is plain to me that you have no eye for color or harmony, or you would never have so treated your subject."

"But what would you do if it is so ordered by the sitter?"

"Sir, I would hold the artist accountable for every violation of good taste and harmony. If the sitter will have brimstone dresses and sky-blue gloves, the painter should introduce some intermediate color, shadow or the like—any resource of his art that will create harmony—for the purpose of preventing the violence done to the eye; just as the musician is careful not to offend the ear by discordant notes. A true artist owes something to society. The public take the key-note from him. If a picture is false in color, badly drawn, or deficient in character and truth, the public are misled, because they are misinformed. Every painter should feel the importance of his vocation; and, if he so feel, he will paint, not for dollars and cents, but for reputation and posterity. Why do we hold annual exhibitions?—or, to come back to our starting-point, why did that most exemplary gentleman, Col. Perkins, send this copy of the 'Descent from the Cross' to our exhibition? Simply that it might be seen and studied, and that artists and others should derive benefit from it. For my own part, I confess that the picture has been to me a great joy—a fountain of inspiration! I look at it with wonder and admiration, and I shall never cease to feel grateful to the good man who has afforded me the opportunity of seeing it."*

NEAGLE AND FORREST.

Mr. Forrest's portrait was one selected by Lopez & Wemyss to adorn their *Acting American Theatre*. This was in 1826. Neagle had fitted up a sort of

* In a marginal note to Dunlap's *History of the Arts*, Neagle says: "Eickholtz has painted some strong, matter-of-fact likenesses, but his coloring is crude and inharmonious, and he has no very highly elevated notions of the intellectual part of the art. His manual dexterity is surprising; his shadows in flesh are all of the same color; and he has but one process for painting draperies, flesh, etc."

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studio in the upper loft (the fifth or sixth story) of Peale's old Museum, on the west side of Broadway, opposite the Park, New York. The weather was warm, and the painter had been waiting for some time for Mr. Forrest to make his appearance agreeably to appointment. Presently his strong, resolute step was heard on the stairs, and soon he dashed into the room with a loud, theatrical "Whew! I say, Neagle, but it *is* hot, and these stairs are a breather, indeed, for a fellow who has worked as hard as I worked last night! By Jove!" (gasping spasmodically) "I feel as if I was going to have a rush of blood to the head;" and he had scarcely taken his seat before he rolled off the chair in a fit. Poor Neagle was filled with consternation. With palette on thumb and brushes in his left hand, he set about untying the tragedian's cravat. "What if he should die?" he thought; and he added, mentally, "They may say I murdered him!" His fright was so great that for a while he made but little headway. There lay the stalwart and handsome actor, then in his twenty-second year, and his breathing was so thick and choked that it looked as if that hour might be his last. While trying to raise his head, one of the artist's brushes accidentally entered the tragedian's nostril. The brush was full of turpentine, which caused Forrest to snort in the most approved style of the histrion's art. Soon consciousness returned, and the tragedian stood up, shook himself, washed his face and took his chair for the sitting. Query: Is turpentine, thus administered, good for fits?

REYNOLDS AND LAWRENCE.

Speaking of Sir Joshua Reynolds and Sir Thomas Lawrence, Neagle said he could see and feel their beauties. Both displayed great qualities. Allston, Neagle remarked, was an enthusiastic admirer of Sir Joshua. He said he was a great painter—great in everything but drawing, in which he was sometimes imperfect, but he never missed his sentiment. Allston said Lawrence was a distinguished artist, but Reynolds was a great one.

This was uttered without a comparison being intended.

STUART.

Neagle thought Stuart a great painter. He said there was not much variety in his positions or effects—he was not a master of *chiaro-oscuro*, like Rembrandt, but his male heads were remarkable for truthfulness of character and fine flesh color.

REYNOLDS.

Neagle used to say Sir Joshua Reynolds had advantages over other artists in this: that he kept the best of company, the best in England, such as Johnson, Burke, Garrick, Goldsmith, etc. He was a very sensible man, and constantly availed himself of the brilliancy which gathered at his table. He had, like Moses, but to strike the rock, and a stream of intellect would pour upon him from his immediate surroundings. No doubt he was often indebted to his friends for valuable suggestions.

ALLSTON.

Neagle, when in Boston, often saw Allston, who said on one occasion that he never saw a representation of a tree in a picture that looked as if the air prevailed through the leaves, and as if a bird could fly through it. He further said that, in order to paint the human knee, he could not get a thorough understanding of the anatomy until he had modeled it.

TOUCHING BIT OF CRITICISM.

Robert Walsh brought his wife and child to Neagle's studio, to see his portrait after it was finished. Instantly the child ran up to the picture, exclaiming, "Oh, there's pa!" and the little rogue drew his fingers from the head to the cravat, smearing the black paint of the hair over the flesh tints of the face and through the white cravat.

"Holy St. Patrick!" exclaimed Mr. Walsh; "what have you done, my child?"

"Never mind, sir," said the artist: "the compliment more than compensates for the trouble the child has given me.

I will restore it with great pleasure if you will give me another sitting."

SERGEANT WALLACE.

One of Neagle's best works is the portrait of Sergeant Wallace of the Revolutionary army, then in his 101st year. During the sittings, the artist, with his usual tact, elicited the personal history of his subject. While giving the finishing touches, Neagle said: "Sergeant Wallace, you are in fine condition; your complexion is clear, your eye bright, your step firm, your carriage erect: to what do you attribute this remarkable preservation?"

The old soldier replied, "To moderation, sir."

"Ah!" mused the artist; "yet you say you were a free liver until near fifty?"

"Yes."

"And you have had six wives?"

"Yes."

"And thirty-four children?"

"Yes."

"Do you call that moderation?"

The sergeant had nothing more to say.

FITNESS AND PROPRIETY.

Fitness and propriety, said Neagle, are the basis of everything good in every department of Art; in Architecture, Literature, Sculpture, Painting, Music, etc. For instance, look at Powers' Greek Slave; observe the attitude: the back is straight as a ramrod, and the expression is brazen and defiant. Contrast this with the Medicean Venus. Note the graceful curve of the back, the womanly shrinking, the timidity, reserve and self-respect. One is a true woman, refined, gentle, modest; the other is meretricious. All true women shrink from exposure, even in the secure privacy of their own apartments. Of course there is neither fitness nor propriety in Powers' Greek Slave: it is false where it should be true, and is unworthy of the praise it has received. It fails entirely in ideality. She was a slave in the market, and she has not one particle of modesty or shame. In further illustration of the fact that fitness and propriety were the basis of everything good in

art, Neagle called attention to St. Andrew's Church, in Eighth street, above Spruce, Philadelphia, which was modeled after a temple to Bacchus. He laughed at the very large and massive doors, proper enough in the original (for the admission of processions, banners, devices, etc.), but absurd in a temple devoted to quiet Christian observances. He strenuously objected to all servile imitation. The railings, decorated with the head of the drunken god, vine-leaves, etc., were likewise severely animadverted upon. This want of fitness and propriety is seen in all our surroundings.

LYDIA KELLEY.

In Lopez and Wemyss' *American Theatre* will be found a portrait of Miss Lydia Kelley, as Beatrice, in "Much Ado about Nothing." Although the picture from which it is engraved was painted in 1826, it is one of Neagle's best works. Miss Kelley is dressed in white satin, with a great deal of puffing; her head-dress consists of three large ostrich feathers, so well managed and tasteful as to be exceedingly stylish: a bit of blue sky and an indication of red curtain give it tone. The toss of the head is graceful and the general effect admirable. The arms are painted with the armlet gloves which were fashionable forty years ago. The picture, in an excellent state of preservation, is in possession of the writer. Mr. Sully regards it as one of Neagle's finest works, perhaps superior to Mrs. Wood as *Amina* in "Somnambula," owned by the Musical Fund Society. In 1855 the writer sat to Neagle, who produced one of his most elaborate and successful portraits. The artist considered it such himself, and during the last six years of his life he frequently alluded to it modestly as one of his "good pictures."

"There," said Rothermel, pointing to one of Neagle's portraits, "is one of the finest heads ever painted. Stick a pin in that cheek and it will bleed!"

SECOND MARRIAGES.

Neagle loved his wife and children

devotedly. The anniversary of his wife's death was always sacredly kept—in complete withdrawal from business—in silence, sorrow and fasting. On these occasions he held no intercourse with the world, and very little with his immediate family. He often spoke of his wife—of her virtues, her amiability, her gentleness, loving-kindness, devotion, self-denial, etc. "Second marriages," he would say, "are but a patching up of a man's domestic happiness: they rarely make amends (if I may judge from what I read, and hear, and see) for the first great loss. I'll not take the risk." He was often urged to marry again, but steadily resisted. "It is no small matter," he once replied, "to marry a second time; and woe betide the middle-aged man who takes a young wife! His habits are formed—he has grown tired of the theatre, the opera, the party, the drive, the sail, the pic-nic: in point of fact, he has seen everything, and is ready to exclaim with Solomon, 'All is vanity.' The young wife, however, 'will not be answered so:' she must (like all who have gone before her) learn from experience; and the poor husband is well-nigh heart, health and pocket broken during the five or ten years the second wife is acquiring her experience. When people marry young, they grow old gradually, imperceptibly, unconsciously together. They soon learn (if they are sensible) to understand and make allowances for each other, and by the time they reach middle life they are a well-contented and tolerably happy couple—especially if they are blessed with children. No, no; there should be no second marriages, unless the parties are very nearly the same age, and have the highest respect and admiration for each other—a regard founded upon long acquaintance and well-known good character. Even then, I would," continued Neagle, "make second marriages very rare—very."

SELECT A MODEL.

Neagle thought every young man, whether painter, writer, sculptor, etc., should select a model from among the

great in his profession, and it should be his aim to write or paint up to that model. He had studied Sir Joshua Reynolds very closely, had read and pondered his writings, and said his views ought to be impressed upon all students.

PRINCIPLES.

Neagle had studied thoroughly the principles of his art, and could give a reason for everything he did. A knowledge of principles, he would say, no matter what the profession, is necessary to insure permanent success. When he painted Prof. Gibson, that distinguished anatomist requested him to paint in large letters upon one of the columns in the picture—

Principles!
Principles!!
Principles!!!

WHIST.

Neagle was fond of a game of whist, and for many years amused himself at least one evening in the week in this way. He often played with old Benjamin Cross, Thomas Sully (the artist), Frederick Hupfeld, E. P. Mitchell, J. R. Welsh, J. S. Natt, Gen. Tyndale, Jesse Lee, W. B. Hill, Croome (the artist), G. W. Homes (the artist), John Huneker, I. L. Williams (the artist), Hewitt (the artist), Rothermel (the artist), William Rudman (the brewer), and others—all good players.

Neagle took snuff and played whist because Sir Joshua Reynolds was particularly given to both. He was convivial in his habits, but never passed the bounds of propriety in eating, drinking or language.

A GOOD TALKER.

A few years before the death of Dr. J. K. Mitchell, that gentleman, meeting Neagle, said:

"I heard you highly complimented, Neagle, last evening, at a Wistar party."

"Indeed, how?"

"I asked Bishop Meade whether your portrait of him gave promise of success, and he said he could not judge of the likeness, but he thought the composition,

color and effect very fine. He added, that if you were half as good a painter as you are a talker, you would make a splendid work of it."

ENGRAVERS AT FAULT.

Engravers (remarked Neagle) generally do not understand the masses of a broad painter. They copy the lines and the proportions, but they do not share the feelings of the painter in regard to the breadth and force of his masses. They may give all the details of the picture, and yet lose the pictorial effect by neglecting the strength and breadth of his masses. Engraving is not a copy, but a translation from color to black and white, and, in order to make it successful, the engraver should enter into the spirit and feeling of the painter. An engraver should always, if possible, consult the painter.

ROTHERMEL.

In Philadelphia, as in New York and Boston, there are hypercritical people. One evening Neagle encountered two or three of these gentlemen standing in front of one of Rothermel's pictures in the Academy of the Fine Arts. Our historical painter was not so strong then as he is now, nor was his position so well assured.

"Ah," exclaimed one of the gentlemen, "here comes an authority: let him decide for us."

"What is the question?" asked Neagle.

One of the gentlemen replied: "We are discussing in a friendly way Rothermel's claims to consideration as an historical painter. Now, I contend that he is deficient in expression and drawing, and he is too theatrical."

Neagle answered: "Do you call that kind of criticism *friendly*?" With marked emphasis on the word "friendly." "Look you, gentlemen, none of us are perfect. Perhaps Rothermel has faults, but his good qualities are so strong that I perceive them only. He is a master in composition, his color is glorious, he always tells his story well, and he is altogether the best historical painter we have. What more do you want?"

Somewhat abashed, Hypercriticism walked away.

ARTISTS' FUND SOCIETY.

Neagle was one of the originators of the Artists' Fund Society of Philadelphia, and was re-elected president nine years consecutively, when he resigned, after which the Society languished and fell into decay. He served one year as director of the Academy of the Fine Arts, and declined further election.

CHARACTERISTICS OF SITTERS.

"While a portrait painter," remarked Neagle, "is expected to make a likeness, it is not necessary that he should be literal, especially if his subject is mean. I would scorn to copy a wart to make my likeness more formidable. Character is the great thing. Now, all men—and women too, for that matter—are actors, and, especially when sitting to an artist, are apt to become artificial. They affect airs and graces. It is the artist's duty to penetrate this disguise and discover the truth—the real manner and character of the sitter. An experienced artist, in the course of a sitting, will so play upon the feelings of his sitter that he will lay his character open as day to inspection, and this, too, without the knowledge of the sitter." By a series of apparently casual questions, Neagle would discover the prominent points of character in each sitter. His conversational powers were remarkable. Long practice as a talker with the most distinguished scholars in science, literature and art had made him a master in this delightful specialty. A constant reader and thinker, always ambitious to excel in rhetoric, almost pedantic in pronunciation, he shone conspicuously at the gatherings of the social whist club, the Wistar party or the musical soiree.

CLERGYMEN AND ACTORS.

Neagle used to say that the vainest men he ever painted were clergymen and actors. In his opinion, both were vain to a painful degree. He gave several instances—naming a dozen or two persons and as many actors who had sat to

him or with whom he was acquainted—all meanly proud and ostentatious. Of course there are striking exceptions to this sweeping charge. Dr. Wylie was a marked exception. He was as simple as a child: he was a great linguist, a sincere Christian and a wise man. Rev. Dr. Mayer was another exception. A Roman Catholic priest (Rev. Wm. Vincent Harold) was another glorious exception. Dr. Archibald Alexander told Neagle he never knew what true pulpit oratory was until he had heard Harold: he said his logic, rhetoric, diction, grace, were all superlative. Neagle painted Dr. Alexander at Princeton; also Dr. Miller.

NEAGLE'S BEST PICTURES.

Pat Lyon, Dr. Wylie, Sergeant Wallace, Mr. and Mrs. Clayton Earle, Henry Clay, Thomas Birch, Lydia Kelley, Mrs. Wood, Robert Walsh, Dr. Pilmore, Matthew Carey, Gilbert Stuart, Bishop Meade, Henry C. Carey, Rev. Dr. Mayer, John Grigg, Col. Messchert and Mrs. Messchert, Prof. Gibson, David Paul Brown, Joseph Taggart, former president Farmers' and Mechanics' Bank; Morton McMichael, Judges Hopkinson, Tilghman, Stroud and Sharswood, John Sargeant, Thomas C. Rockhill, Wm. D. Lewis, T. P. Remington, Drs. Gardette, Chapman, Horner, Gibson, Dewees, Meigs, McClellan, Harris, Patterson, John Vaughan, Elliot Cresson, Thomas P. Cope, General Patterson, Bishops Delancey and Clarke, H. C. Corbit, Thomas Parke and others.

CANDOR AND KINDNESS.

Mr. Neagle was ever kind and considerate to young artists. He answered their questions frankly, and gave them advice freely when they sought it. His candor amounted nearly to a fault, but none who knew him took offence at it. If pressed to give an opinion, he kindly but unreservedly pronounced it, however sorely it might grate upon the ear. But he had the rare merit of telling a young artist how he might improve his pictures. No man could talk more simply and plainly upon art. He could always give a satisfactory reason for everything he did.

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HANDS OFF!

Neagle shrank from familiarity, and nothing vexed him more than to have a visitor enter his studio and turn the unfinished pictures which faced the wall. "So-and-so," he would say, "is impertinently familiar: he stalks into my room like a dragoon, and turns my pictures without a word of apology, and with the least possible show of good breeding. He might, with as much propriety, read my half-finished letters."

He was a student to the close of his life, but he could not and would not paint unless in the humor. He said he must feel like it, or work was irksome. It was his custom to think long over his subject, and when in the vein for manipulation, he wrought with a zeal that bordered on enthusiasm.

NEAGLE AS A WRITER.

Neagle wrote with ease and elegance. Occasionally he contributed to the newspapers. During the fall of 1856, Mr. Henry D. Gilpin, then president of the Academy of the Fine Arts, wished him to write and deliver a Lecture on Art, and Mr. Rothermel, at the request of the directors of the Academy, waited upon him for this purpose; and it is to be regretted that he declined, as he possessed a thorough knowledge of the principles and practice of his profession.

AN ACADEMY INDEED.

Speaking of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, he thought it would have greatly advanced true art if one or two able artists had been engaged, at liberal salaries, to give instruction to students. Such a course would have made our city the home of the arts, and pupils would have come hither from all parts of the country. Thus our institution would have become an academy indeed, instead of a place of deposit simply. Beginners need an able head to direct their studies.

COMMON SENSE.

None but a man of good common sense, said Neagle, ever becomes a good painter. The reason is obvious: every

picture is an argument, and if it is well stated on canvas, it carries conviction with it. Every good picture is a compromise, in which secondary objects are sacrificed to the leading points. He quoted Haydon's "Creation" as a case in point: it possesses wonderful artistic merit; the contrasts are tremendous; none but a great master could have painted it.

Few of our young men, continued Neagle, study properly. Truth is the basis of art. Give a student a head to copy, and ten to one he will try to improve it: he will flourish like a school-boy, and in this way will fall into habits which he can never correct. Such was not the fashion of Rubens, or Raphael, or Sir Joshua Reynolds. These great men "followed copy"—they were truthful and conscientious in all that related to art.

We should always view a work of art as a whole. No correct opinion can be formed of the bits. They may be good as bits, nothing more.

RUSSELL SMITH.

At a private view, a sharp critic said to Neagle, "Don't you think Russell Smith's foregrounds a little weak?"

Neagle replied, "Never when they should be strong!"

"You like his pictures, then?"

"Very much, sir—very much, indeed: he possesses a high order of ability, and he is a quiet, sensitive, observant, modest gentleman."

"Ah, yes, you are quite right," responded the critic, edging off.

NEAGLE ON HAMILTON.

About the year 1848, when Hamilton was beginning to attract the attention of the town, Neagle made a prediction about him which has been fully verified. One evening during the exhibition a half dozen artists were gathered in front of one of Hamilton's most ambitious attempts. The work was large and crude, although characteristically bold.

"What are you laughing at, gentlemen?" inquired Neagle, coming in upon the group. They pointed to the large

and pretentious canvas. "Ah, well," replied Neagle, "laugh if you like; but mark what I tell you: Hamilton will make you laugh on the other side of your faces one of these days. Depend upon it, gentlemen, he is destined to shine. At present he is in the mists of doubt and uncertainty: he is groping after his ideal; but he will come out all right. He possesses imagination, power and industry: put these together, gentlemen, and you have genius. Laugh while you may: it will be his turn a few years hence." Hamilton has justified this generous prediction, which brought the big tears to his eyes when he first heard of it.

BACKGROUNDS.

Allston once told Neagle that he never could paint a background to a portrait to please himself, although he could paint one to a large historical picture with comparative ease. A background to a portrait, in his opinion, was the most difficult thing in the whole range of painting.

AN ANGEL.

One night Neagle and three or four friends were returning from a whist party, when they met a gentleman who was likewise on his way home, and who insisted that the whole party should go with him to his residence and take a glass of champagne. Neagle objected on account of the lateness of the hour, but the gentleman insisted, assuring the party that his wife was an angel, and would be delighted to see them. When they arrived at the house the gentleman opened the door with his night-key, and was marching them into the parlor, when from the head of the stairs was heard a voice screaming:

"Is that you, Mr. ———?"

"It is, my dear," was the soft response of the husband.

"Well, who are those night-birds with you? Isn't this a pretty hour to be bringing company home? I wonder you are not ashamed of yourselves!" The poor fellow had not a word to say, and Neagle and friends stole out on tip-toe, without so much as a "good-night."

MRS. INGERSOLL GARA.

Some years before his death Neagle gave lessons to Mrs. Ingersoll Gara, a lady of real talent, whose husband is Deputy Secretary of State of Pennsylvania. Advised by her master, she sent a picture to the exhibition, which was flippantly criticised by some young gentleman of the press. With tears in her eyes she ran to Neagle with the paper.

"Well," said the master, "and what does this signify? The writer, who probably knows nothing of art, says your work is indifferent. I say it is good. Will you believe him or me?"

"But, Mr. Neagle, you are partial, because I am your pupil."

"No, I am just. I have examined your picture critically, and I pronounce it very good—correct in drawing, brilliant in color, refined in sentiment, strong in likeness. Be patient, madam: some of these writers must find fault. They would criticise Raphael, or Rubens, or Sir Joshua Reynolds, and annihilate all three! You don't know them as well as I do. Take courage. You have real ability. Study, work, exhibit. All will come right one of these days."

COL. CHAS. J. BIDDLE.

Neagle once said that the most brilliant and most polite person he had ever met was Col. Chas. J. Biddle. This compliment was paid just after the war with Mexico, in which Biddle had won distinction by his gallantry.

ELOCUTION.

Neagle prided himself upon the accuracy and good taste of his pronunciation. He studied elocution with Prof. Lemuel G. White, who taught Forrest, Murdoch, Roberts and others of the stage, and who has given lessons to all our distinguished clergymen and lawyers. Prof. White, who is still living and working, claims that he, being then a painter and in partnership with Bass Otis, gave Neagle his first regular lessons in painting. White

afterward went on the stage, and played successfully under Wm. B. Wood, who mentions him in his *Personal Recollections*. He was a pupil of Fennell, an actor of careful culture, and well qualified for the office of instructor. Prof. White published a little *Pronouncing Dictionary* in 1823, "in which all those words subject to incorrect pronunciation are brought directly into view." When the elder Kean came to this country, White gave him fifteen or twenty words which he pronounced incorrectly in "Othello." He likewise gave a number of words to Macready and to others. Although without a rival, and an enthusiast, he has not succeeded in accumulating a store of this world's goods. Neagle held him in high estimation, and often quoted his opinions.

NEAGLE.

In his prime he was about five feet eight inches in height. He was erect in his carriage, courteous in manners, always smartly dressed, prepossessing in appearance, and a strict observer of the etiquette of life. He had a swarthy complexion, keen black eyes, black straight hair, and a somewhat Indian-like expression of face. His conversation was intelligent and interesting. With literature, science and music he was well acquainted, and on all subjects connected with his art he had a large store of information and anecdote. His individuality was remarkable. I knew of no man who resembled him.

While giving the finishing touches to his last great portrait—that of John Grigg—Neagle was struck with paralysis, from which he never recovered. He continued to paint for several years, but he complained of his inability to carry out his conceptions. "My mind is as clear as ever," he would say: "I know exactly what to do, but my hand is slow and awkward to execute." The shadows were slowly but surely gathering about the great artist. He died in Philadelphia, September 17, 1865.

VALDEMAR THE HAPPY.

Favored in love, and first in war,
Ever had been King Valdemar.

Bards had written heroic lays,
Minstrels had sung in Valdemar's praise.

Mothers had taught their babes his name,
Maidens had dreamed it: this is fame.

Beautiful eyes grew soft and meek
When Valdemar opened his mouth to speak.

Warriors grim obeyed his word,
Nobles were proud to call him lord.

"Favored in love, and famed in war,
Happy must be King Valdemar!"

So, as he swept along in state,
Muttered the crone at the palace gate,

Laughing, to clasp in her withered palms
The merry monarch's golden alms.

Home at evening, for rest is sweet,
Tottered the beggar's weary feet.

Home at evening from chase and ring,
Buoyant and brave, came court and king.

Flickered the lamp in the cottage room,
Flickered the lamp in the castle's gloom.

One went forth at the break of day,
Asking alms on the king's highway.

One lay still at the break of day—
A king uncrowned—a heap of clay.

For swiftly, suddenly, in the night,
A wind of death had put out the light,

And never again might Valdemar,
Strike lance for love, or lance for war.

Silent, as if on holy ground,
The weeping courtiers throng around.

Tenderly, as his mother might,
They turn the face to the morning light,

Loose his garments at throat and wrist,
Softly the silken sash untwist.

Under the linen soft and white,
What surprises their aching sight?

Fretting against the pallid breast,
Find they a penitent's sackcloth vest.

Seamed and furrowed and stained and scarred,
Sadly the flesh of the king is marred.

Never had monk under serge and rope,
Never had priest under alb and cope,

Hidden away with closer art
The passion and pain of a weary heart,

Than had he whose secret torture lay
Openly shown in the light of day.

At the lips all pale, and the close-shut eyes,
Long they gazed, in their mute surprise—

Eyes once lit with the fire of youth,
Lips that had spoken words of truth.

From each to each there floated a sigh,
"Had this man reason? then what am I?"

Oh, friend! think not that stately step,
That lifted brow, or that smiling lip,

That sweep of velvet or fall of lace,
Or robes that cling with regal grace,

Are signs that tell of a soul at rest:
Peace seldom hides in a Valdemar's breast.

She shrinks away from the palace glare
To the peasant's hut and the mountain air,

And kisses the crone at the palace gate,
While the poor, proud king is desolate.

A VILLAGE SCHOOL IN GERMANY.

EVEN the outside of a German village school is generally a prepossessing sight. It is often the best and largest house in the village; it has an airy site; all round it is cleaned and well cared for. One can see from the outside that the health of the inmates has been well considered: the windows are large, with convenient openings—one below to let fresh air in, and one above to let hot air out; and the height of the two-storied building shows that the school-rooms must be large and the ceilings lofty. In the case of the school I am about to describe—the village consisting of some two thousand four hundred persons—the building comprises two wings, united by a centre. The centre serves for various village purposes: the schools are in the wings, each of which is lighted by ten large windows at the sides and four at the end. This school has six salaried teachers, and more than three hundred scholars. Where is there a village in New England—I say New England, for the reason that schools are more numerous there than in any other section of our country—with that population, with such means of education? All the children of the village go to school at the age of six. There are six classes of elementary teaching, meant for each successive year of the pupils' age up to twelve, when their course is finished. But it is judiciously provided that each child shall be classed according to ability and proficiency, and not age.

The extent and excellence of the teaching, its systematic character and its practical usefulness, amply justify the provisions made for it. The following are the subjects taught to all the children in the elementary classes: Religion, reading, writing and counting, mental arithmetic, writing to dictation, singing, grammar, repeating prose and poetry by heart, drawing, natural history, botany and geography. Of course they are not

taught all at once, but the children are brought forward in them gradually. By the time they are in the highest class, and about to leave the elementary school, their proficiency is something surprising. Two years ago I had the pleasure of attending one of their examinations, and I must confess that, with some experience, I have never seen such proficiency extended so widely, and given so thoroughly and with so little appearance of cram, as in the village school I speak of.

In the German schools the religious difficulty is solved, and education rendered systematic and effectual, by the simple admission of the religious sects to educational equality. There has been no attempt to neutralize religious sectarianism, nor to secularize school education. The spirit of sect is in Germany, as with us, too bitter to be left out of reckoning; and the spirit of religion is too deep-seated in the nature of the German people to allow of either a neutral or a colorless religion being taught, or of Christianity being omitted from the schools. The particular school I speak of in this article is not only eminently Christian, but zealously sectarian.

The organization by which this is accomplished is as follows: There are in the village three, if not four, religious parties. First, there are Lutherans, high and low; second, there are Roman Catholics; third, there are Jews. The Christian sects hate each other as cordially as Christians, alas! too frequently, do. But the number of the masters in the school renders sectarian equality and co-operation practicable. The Protestants are to the Catholics as two to one; the Jews are a small minority. The six school-masters are divided, therefore, in this proportion: two Catholic masters and four Protestants.

Religion is taught early in the morning, during the first hour of school. It

is not a sham or a form, but apparently a real, earnest hour of religious inculcation. The master prays with the children, reads with them, sings with them, and converses on this life and the next, on the daily duties, wants, trials, hopes and fears of a young Christian, on the resources of faith and prayer, on truth and love, soberness and watchfulness, the love of God and the sacrifice of Christ. This goes on in two of the school-rooms at once: in one a Protestant schoolmaster, in another a Catholic schoolmaster, performs the religious duty. When the children return from the room of their own sect, where they have been taught belief in their special creed, classification breaks up: they now go to one or other of the six masters in the six school-rooms which compose the school, and enter on the secular duties of the day. For the remainder of the day the difference between Protestant and Catholic is unknown.

It is difficult to say anything against the wisdom or the practical advantage of this arrangement. Who is the worse for it? Not the Protestants—they do not feel hurt by it; not the Catholics—they cheerfully use it: perhaps the Jews. They are in an insignificant minority. Nevertheless, for them the arrangement is so well planned that they do not suffer. As there is no Jewish rabbi in this particular school, and hardly enough for one to do in the service of the village synagogue, all that the Jews have to do is to send their children to school one hour later. They thus avoid attempts at proselytism, and whatever religious education they choose to provide for their children can be given by the Jewish parents during that hour. If they amounted to one-sixth of the population, the difficulty would be solved even more successfully; for they would then have one Jewish rabbi out of the six masters to teach Judaism in school-room No. 3.

It is an excellent feature in this village teaching that it is good and brief. The children are active all the time, but not fatigued. The teaching is over at eleven o'clock in the morning, for the most part.

All the rest of the day may be spent at home and in help to their parents. They go to school at seven in the morning, have one hour of religious and three hours of active secular teaching, and then school is over. There is no sham teaching or dawdling over books. The masters are all the time fresh for work, and so are the pupils.

As to the instruction given in this school, I venture to say that it is of a very high order: the method strengthens the mind, imparts knowledge, and makes learning a pleasure. The way in which arithmetic is taught may be taken as a test and example. Arithmetic may be the driest and most irksome branch of education. Only give children the multiplication table to learn by heart and repeat by rote, only give them long pages of figures to add and long sums in division to do, and you may fill slates and hours with dreary drudgery, sending away your scholars dull, stupefied, worn out. The teaching of figures in the German school is all life, earnestness, eagerness, and even fun. There is no formality in it: the master inculcates no rules, insists on no tables, does nothing by rote. The children have to create their own rules, make their own processes, invent their own short-cuts to knowledge. To learn to reckon, the children have to count their fingers, or tell the number of children on each bench, or the number of panes of glass in the windows of the school-room, or the number of books on the shelves of the library, or the number of steps each can take in the length of the room. To learn to multiply is no work of memory there: it is seen to be a happy short-cut to save addition. Add 12 to 12, says the master; they add, and slowly get to 22? 25? 23? But at last all the school agree that it must be 24. This is set down as a happy discovery, and chalked up on the board by the children as something never to be forgotten. The next thing is to show how this knowledge may be used as a starting-point in more extended calculations, such as 3 or 4 times 12. Then the teacher practises the pupils in the transactions of ordinary

life—imagines a purchase of apples or chestnuts, and requires the children to calculate what will be the price of such a quantity, and how much change he should get back for a thaler or other coin—the whole class being called into consultation on each item of the amount, and a great deal of fun being got out of the incidents of the bargain. Writing, again, is taught so as to include much more than mere penmanship. One of the last things an American boy can do when he leaves school is to compose a letter; but this is made a familiar study at the German village school.

The class being ranged, with slates and pencils in their hands, the master propounds a subject. "Let me see," he will say, "to-day is market day. You live, we will say, not here, but in the little house just beyond the village, three miles away. Mother sends you to market with something to sell and something to buy; but you are not to go home to her to-night, and so you want to write a letter, telling her what you have done. Now then begin. What shall we write down first?" "I have sold the three hens for—" shouts a little, fat, white-haired boy, who plainly is used to selling his mother's farm produce. "Stop!" says the master: "you are too fast. That's not the way to begin, we will come to that after." Here several rise and ask to be heard. A little girl shouts out, "My dear mother!" "No," says the Herr; "that is good, it will come later. Another?" "To-day is Friday!" "That is right! but there is more to add." At last it is settled that the name of the place and the day of the month, and perhaps the hour of the day, if need be, shall all be set down first, and at the right hand of the letter, before anything else be done. Having settled now what is first to be done, next come the question how to do it, and the competition who shall do it best. The end of the room has huge black-boards, sponges and chalk and towels, with little long rows of steps for the little ones to climb up. The letter has first to be written out (in draft) on the black-board, corrected and settled finally before it is

allowed to be written with ink on paper. Now, then, a pretty little child is called out to write out (one on each board) at the right-hand corner the name of, say Rottenburg; the day, Friday; the date, Sept. 20, 1866. The arrangement of this gives rise to variety of opinion and discussion. Shall "Rottenburg" go down as two words or one? Shall "burg" have a capital letter to commence with? shall a stroke part the words? or shall the whole be written together? Shall "Friday" go below or on the line? Shall we write 20 Sept., or 20 September, or September 20? Shall we put 1866 below or on the line? Shall we begin near the top of the board, or lower, or more right or left—write on three lines, two lines, or one line? At last the test is settled, and the master asks the cleverest girl to write out the pattern agreed, dating at the right-hand corner, with the proper margin all round; and this is now copied over by each on the slate as the right heading. "My Dear Mother" is rightly placed at last the same way, and, preliminaries adjusted, the real business of the day begins in earnest. "My Dear Mother: I did not get into Rottenburg before the hand of the clock, on the lower church, told three-quarters of eight," and so forth. The letter being finished, revision and criticism begin. Each pupil changes slates with his or her neighbor, who has to pick holes and find fault. The corrected slates are all shown to the master, who gives the finishing touch. At last they all sit down to the desk, take pen and ink, mend their pens, rule their paper, and write out the letter fairly on the pages of their little book, which is to form a standard reference for any letters of the sort they may want to write in their future life.

In all this proceeding there is nothing very new perhaps, but it is so admirably done that the spectator cannot help taking an interest in the process. Every item entered is made a matter of discussion. The prices of fowls. How much a fat fowl should weigh. How much a lean one. A reasonable price. What food fattens fowls best. What sort of

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fowls they are, and how old. The price of cabbages, of carrots, of apples; their sorts, the quantity produced—everything to bring the school home to the life-wants, interests and duties, is done; the scholars themselves contributing each their mite to the store of information the letter contains. The expenses, too, of the day, the bargains and the shops, are all discussed. After one such display as this, I went home looking at the baskets in the market, at the donkey carts lading for return home, at the buyers and sellers, and at the goods in the little shop windows, with more interest than ever I had in such things before. I felt that in this German village school the children were in training for the real duties of their lives.

But surely, one will say, this is just what happens in *all* well-conducted schools in this country. Hit upon a good master and you will get just the same teaching here. That may be: it is often the men, not the system, that make the teaching. I grant that. But the conclusion I draw from an examination of these village schools is, that the governments of Germany educate, train, pay and provide a much larger number of much higher class men to

teach village schools than we do. We give our large schools, in large towns, to high-class teachers, and we really don't expect nor desire to pay for any other than low-class teachers for small schools in small villages. In Germany it is not so. There the pay and the qualifications of the village schoolmaster are as high as those of any larger or richer establishment. The truth is recognized that it is neither the ability to pay for education, the intelligence of the parents, nor the wealth of the place that gives a right to bad or good teaching. It is agreed to be the business of the community, of the State and of the government that the rising generation shall be trained in the best way for the duties of good citizens, and to make good husbands and good wives and good workmen; and that the common good of all can be best promoted by rendering each the best capable of performing the duties of our common life. Whether our own republic does or does not sufficiently prize the fit education of those who are to succeed the present generation, is a question which the recollections of the German village school bring daily more and more deeply home to the writer of this article.

AN AMERICAN FISHING PORT.

THE town of Gloucester, Massachusetts, noted as the most extensive fishing port in the world, is very advantageously situated on Cape Ann. In former times it comprised the whole cape, but in 1840 the town of Rockport, on the extreme eastern border, then known as Sandy Bay, was set off and commenced life as a separate town by itself. The Indian name of Gloucester is Wingaersheek. The date of settlement, according to Babson's history of the town, was somewhere about 1631, and in 1642 it was, "by a simple form of incorporation then used, established

as a plantation and called Gloucester."

This name was probably given it by desire of some of the principal settlers, who are said to have come from the city of the same name in England. This much of its early history, as our object is to speak of the Gloucester of this generation rather than of that which belongs to the past.

A marked feature of the town is its harbor, or, to speak more particularly, its harbors, for there are two—an outer and an inner. The former has bold water and lies at the south of the town. It is three miles long, by two broad, and

formed by Eastern Point, which stretches out its protecting arm, affording a natural breakwater and excellent anchorage for the large fleets of coasters and fishing vessels which are forced to seek shelter during the severe easterly storms by which the coast is so frequently visited. In the fall months, several hundred sail take refuge here at one time; and one of the most exciting scenes at that season is to witness this large fleet either beating in during the threatening storm, or getting under weigh and sailing out of the harbor when good weather has returned and the storm-king has departed.

Coming into the harbor from the bay, a magnificent scene is presented. On the left lies "Norman's Woe," which has been the subject of one of Longfellow's poems; farther on, we have "Dolliver's Neck," "Long Beach," "Half Moon Beach," "Stage Battery," "Piper's Rocks," and "Pavilion Beach," at about midway of which stands the Pavilion, well-known as a summer retreat; while on the right is "Eastern Point," with its light-house and fog-bell, giving warning by day and night where ledges lie beneath the water, and where huge piles of jagged rocks line the shore. The fort recently constructed here occupies a fine position and attracts many visitors. "Ten Pound Island," at about midway of the outer harbor, also has its beacon light, and forms a very pretty addition to the picture. The channel is between "Fort Defiance" and "Rocky Neck," and, passing the former, you enter the inner harbor. A fine view of the business portion of the town is here presented, with its wharves busy with the hum of industry, its churches with their spires pointing heavenward, and its school-houses and other public buildings, all telling, in language most persuasive, that the religious and educational interests of "Fishtown," as it is often termed, are not neglected.

The population of Gloucester is 12,000. There is also a floating population of some 2000, who come here from abroad at the commencement of the mackerel season in early summer, and in the fall depart and spend the intervening time

either on short voyages, or on shore at work in some department of industry.

Having in brief given a little description of the town, let us now go into the fishing business in detail, and descant to the best of our ability upon the theme which is so intimately connected with the town, her present interests, and her future growth and prosperity; also, as a branch of business which furnishes so much wholesome food for mankind. First, let us commence with the vessels engaged in the business. They are schooner-rigged, and have a world-wide reputation. Every improvement which skillful workmen can invent is brought into requisition, and instead of the old-fashioned craft, with their clumsy models, full bows and dull-sailing qualities, we have vessels with graceful models and clearly defined, sharp bows, taut-rigged, which "walk the waters like a thing of life," and obey their helms like birds on the wing; easy to manage and good sea boats, that can work their way in safety if there is only sea-room enough for them to turn about in. No vessels which sail the water are better adapted for speed and safety than are these craft; and well they should be, for the business of winter fishing, which forms an important branch of the fisheries, is replete with danger, and stout hearts and strong vessels are needed. These boats are mostly built at Essex, but the day is not far distant, we trust, when Gloucester will build her own vessels, as she has every facility for the business.

These schooners vary from 30 to 150 tons, new measurement. There are 454 (including a few boats) owned in the town, making an aggregate, in round numbers, of 23,000 tons. Their valuation, making due allowance for depreciation, wear and tear, etc., will not fall much short of \$2,000,000. In addition to this is the value of wharf property and buildings thereon, which will amount to \$500,000. These figures give an idea of the capital invested in the business.

Those who carry on the business are for the most part from the ranks of the fishermen, who, having followed the hook and line, and saved sufficient out of their

earnings to purchase a part of a vessel, have continued to accumulate until they own a whole craft of their own. A proud day is this in the life of any fisherman! Still advancing and investing until they become interested in other craft, and with all the experiences of the business, from the catching to the selling, they remain on shore, and from their wharves and stores, which they have earned by their own industry, they become a power in the town and constitute its business men. Well do they deserve their honors; for step by step have they advanced, every detail of the business are they acquainted with, all its ins and outs have they acquired, and the majority of such become well-to-do in the world ere they have reached the age of forty. Now to the fishing business itself.

First in importance comes the mackerel fishery. This employs the majority of the fleet from the month of June until the middle of November. The first mackerel are caught in May by some of the vessels that fit away for the southward; but this branch does not prove profitable—merely keeping the vessels and their crews at work until the latter part of June, when the larger portion of the entire fleet fit out for the Bay of St. Lawrence and the adjacent waters. If mackerel are plenty, they make the first trip in from four to six weeks, returning with full fares, averaging, according to the size of the vessel, from two to three hundred barrels. These are quickly discharged, and the vessel, refitted with salt, barrels, provisions, bait, etc., is soon winging her way back to the waters where the finny tribe offer such inducements to come and catch them. The second trip is generally continued till far into October, and in some instances vessels make three trips during the season. All depends upon the humor of the mackerel, as sometimes the waters are teeming with them, and they will take the hook readily; then again they are shy, and it is an utter impossibility to make them bite. Many of the Bay fleet have, of late, adopted the custom of shipping home

their mackerel either by steamer or by sailing vessel, and, by getting a fresh outfit at some port in the Bay, they can remain and pursue their fishing without losing time in coming home. There are also some fifty vessels that follow shore-mackereling on the coasts of Maine and Massachusetts.

The crews of mackerelmen ship on shares, receiving half what they catch, after deducting one-half the expense of salt and bait. The balance belongs to the owner of the vessel, who pays for provisions, etc. Each man throws for himself, and, after the day's catch, either dresses his mackerel alone or joins a companion, the one splitting while the other "gibs." In this united action the work goes off much faster. The mackerel are packed in barrels and well salted. After their arrival home they are opened and culled according to their size, as number 1's, 2's and 3's; then, after being carefully repacked and pickled, they are ready for market. From three to four hundred barrels form a good fare, according to quality. The men engaged in this business make from \$250 to \$300 for their season's work; although there are instances when "high liners," as they are termed (meaning extra smart hands), will earn five to six hundred dollars. The business gives employment to a large number of men on shore, such as coopers, cullers, packers and freighters; and busy scenes are witnessed on the wharves of Gloucester when a hundred sail of vessels are in port at one time, waiting a chance to be packed out.

In order that the reader may form some idea of the extent of the mackerel business in Gloucester, it may be well to state that the whole number of barrels packed in Massachusetts in 1865 was 256,796½, and of this number, Gloucester packed 141,575½—55 per cent. of the whole amount. Of this number, 67 per cent. were number 1's. The prices were not as good in 1865 as in '66, averaging through the season from \$12 to \$16. With these figures as a basis, the amount of the season's catch yielded \$2,095,260. In 1866 the

whole number packed in Gloucester was 112,856½ barrels. The business of 1867 shows a return of 103,917½ barrels.

The repeal of the bounty was so long threatened that when it did actually take place there was not so much talk about it as there would have been had it been enacted without any warning. The bounty was important to the town, bringing in something like a hundred thousand dollars at a season when it was greatly needed. More especially was its assistance felt when the season had been a poor one, and the married fisherman's heart was heavy as he thought of the winter's cold and his family depending entirely upon him for the necessities of life. But now it is gone, and very philosophically the fishermen are learning to do without it.

The state of feeling between this country and England, caused by the late war, and its bearings upon the fishing question, occasioned some considerable discussion and some excitement. But our fishermen felt determined to have the mackerel, and run the risk of being captured within three miles of the shore. In the midst of the controversy between the two countries, the fishermen of Gloucester fitted out their vessels and visited the fishing-grounds the same as formerly. And not until they had arrived there was the arrangement agreed upon relating to paying a license of fifty cents per ton for the right to fish. If England's provinces had felt determined to execute the law to the letter as it stood when the Baymen sailed that summer, there would have been some lively work in those regions. Fortunately, good counsel prevailed, and by and by the question will be decided in favor of free fishing in those waters. It amounts to nearly that now. The fish that swim the waters, here to-day and off to-morrow, should be free to all who wish to catch them.

A trip to the Bay is replete with interest to those in pursuit of pleasure, and who are willing, by way of variety, to participate in the rough-and-tumble of a fisherman's life. Invalids from various sections of the country, so badly troubled with dyspepsia that their lives were a

perfect torment to themselves and friends, have found great relief by a mackerel cruise, and have returned with good appetites and greatly improved health. The old dyspepsia which clung closely to them was obliged to succumb before the pure salt-water air and the exercise attendant upon good fishing. Consumptives, too, from New York State, and farther West even, have been greatly benefited. A little care is needed at first, but after getting used to the change, health returns and the invalid secures a new lease of life.

In former years it was necessary to ship many green hands for the mackerel fishery, and it was quite amusing to see these men, direct from the farms of Western Massachusetts, New York and Vermont, as they came into town and wandered around the wharves in search of a "chance." A townsman could tell one of these chaps at a glance. Very many were the practical jokes played off at their expense, such as weighing and measuring them, requiring them to sign a certificate as to moral character, religious belief, etc. The skipper of one of our fishing craft was taken all aback one day when a countryman came up to him and asked "where the bedsteads were, as he had been all over the vessel and couldn't find 'em." The jokes at their expense were all taken in good part by the victims, and generally resulted in their getting a berth on board some vessel of the fleet. Although they went away green, they did not long remain so. Upon their return they presented a different aspect, and could catch mackerel as expertly as the best fishermen.

Life on board a mackerel-catcher exhibits many phases whereby comfort and good company combine to make the hours pass pleasantly. The duties are not very irksome, the most wearing of all consisting in waiting with patience for the fish to take the hook. At early dawn, the steward of the vessel, who is generally the first man astir, calls all hands to hoist the mainsail. The vessel has been jogging all night under a foresail, running off some four or five miles and then returning. The watch on deck

have relieved each other at stated intervals during the night, and now all hands come tumbling up. The mainsail is hoisted, and the vessel having got under weigh, sails along in search of a good "school." The steward gets his morning meal ready, and it is partaken of with keen relish. They live well on board these fishing schooners. Doughnuts, "joe-floggers," pies, duff, corned beef, pork, and other substantial victuals are found on the table. The steward is a marked character, for upon his skill depends the sort of grub served out. The stewards do their best to please, and a good one has never any difficulty in getting a situation. They receive an average share with the men, and half the fish they catch beside, which serves as a great incentive for them to keep ahead of their work. To this end they cook up immense lots of doughnuts and the like while the vessel is on the passage down, and during the intervals when the fish won't bite, so as to be always prepared to attend to fishing.

But we have digressed. We left the vessel cruising for mackerel. All hands are on the lookout. The bait-boxes are full, and everything ready for business. A slight ripple ahead, which is different from that caused by the wind, attracts attention, and the word goes around from man to man, "There they are; don't you see 'em?" The men rub their eyes and give satisfactory chuckles, and then all hands are eager "to give 'em a try." A little bait is thrown; the lines are all ready. There they break water! A dozen lines are thrown, and as many mackerel are pulled in over the side. Now all is life, each one striving to do his best, for nearly every man throws by himself, and the record is a correct one, as each day's work tells its own story. "Here they gnaw!" "All fat!" "Give 'em ginger!" "Number ones, and large at that!" are among the expressions which are indulged in as the work goes merrily on. Every little while more bait is thrown to entice them to keep on top of water, and the excitement of catching them is most intense. You don't need to take the hooks out of their mouths, as

in cod-fishing: no, no; but just give the darling a peculiar jerk, and your line is all ready for another one. Neither do they get the bait from the hook, as a tough piece, put on fisherman-fashion, will last for hours. Thus the fishermen stand at the rail pulling in the mackerel. They do not feel hungry or tired: their whole aim and desire are to make good use of the time and catch every fish possible, as they are well aware that mackerel are fickle-minded, and may take it into their heads at any moment to go under, and then the fun is up. Sometimes they fish until darkness comes down over the water: then, taking some refreshments, which the steward has taken good care should be ready, all hands turn to dressing and getting them stowed away. After this is over they are tired enough to get into their bunks, and soon wander off into dream-land.

The fishermen are a jolly set of fellows. Among them may be found all nationalities. The Portuguese form an important class, and there is quite a settlement of them in Gloucester. They come from the Western Islands, and are, for the most part, frugal, industrious citizens, fond of garlic, intense in their religious belief, which is Roman Catholic, and very superstitious concerning Friday, which they consider an unlucky day; and they will never sail on that day if they can possibly avoid it. They are passionately fond of pictures representing Catholic saints, and the walls of their dwelling-houses are profusely decorated with such, very elaborately framed. They look upon them with feelings amounting almost to adoration, and indulge in the, to them, pleasing belief that these pictures possess power to bless and make them happy. They are very saving of their money, and, as soon as they get enough ahead, generally purchase a piece of land, build themselves a house, get married and open a boarding establishment.

The Nova Scotians form another class. They comprise quite a large proportion, and, since they have begun to fill up the vessels, the chances for green hands have grown beautifully less. These men are accustomed to the sea from boyhood, and

consequently take to a fisherman's life as naturally as they breathe. They are a hardy, venturesome class of men, perfectly reckless as regards danger, and many of them are among the best skippers that sail out of port. They are good-natured, fond of a joke, tenacious of their rights, and ever ready to help a comrade. There is not much superstition about them: they take hold of life earnestly, and are prepared to meet its trials half-way, and nearer, if need be. Many of them have married and settled down in Gloucester, and make good citizens. When not engaged in fishing, the fishermen enjoy life as best they may. If in the harbor, they go on shore; and at the Bay many merry dancing parties are participated in by the Cape Ann fishermen. The lassies in that region are fond of fun, and never so happy as when, dressed in their best, they keep time to the music and listen to the compliments of their ardent companions. Every vessel has on board several musical instruments owned by the crew, and it is not unusual to find "tip-top" players on the violin, accordeon, concertina and castanets. The writer has heard some very fine music from these fishermen-bands. Music finds many votaries among the fishermen, and proves a source of much comfort and amusement. Reading is another resource to while away time when there is nothing doing. Nearly all of them like to read, and they are extensive patrons of the yellow-covered, blood-and-thunder novels. Those recently issued in New York, with illuminated covers, find many admirers among the fishermen, and are a great attraction. Song-books also find good customers; and occasionally the poetic fires will burn in their breasts, and they will compose verses relative to the loss of some vessel, or some hard time which the fleet has encountered. These are printed, and sell readily, as the following specimen seems to illustrate:

Lost on George's Banks, Feb. 24, 1862.

"'Twas in the month of February,
In Eighteen Sixty-Two,
Those vessels sailed from Gloucester,
With each a hardy crew.

"The course they steered was E.S.E.;
Cape Ann passed out of sight.
They anchored on the Banks that day
With everything all right.

"But on the twenty-fourth, at night,
The gale began to blow;
The sea rose up like mountain-tops,
The ships rocked to and fro.

"The thoughts of home and loving ones
Did grieve their hearts full sore;
For well convinced were many then
They'd see their homes no more.

"No tongue could e'er describe the scene,
The sky was thick with snow.
There fifteen sail did founder then,
And down to bottom go.

"One hundred forty-nine brave men,
So lately left the land,
Now sleep beneath on George's Banks—
That rough and shifting sand.

"One hundred seventy children
Those men have left at home;
And seventy-two sad widows
The loss of husbands mourn.

* * * * *
"So now we bid you all farewell:
Dry up your tearful eyes;
And if we now must part below,
We'll meet beyond the skies."

Dime novels, the New York Ledger and all story papers are well patronized by this class, and, every trip they make, each man buys his reading-matter just as regularly as he does his tobacco.

Occasionally you meet with a man of liberal education in their ranks. Disappointed ambition, accompanied with dissipation, led them to pursue the calling, and now it has become their lifetime avocation. They cannot, however, very well disguise the fact that they have known better days. The marks by which good breeding is distinguished will show themselves; and the very class of literature they purchase, and the books from the library which they peruse, are sufficient in themselves to note the man. We have one now in mind who has a liberal education. By birth he is a Swede, and, in his religious views, a free-thinker of the Thomas Paine school. He is ever inquiring for new works on religious theories, buys everything of the kind he can get hold of, takes the "liberal" papers, and is delighted to argue his particular belief with any one who will give him an opportunity. Another is an Englishman, who

speaks five languages, is a beautiful penman, accurate accountant, polished and social in his intercourse with acquaintances. Disappointment in love, we learn, changed the whole current of his life. He left home, went to sea, drifted down to Gloucester, shipped on board of a fisherman, liked the careless sort of life, was content with his position, and has followed it ever since. Thus among this class of people may be found all sorts and kinds. To mingle with them and know them familiarly is pleasant, and to have them now and then come to you for advice, a little pecuniary assistance, or, feeling in the mood, give you a little history of their lives, is indeed among the most interesting experiences in connection with them, and forms the subject of many pleasant thoughts and associations.

The George's cod and halibut fishery comes next in importance. There are about two hundred and fifty sail of vessels engaged in it, and they commence fitting out in February, and follow it up until the mackerel season arrives. Some few of the vessels pursue it the year round. Each is manned by a crew of nine or ten men, and the average time employed in making a trip is two weeks. Every vessel has a large air-tight apartment built in the hold which is well supplied with ice: in this cool receptacle are placed the mammoth cod and halibut, where they are kept fresh and nice without regard to the sudden changes in the weather, and are landed in prime condition for the market. The men ship "at the halves," and one-half of the bait and ice bills is deducted from their share of the trip. The average stock per trip is from seven hundred to eight hundred dollars, although in some instances from two thousand to three thousand dollars have been realized; but such big trips are rare. Formerly, the vessels landed their trips in Boston, and there sold them; but for the past fifteen years Gloucester has controlled the business, and become, as is her right, the headquarters. The halibut are now purchased by dealers, who pack them in ice and send them to their agents in the

large cities, where they are retailed. Many of the trips are purchased in town and converted into smoked halibut, which yields a good return for the labor bestowed. The owners of the vessels purchase all the fish at the regular market price at the time of the arrival of the vessel. These are pickled in butts and dried on the flakes until ready for market. They meet with quick sales, being bought by fish speculators, who are generally concerned with New York and Boston houses; and they are as keen a class of men as can be met with in a day's travel.

The George's fishery is a bold and hazardous business, and scarcely a year passes but leaves a sad record of lives and property lost on the treacherous Bank. After a vessel has been absent four weeks, and no tidings received, she is generally given up as lost, as no Georgesman was ever known to return to port after being absent that length of time.

Since the commencement of the business in 1830, five hundred and sixty-two lives and seventy vessels have been sacrificed. The value of property lost may be safely estimated at \$350,000; but the loss of life cannot be computed in dollars and cents. Of all the vessels that have been lost, not *one* of the men has ever escaped to tell the particulars, consequently no tidings have ever been heard of those men who with bold hearts tempted the winter's storm and sank beneath the seething waters. The general supposition regarding their fate is that the vessels came into collision with each other in stormy weather, having anchored too near together in the anxiety to secure a trip of fish.

Let the reader imagine himself on board a Georgesman in the month of February. The day, perhaps, has been moderate, and well employed by the fleet in pulling up cod and halibut. Supper has been partaken of, and everything made snug for the night. The lanterns from perhaps a hundred sail in sight send forth their bright twinklings, and the fisherman, with pipe in mouth, is quietly enjoying himself with his com-

panions, thinking, perhaps, of wife and children on shore; or, if single, the remembrance of one very dear to his heart adds enjoyment to his evening hours. But, hark! The wind has suddenly veered. How it howls through the rigging, making its melancholy wailings! Old Boreas is abroad, and Neptune's bosom seethes like a cauldron. More cable is given to the gallant little craft, and right well does she breast the huge waves, rising and falling with the billows, and shaking from her bows the white spray. If the anchor holds, there is not much to fear; but of this there is continual anxiety. And not only for themselves are they anxious, but each one for the other, as the danger of being run into by the vessels that have broken adrift is most imminent and greatly to be dreaded. A collision at such a time is sure destruction to both vessels; but if the drifting craft can only keep clear of others, there is some hope, as the fishermen of Gloucester are as well acquainted with George's Shoals as they are with the streets of their native town, and can work their vessels over their treacherous bosoms with a skill which is almost incredible.

Notwithstanding the great danger attending the George's fisheries, there seems to be no falling off in the business, and it is prosecuted with renewed ardor with the return of each successive season. The season of 1862 was the most disastrous on record; and, although there had been heavy losses of life and property in previous years, yet they all fall into insignificance when compared with this. On the 21st of February, during a violent northeast storm, fifteen vessels of the George's fleet, with all their crews, comprising one hundred and forty-eight men in all, were lost. Of the one hundred and forty-eight men, one half were married, leaving seventy-four widows and one hundred and fifty-five fatherless children to the tender mercies of the world.

The total number of vessels lost from Gloucester, in the George's and other branches of the fisheries, during the past thirty-five years, is one hundred and

twenty-three, valued at about \$500,000. Total loss of life, seven hundred and seventy.

It is often the case that men are washed overboard from the vessels during the heavy gales which prevail on the Banks, and it is seldom that they are ever recovered. Vessels coming into the harbor with their flags at half-mast are objects of most intense interest to those having near and dear friends engaged in the fisheries, and great anxiety prevails to learn the particulars. On the 8th of March, 1859, two of the George's fleet were seen rounding the Point with their flags floating half-mast high. The following expressive poem was published in the columns of the *Cape Ann Advertiser* at the time, and is well worthy of reproduction in this connection:

Half-Mast High.

Half-mast high the signal floats!
She's coming in from sea;
Some sailor of her crew is gone—
Who may the lost one be?
The landsmen gaze, as she draws nigh,
With trembling, sad concern,
The vessel's name to learn
That comes with colors half-mast high.

Half-mast high the signal floats!
Who shall the mourners be
That soon must weep sad tears for him
They nevermore shall see?
Ah! many heave the anxious sigh
For fear that it may prove
To be the one they love
For whom the flag floats half-mast high.

Half-mast high the signal floats!
Oh! can it be 'tis he?
It speaks relief to other hearts,
But is a knell to me—
The word that names him who doth lie
Low in his watery urn,
And never shall return:
For mine the flag floats half-mast high.

Half-mast high the signal floats!
Thus honored let them be
Who perish thus that we may live
On treasures of the sea.
For them, the hardy brave who die
And find no other grave
But the deep ocean wave,
We'll raise the colors half-mast high.

The frequency of disasters and losses of life in the fishing business, leaving widows and children bereft of support, proved the necessity of raising a permanent fund for the relief of such. In the

spring of 1863 the Gloucester Fishermen's and Seamen's Widows' and Orphans' Aid Society was established under the auspices of the several fishing firms in the town. Each firm pays a certain percentage on the gross receipts of the year, and from this, with subscriptions and donations from other parties who are engaged in buying and selling fish in the New York and Boston markets, quite a handsome sum has been realized, which is distributed by the proper officers among the needy, in such amounts as are deemed necessary to supply their immediate wants. About five thousand dollars were paid out last year for this purpose.

The Newfoundland herring fishery, started within the past ten years, has now become quite a feature, and is extensively engaged in, employing from forty to fifty sail. The fleet generally leaves port about the first of December, arriving home in season to furnish the Georgesmen with herring, which are used for bait. They are bought at Newfoundland, the vessels waiting until they are seined, after which they are frozen and packed in snow in the vessel's hold, where they are kept perfectly fresh, and sold in that condition. Many of the vessels proceed directly to New York, arriving during Lent season, when the herring meet with a ready sale at remunerative prices. The Newfoundland business is a perilous one, and more or

less vessels are lost yearly in its prosecution. There is considerable rivalry on the part of the skippers to arrive home with the first cargo of the season, as the Georgesmen are all ready to sail and waiting for bait, and the herring command high prices. The first trips are sold at two and a half dollars per hundred herring, which yields a profitable return for the voyage.

In addition to the above branches, there is the baiting fleet, comprising some twenty vessels. These are provided with seines, and follow the business of catching porgies, which are used as bait by the mackerel-catchers. They pursue their calling along the coast during the summer months, and the business is quite profitable. There is also a small fleet engaged in the Western Bank fishing.

With the addition of a few vessels which follow shore-fishing to supply the market with fresh fish, we can draw our article to a close by stating that the fisheries of Gloucester have grown from a small beginning, and, steadily advancing, have now become a great source of productive industry; and there is every indication that her people in the future, as in the past, will pursue the business with that energy which has heretofore characterized them, and which has resulted in making the town the first and foremost, in this special branch, of any seaport in the world.

"LOYAL EN TOUT."

"SO you think Ross Vaughan a good dancer?"

Raymond Blythe spoke the words carelessly, but there was something of eagerness in his manner of scanning the fair face of the woman before him, and that something betrayed a hidden meaning in his question.

"I do not remember saying so," Miss Dacres answered, quietly.

"You danced with him two, three, four times; that is a very fair expression of your appreciation of his talent."

"Talent!" she repeated, lightly. "Talent in a dancing line is a strange talent, if talent you will have it."

"Then he talks well. I noticed how interested you were in the pauses of the 'German.'"

"Very likely, inasmuch as I do not

dance the 'German,' and it was a matter of taste, upon my part, to find something interesting."

"Ross Vaughan is always interesting, then?"

"How suddenly you make application of my remarks. I am duly grateful, Mr. Blythe, for the concern manifested upon my account."

Raymond, who had been leaning against the corner of the mantel—Miss Dacres was sitting before the fire in the spacious room—drew himself up somewhat haughtily, and bowed very low in acknowledgment of the satirical expression of gratitude. He was not used to this kind of thing: he had been lionized at home and abroad; mammas had manoeuvred, and daughters had flattered, until there was imminent danger of our hero's head being turned—his head only, however: his heart was stone, so far as any susceptibility made itself apparent. Fêted and indulged and caressed to an extent that threatened satiety, Raymond Blythe had, unconsciously, nourished the sentiment that there was no such thing as baffling him; yet here sat Helen Dacres, with her fair face and words maiden-sweet, smiling upon him, it is true, but with a covert sarcasm in her voice and smile that drove him mad.

There was silence for a few minutes. Raymond Blythe stooped down and stroked the dainty little spaniel curled up in a corner of the sofa by which he stood. The pampered creature snapped and showed its teeth at the caress, unusual from that hand, for Raymond, as a rule, cared little for such useless objects of the brute creation as ladies love to fondle.

"Beau does not like strangers," Miss Dacres commented.

"By intuition or tuition?"

"I cannot tell. You must look to my cousin Rosa for an answer: she sent me the tiny specimen of sagacity. You remember Rosa Dacres, who married the Honorable Mansfield Douglas, at that time Secretary to the British Legation?"

"It would be hard to forget her," Raymond Blythe returned, with a smile

that in itself was a whole chapter of commentaries. "She reigned supreme in Washington during her brief stay there. The Honorable Mansfield Douglas was accounted a lucky man."

"Yes; Rosa turned more than one steady head. She might have chosen from among men wealthier than Mr. Douglas; but the social position that was his by right charmed her far more than any amount of moneyed allurements. She was more aristocratic than mercenary."

"So she sent you this canine morsel?" Raymond said, recurring to the original subject. "She does not forget you."

"I suppose she does not entirely ignore her republican cousins: she may not wish to forget us."

"Perhaps it would be hard to do so," was the significant remark.

"Perhaps," Miss Dacres answered, somewhat coldly, turning away from the keen eyes fixed upon her. "This is her latest token of remembrance," she continued, drawing toward her a curiously-carved box that lay upon a table near. "Mr. Vaughan brought this with him about a month ago. He paid her a visit at the time of his last pilgrimage through England."

Raymond Blythe took the box and examined the rare workmanship. A golden shield sunk in the lid bore the name of Helen Dacres, and, in addition, a cross and other heraldic signs, in red enamel, and the motto, "Loyal en tout."

"It is quite a treasure," Raymond observed. "Mrs. Douglas has exquisite taste, and is quite fanciful, likewise."

"If you refer to the heraldic emblems as fanciful, it is well that Rosa does not hear you," was the smiling answer. "She takes especial pride in the fact that our family have well-attested ensigns armorial."

"A pride strangely at variance with the republican principles supposed to be inherent in all born Americans."

"Only 'supposed,' however. Mrs. Newman has her crest on her carriage; Mrs. Levain has grotesque silver engraved with more grotesque figures, supposed to be 'our coat of arms;' Mr.

Lambel talks of his 'good Huguenot blood;' and Mr. Pleader, whose talent should be his greatest glory, prates about the Mayflower and Plymouth Rock whenever and wherever opportunity presents itself: so on, *ad infinitum*, this, that and the other of our republican celebrities luxuriating, or seeming to luxuriate, in vicarious dignity, after a fashion that belies their watchword, 'All men are born free and equal.' My cousin Rosa shared in the fever, as you may infer."

"How about yourself, Miss Dacres? Have you no love at all for historical associations? You are terribly radical."

"Oh, no! I have no desire to be called 'radical,' but I do desire that I may continue true to my principles."

"'Loyal en tout.' You would honor your motto, then, rather than seek to make it honor you?"

The bright blood surged to her fair face as she answered, turning the conversation again to Rosa's souvenir, "You did not examine the contents of the box, Mr. Blythe. You are not so curious as my lady friends would be under the circumstances."

"Quite as curious, Miss Dacres," he answered, pointedly, "but in the enjoyment of no immunities, as your lady friends are."

"Touch that spring," she said, affecting to disregard his meaning, "and you have the 'open sesame' to the vanities within."

"The vanities within," he replied, "are not to be approached by irreverent fingers. Laces like mist, gloves for Titania and perfumed whispers from 'Araby the Blest.'" As he spoke, he daintily held up for inspection the articles enumerated.

"Rosa's box seems to inspire you. You are quite poetical."

"The motto prevails even here," Raymond continued, examining an embroidered handkerchief, upon which a cross in scarlet and the words "Loyal en tout" were deftly wrought. "Surely fairy fingers have been at work here: these letters in gold thread almost come under the head of invisible."

"Yes; Rosa is an adept in the line.

You see she inflicts her aristocratic proclivities in every possible form. It is all very well to know that stalwart Guy d'Acre—the head of the house with which Rosa is proud to claim connection—wore the Red Cross honorably, and fairly earned from royal lips the commendation, 'Loyal en tout:' it is all very well to know this, but I think my handkerchief should not suffer for that knowledge, and be compelled to cross the water with all that blazonry of scarlet and gold. I'll have to read Rosa a lecture one of these days."

"You will carry it to-night, nevertheless."

"How do you know?"

"I merely think so. Mr. Vaughan will see then that you appreciate his fidelity as a messenger by thus honoring his message, even though you may therein forego your own inclinations."

"You are pleased to be interested in Mr. Vaughan," was the haughty reply; and Helen Dacres looked calmly into the dark eyes of Raymond Blythe.

"Are you not?" The question escaped the man's lips so suddenly that there was no staying it, although in the next moment he would have sacrificed anything to recall it.

Miss Dacres did not answer: she turned away from Raymond Blythe's scrutiny, and seemed to grow every minute colder and haughtier.

"Pardon me, Miss Dacres," the offender said, while his dark cheek flushed and his fine eyes gleamed strangely. "I forgot myself, indeed, when I presumed to ask such a question—I," he added, scornfully, "who have no right to question you."

"Right!" she echoed, raising her eyebrows in wonderment. "Mr. Blythe is an enigma to-day."

"Then let me remain one. Shall it be so?"

"If you wish it. I will say nothing to turn you from your mysterious fancy."

"You are very gracious," he ironically reflected.

"Oh, no! Only very—"

"Only very indifferent, I suppose you would say," he hastily interrupted.

Again she looked into his eyes with that provokingly calm gaze of hers, and again her look sent the blood into his dark cheek.

"You are disposed to be satirical, Mr. Blythe; or perhaps the enigma that you enact is beyond all possibility of solving."

"I am an annoyance," he said, affecting a levity that he did not feel. "These sunny days in winter bring out the crooked points in my character, I believe."

"So you let the poor day shoulder your failings?"

"Exactly so, Miss Dacres. I know it is a cowardly thing to do, yet in many a strait I am the veriest coward that ever breathed. Have you not found it out?"

"No."

"You have not made my character a study, I know; but I fancied that glaring errors were for the discovery of any one and every one, interested or indifferent."

"What a disagreeable word that last is!" she said, leaning back in her chair and toying with the rings upon her fingers. "Will you be at Mrs. Lawson's to-night?" she asked, abruptly changing the subject, which was fast becoming personal.

"No; I have half forsworn this form of the vanities of life. I rarely dance; all the rest do, and I cannot be a 'mere looker-on in'—in any place," he concluded, laughing at the mutilated quotation. "Whether it be a failing or not, I confess to such an ownership of *amour propre* as would prevent my taking rank among the undistinguished 'many.'"

"Mrs. Lawson will be disappointed."

"Will she? Ah! then I dare not be cruel. I *might* be persuaded to attend."

Helen Dacres would not see his meaning: she would not advance a single step to let this man know that he was not "indifferent" to her, because—because, woman, and keen-sighted woman as she was, she could not tell how much he loved her. He was the very model of gallantry, and that was the most that could be said of his attentions to woman-kind, generally or individually regarded. His dark cheek told no secrets in flush or paling; his eyes smiled steadily

through all, and his matchless composure abated not a whit under the fire of soft glances or words surpassing sweet: truly, Raymond Blythe was hard to conquer; and yet, if there be secrets under the rose, our hero had his, although his outward seeming gave neither sign nor token. Ah, Helen Dacres! your woman's heart, too proud to trust itself to impulse, knew not what eagerness lay deep hidden under all that superb composure that made Raymond Blythe fit match even for your haughty self.

"Mrs. Lawson would no doubt be delighted to try her powers of persuasion, should you give her the opportunity."

"Yes; Mrs. Lawson is a charming woman, yet I fear that I must deprive myself of the pleasure of seeing her to-night: I have made other arrangements."

A little further conversation, a nearer approach than ever to positive misunderstanding, and Raymond Blythe bade a formal adieu.

After all his assertions to the contrary, he made his appearance that evening at Mrs. Lawson's. As he entered the room in which those of the assembly who took active part in the dancing were congregated, his eyes fell first upon Helen Dacres. She was quite near to him—so near, that he heard her say to Ross Vaughan, who was her partner: "Some men do not dance, lest it should derogate from their dignity." The remark had no personal application, so far as any intention on the speaker's part was concerned; yet Helen Dacres colored perceptibly, as, looking up accidentally, she saw Raymond Blythe standing there in the doorway, an attentive and interested auditor. She returned his ceremonious greeting and floated on, the sweeping clouds of lace that hung about her brushing against him as she passed. His quick eye caught one thing: he had sent her a bouquet that afternoon, and this was what he saw—rare blossoms, detached from the array of floral beauty, gleamed in her hair and upon her breast: truly, that compensated for the game of cross-purposes played so miserably that morning. When the dance was finished, he made his way through the crowd to her side.

"So you were persuaded to come?" she said, gayly.

"I persuaded myself; that is, myself persuasive, against myself dissuasive, gained the suit. There were able arguments on both sides: I had a pressing engagement elsewhere, and that gave one client strong hope of winning; I could not stay away, and the inevitable overruled the accidental: hence the decision in favor of myself persuasive."

"Could not stay away," Blythe?" said Ross Vaughan, laughing significantly. "Ah, I see! Miss Lawson is looking her best to-night. It is well that you came."

"Yes, it is well. I like to see pretty women looking their best. Mere gallantry forbids my affecting a different sentiment."

"Mr. Vaughan," said Miss Dacres, directing Ross Vaughan's attention to a lady who stood at some distance, nodding and smiling, and vainly endeavoring to join Helen Dacres and her friends, "Miss Lawson wishes to come here. Go and give her an opportunity to dismiss, graciously, that odious Mr. Sayle. She will not come while he is with her."

Ross Vaughan hastened to do the bidding of the "ladye faire," and Helen was left alone with Raymond Blythe.

"Your taste is exquisite, Mr. Blythe," she said, endeavoring to draw him from the sudden silence that possessed him.

"Why do you say *my* taste, Miss Dacres? Did you know so well what my favorites among flowers were?"

"No, I was not so discerning. 'Loyal en tout' upon the card accompanying the bouquet was a safer guide than my own fancy."

"You know, then, my favorite motto, if you do not know my favorite flowers." "I know that few besides you know anything about the motto referred to."

"Few?" Not Mr. Vaughan, even?"

"Not Mr. Vaughan, even," she repeated, "unless Rosa enlightened him."

Ross Vaughan returned with Flora Lawson, and the conversation drifted into another channel. A spray of heliotrope that had fallen from Helen's bou-

quet was eagerly seized upon by Mr. Vaughan.

"By reason of the rescue," he said, gallantly excusing his appropriation of the flower, and at the same time fastening the heliotrope in his button-hole.

"No, Mr. Vaughan," Helen pleaded; "indeed, you must return it."

"It would have been trampled under foot but for me, and, as I saved it from degradation, I claim it as my own."

"But, Mr. Vaughan—" She stopped suddenly, and her lovely face changed from crimson to white so rapidly that Flora Lawson called out, "Return it upon this condition, Mr. Vaughan: that she tell you whose gift the flowers are; then we can tell why they are so precious."

"They are not so precious," was the haughty answer. Raymond Blythe's eager gaze stirred all the womanly pride in Helen Dacres: she would not have him think his gift "so precious" in her eyes.

"Too precious for me, nevertheless," said Ross Vaughan, while his eyes gleamed balefully. "What I win, I wear, however," he added, defiantly: recovering himself, he concluded, "That is, if Miss Dacres be gracious enough to accord this favor to the most devoted of her subjects."

Miss Dacres made no reply, and for the rest of the evening, Raymond Blythe saw his heliotrope worn triumphantly upon Ross Vaughan's breast.

"It is for us to wear the heliotrope," further commented Mr. Vaughan, "and not for you. *We* turn to the sun." He bowed very low, and his strange eye glittered with the fierce light kindled by strong emotion. That he loved Helen Dacres with all the strength of a man's passionate love was no secret to those who cared to read the chapter so legibly written.

An hour later, Raymond Blythe, upon whose hands the time hung heavily while the whirl of dancing claimed the attention of the one woman who had power to charm away his weariness, strolled into the conservatory, and seated himself upon a low rustic bench far out of sight

of the dancers and their giddy maze. He had not been long there when the sound of voices arrested his wandering thought: one of the voices, low yet distinct, particularly had power to fix his attention. Not far away, half hidden by the foliage and the elaborate framework upon which rare vines were trained, Raymond Blythe saw the gleam of white robes, and by that he knew that a woman was one of the two so absorbed in that whispered conversation that they seemed unconscious of the proximity of a third party. He would have left the spot and the whispering pair, but the utterance of his own name aroused his curiosity.

"It is the fashion to be in love with Raymond Blythe, that is all," said a man's voice, in tones unguardedly loud. "However, if you say so, I will believe you." An answer so low that Raymond could not catch even the sound of the voice, seemed to satisfy the doubting lover. "'Never aspired to the honor of being loved by Mr. Blythe.' Is that what you say? How complimentary to me! What?" he continued, bending lower and lower that he might not lose a word of that which was so dear to him. "You think my love honor enough. Ah! I see that you can flatter when you wish it." The rest of the talk was so low that the words were inaudible to any save the two most interested.

"That man is Ross Vaughan," said Raymond to himself, as the sound of retreating footsteps told him that he was alone in the conservatory; "but who is the woman? Not—" He did not pursue the questioning in that manner: he rose and walked on until an opening between two rows of gorgeous exotics permitted him to pass to the spot in which the two, whose conversation so harshly rang in his mind, had been standing.

The question was then and there answered: lying at his feet was a woman's handkerchief; he picked it up, and saw upon its snowy surface the scarlet cross and motto, "*Loyal en tout*." "And that woman," he said bitterly, sitting down, and burying his face in his hands—"that woman who listened to his

love, was Helen Dacres!" How long he sat there, he could not tell; it seemed to him as if in that moment he had grown suddenly old—old with age, told not in years, but in cruel pain. When he looked up again, there were hard-set lines about his mouth and his dark face wore a gloom that gave it deeper darkness. He could not reproach Helen Dacres for the blow: she had not distinguished him from other men by any marked encouragement; he had, again and again, thought of her as one approaching the picture so rarely drawn, "Cold and clear-cut face, why come you so cruelly meek?" Yet he had loved her as a man loves but once in his life, and he—the thought was madness!—he had loved her in vain. He walked home under the starlight, scarce knowing or caring whither his footsteps tended, with but one thought in his heart, and that despair—the despair that is born of emotions crushed, yet rebellious still, although rebellion like this were worse than death itself.

The next morning found him again with Helen Dacres.

"I have come to say 'good-bye,'" he said, as he advanced to meet her upon her entrance into the room in which he had awaited her.

"'To say good-bye?'" she repeated questioningly, and, in spite of her attempt at control, her lip trembled. "Where are you going?"

"I leave for New York to-night, and sail for Europe in the morning. Have you any message for Mrs. Douglas? I will see her before I leave England for the Continent."

And he had come for this! Only to know if she had "any message for Mrs. Douglas!" Helen Dacres knew that her face was pale, and she could not help herself in that moment—only in that moment, however: then her pride rose up in arms, and again she was her haughty self.

"I have no message," she answered, very calmly: "my letter goes out in the next mail, and that will give her the latest item of information."

"The very latest?" he inquired, in-

tending to elicit some remark in reference to Ross Vaughan, but, to his discomfiture, failing signally.

"Yes—I wrote it yesterday morning. Nothing of importance has transpired since. Do you know of anything?"

"I think that I do—perhaps, however, it is nothing new: Mrs. Douglas may have foreseen where others, I among them, were blind."

"You affect the enigmatical, Mr. Blythe," she said, staring at him in sheer bewilderment. "Permit me to remind you that I have no skill in solving riddles. Give my love to Rosa," she continued, "and tell her that her last messages were faithfully delivered."

"That Mr. Vaughan was the very model of messengers. It may be," said Raymond Blythe, fixing his keen gaze upon her, "that this will be a mere work of supererogation on my part: perhaps she knows—"

"Knows what, Mr. Blythe?" Helen asked, as Raymond broke off abruptly.

"What you have long known—what I found out so lately. Good-bye," he concluded, advancing toward her and holding out his hand for that last farewell. "If ever we meet again, I hope that you will be as happy as you are now, and I—but what matter?" he added, bitterly, "what matter about me or my fate?"

She laid her hand quietly in his, saying as she did so, "When will you return, Mr. Blythe? Do not let too long an absence alienate you from home and its associations."

"Home!" he echoed, and his eyes were gloomier than ever. "I have no home. The world is for me and those like me that have neither home nor wife to stay their wandering feet. I have no home."

She looked at him so earnestly, with true womanly pity in her eyes, that his fierceness was disarmed. "Good-bye," he cried, passionately. "May your home be blessed with all that can bless life. I go to forget, and if there be no such thing as forgetfulness, so let it be: I must bide my time. Good-bye." He wrung her hand, and was gone before she could find words to reply, leaving

her still standing there, with her eyes fixed upon the spot which he had occupied, and her fair face ghastly in its paleness. Her heart ached wearily because of his inexplicable words. What did it all mean? Raymond Blythe had been accounted a man of stern honor among honorable men: he had borne a fair, unblemished name in all his career; yet, had he treated her fairly—her, the one woman who loved him so?—yes, who loved him so, although her woman's pride kept her woman's heart from betraying the secret of that love.

"Is she a coquette, after all?" Raymond Blythe reflected, as he recalled the earnest eyes that wove their spell about his heart. "What did she mean when she looked at me so pityingly? Did she know the story that I came too late to tell? She—Ross Vaughan's wife! He will never make her happy. I hate his sinister eyes and his measured voice! Curse him, every hour of his life! For what?" he went on, more coolly, despising himself for his weakness. "What is Ross Vaughan to me, that even his name should make me forget myself?"

He reached his home, and made the final preparations for his voyage: he bade no other adieu than that one so painful to him, gave no warning of his sudden departure; and before twenty-four hours had elapsed he was outward bound, seeking among strangers and under a strange sky to bury his anguish deep, past all resurrection. Such oblivion, easy as it was to seek, was hard to find.

For years he wandered restlessly from place to place, making few friends and avoiding companionship. At times, news from his own country came to him, and again and again he met with friends who might have given him a fair history of what had passed since he had deserted that social world of which he was at one time the idol; but he asked no questions, and his strange reserve repelled advances. There came at last, to banish the demon of unrest, a sort of dullness or apathy that was almost peace, and, by degrees, that terrible gloom wore away from his brow and from his heart: not that he was happy—far from it—but he had cher-

ished his sorrow so long that it seemed a part of his life, and therefore a burden with which there was no dispensing.

He had thought himself devoid of all sentimentality respecting "his own country;" he had almost wondered when he heard other men counting eagerly the days that must pass before they could see home again; there had seemed to him a childishness, a weakness in that kind of attachment; and, one day, to prove how weak he was, in spite of all his vaunted strength, to let him know that no armor is proof against all manner of assault, there came to him that strange yearning for what had been home to him in other and happier days. The spirit Heimweh possessed him—genuine "home-woe"—that longing and craving for something dearer and more sacred than the stranger-land, for a glimpse of the blue sky that smiled upon him when life itself had smiles, and smiles only, for him. He could not conquer it: he tried to convince himself that other lands were fairer than that land beyond the sea, but his trying was in vain; and, to give his heart rest he turned his footsteps homeward.

There were none waiting to receive him; none knew that he was coming. He was glad to find himself again in Philadelphia, his native city, but he wanted no scenes, and he walked into the house which he had left more than seven years before as unconcerned as if he had left it yesterday. His old housekeeper shrieked at his sudden appearance, and began a series of wailings peculiar to her sympathetic self: he shook hands with her quietly, asked how she had been all the while, and left her to execute the grand finale to her marvelous discord in the presence of a more numerous audience—to wit, the assembled household.

An hour later he walked into his club, unrecognized at first by those sitting about, reading or talking together. He took his place in his old corner and busied himself with a newspaper, caring very little, however, for the details in the closely-printed columns. Looking up at length, he saw that a man opposite to

him was watching him intently: he knew that his bronzed face and heavy beard were equal to any disguise, but he further knew that this man opposite found something familiar in the face so scrutinized.

"If Raymond Blythe be a living man, you are he," said the curious gazer, rising at length, and bringing his hand down heavily upon Raymond's shoulder. "Why, man, when did you come home? We thought you dead and buried years ago."

"Did you? Well, are you satisfied of my abiding still in the flesh?"

They shook hands cordially, and that was the signal for the rest in the room to crowd around and give their word of welcome. Every man of them had known Raymond Blythe years before, but, as Dick Lawson had said, they had thought him "dead and buried years ago," and they would no more have dreamed of seeing him among them again than of expecting a disembodied spirit to give them the hand of fellowship. To say that they were glad to see him is but a faint expression of their feeling: men are rarely exuberant in the sentimental line; they leave that kind of thing to its lawful proprietaries, tender-hearted womankind; but, even among practical, commonplace men, there are occasions that elicit a divine spark of enthusiasm, and this return of Raymond Blythe after so long an exile, and from the dead as it were, was occasion enough for a man to forswear his ancient stoicism and be almost woman-hearted for the time. Question after question was poured out by eager lips, and Raymond, yielding to the influence of the moment, answered any and every inquiry.

"Mother will be delighted to see you. She 'holds out' to-night," said irreverent Dick Lawson; "some sort of crowd or other—I never can keep the run of all the distractions that afflict her. There will be a 'lion' there, a genuine Oriental, with a beard like—like your own, man alive!" Dick laughed aloud at his own comparison, and rattled on: "But you come, old fellow, and the Oriental may return to his pristine insignificance: you will out-lionize the lion himself."

"I hope not."

"That matters little. Raymond Blythe comes, and sees, and conquers—the Cæsar of his day."

"A carpet Cæsar, forsooth," said Raymond, smiling at the conceit.

"Won't there be a grand old row when you stalk in among them to-night?" Dick exclaimed, anticipating the sensation that Raymond Blythe's unexpected advent could not fail to create. "There will be any amount of flutterings among the gentler sex, who have never ceased to regret your absence: there will be chirpings and chattering innumerable, and I will be there to see! Dick Lawson, you are a genius in your way; you have such a happy faculty of preparing little surprises for your mamma and her fair friends."

"Perhaps you will be disappointed. I may decline taking part in the proposed surprise."

"Not if I know it, my man."

"A stranger, mother," said Dick Lawson that night, as, after having threaded his way through the crowd that lined stairway and hall and spacious rooms, he reached his mother's side and presented Raymond Blythe. "He is anxious to make your acquaintance."

Mrs. Lawson bowed ceremoniously, and gave a second look at the dark face that wore so familiar a smile in that moment.

"Dick," she said, hesitatingly, but Dick was far away, having left his mother to ravel the web of mystery for herself. "I am sure," she said, addressing the "stranger"—who had said nothing beyond the mere murmuring of his appreciation of the "honor vouchsafed in being permitted to make Mrs. Lawson's acquaintance"—"that Dick has in contemplation some surprise for me. Are you a party thereto? Have I not seen you before? 'Strangers' do not wear smiles so familiar."

"Mrs. Lawson is pleased, then, to remember me?"

"Oh, Raymond Blythe!" she called out, recognizing instantly the voice that spoke in its natural tones. "Why did you let Dick impose upon me?" She

held out both hands and let her glowing face give her welcome additional warmth. In a moment she recalled the rumors that had prevailed respecting his death abroad, and she said, eagerly, "How did it happen that news came home that you were dead? Tell me that, Raymond Blythe."

"I cannot tell. I am not responsible for the rumor. We will dismiss that, and remember only that I am here again, and that you are glad to see me, after all."

Introductions upon all sides were solicited by those eager to know Raymond Blythe, the fame of whose former reign still lived in the memory of old and young.

"Now, you know everybody," Mrs. Lawson said, laughingly, when the round was completed—"that is, everybody worth knowing. Oh, there is Helen Dacres!" she exclaimed, suddenly. "You remember her? Yes? Ah! now I recollect that you admired her at one time. She has faded somewhat—seven years make changes in pretty women."

"Not in all pretty women," complimented Raymond.

"You have not forgotten how to flatter, I see. You need not try your art upon Helen Dacres, let me tell you: she is the proudest, coldest woman that ever I knew."

"She has not changed in that, then," Raymond returned, and all the fire of the old passion gleamed in his deep eyes. "But why do you say 'Helen Dacres'?"

"What should I say? She is Helen Dacres still. Did you not know that? There has been talk enough about her strange aversion to matrimony. She has had suitors in abundance, but she treats them all alike; that is, she says 'No' to all of them. She is not very young, now," was the conclusion, with a spice of womanly malice in it, "and she may live to regret her want of wisdom."

"Rather," said Raymond, "she may live to learn that her wisdom was not as the wisdom of the world."

"Well, that may be. She can treasure up, in lieu of more substantial treasure, the memory of the conquests that

were hers in her day of power, and that may be solace sufficient in her state of single blessedness. Her proud, calm manner had a peculiar fascination in it, that made heads, not over-steady, reel, and hearts, that seemed unconquerable, yield unconditionally. Ah! Helen Dacres, few women wielded such power as you!"

Every word was pain to Raymond Blythe, and he had to stand and listen and suffer in silence, while Mrs. Lawson kept up her gossip.

"Ross Vaughan went mad about her: he haunted her, pursuing her from place to place, and refusing to take her rejection as final, until, mad as he was, he realized his madness, and disappeared one day, almost as mysteriously as you did in that last running away of yours."

Raymond Blythe's face flushed, but Mrs. Lawson had spoken at random, and she read no secrets in the changing color.

"Yes," he returned, mechanically, "I am a man of sudden impulses, and I scarce know to-day what freak may rule to-morrow. I thought," he said, mustering all his composure, "that Ross Vaughan was the favored suitor. At the time of my leaving, his star seemed to be in the ascendant."

"No one else ever thought so, then," was the contemptuous answer. "How could you have been so blind? She never liked him; and as for her family—her brother, George Dacres, said he would rather see her dead than married to Ross Vaughan: that was strong language for a model member of the *poco-curante* order. Ross Vaughan was a strange, passionate man, entirely different in character from his brother, who was generally a favorite."

"Do you mean Adolph Vaughan—'handsome Dolly,' as we called him? What became of him?"

"I have the honor to be mother-in-law to 'handsome Dolly,'" was the smiling answer. "Did you not know that? Flora was married about three months after your flight: she is quite a steady matron, now."

"I hope that it is not too late to congratulate you," Raymond returned. "Dolly Vaughan was a superior man."

"Thanks, in Dolly's name, for your eulogy. Yes, Flora is very happy."

"The brothers were alike in personal appearance."

"Strikingly so, but there was something in Ross' face that gave a clue to the fierce disposition within. Did you not think so?"

"Yes, it detracted from the perfection of his face."

Later in the evening, Raymond, finding the crowded rooms warm almost to the point of suffocation, made his way to the piazza which ran along one side of the house, giving a full view of the brilliantly-lighted rooms, and at the same time affording a pleasant retreat for those who, like Raymond Blythe, took no part in the dancing. Two or three gentlemen were there before him, and one of them hailed him as he emerged from the shadow of the massive pillar by which he had at first stationed himself.

"Not tired already?"

"By no means—only anxious for a draught of oxygen and a minute's quietness," Raymond replied. "What brought you out? You used to be indefatigable among dancers."

"Yes," Archie Stuart said, "I used to be a great many things that I am not; indeed, I contemplate asceticism."

"Likely!" his companion scornfully commented. "Asceticism is a pleasant fiction so far as your contemplation of it goes."

"Never mind: these hard times make men think seriously—yes, men that never thought before. I heard some bad news to-night."

"What is it?" Blythe asked.

"As it does not concern you, I will tell you. It will not spoil your enjoyment—your funds are safe. My father suffers terribly; it was from him I gained the information: he came in very late to-night, and I knew at once that something was the matter, so I plied him with questions, and he could not shake me off. I am a poor man to-night, that is all." Archie Stuart laughed lightly,

but his voice was none of the steadiest, and his manner was constrained.

"A poor man," Archie? How so?" Raymond asked, interested in Archie Stuart's welfare.

"Well, that gentleman of fashion, Augustus Lloyd, Esq., has proved himself a common swindler. He decamped this morning, leaving little else than debts behind him, and, worse than all, involving another man in ruin and disgrace."

"And that other man?" said Raymond, anxiously, while he moved into the shadow to hide his face, in which strong emotion betrayed itself.

"One who will never survive a stain upon his good name, proud old gentleman that he is—George Dacres."

A hollow moan and a heavy fall, near to the three standing upon the piazza, suddenly interrupted their conversation. They had not noticed that a window close beside them was wide open, or that, hidden by the heavy drapery, one within that window was drinking in every word of the news communicated by Archie Stuart. Raymond Blythe passed in through the open window, and saw, in the gloom made by the curtains, a figure prostrate and helpless—the figure of an old man, whose white hair made his helplessness seem still more pitiful. The deep bay window, forming as it did a miniature apartment, opened into the library, and thither Raymond Blythe bore the stricken "proud old gentleman," George Dacres. There was no need for Raymond to wait until the light revealed the face of the sufferer: he knew too well for whom Archie Stuart's words bore their greatest bitterness, and that hollow moan and heavy fall had at once smitten his heart with their full significance.

"Dr. Moorhead is here," said Archie Stuart, who had followed Raymond into the library. "Shall I summon him?"

"Yes. I need not tell you to create no alarm."

"Dr. Moorhead," said Archie, approaching that gentleman, who was doing his very best to entertain a frightful old dowager in purple and gold, "will Mrs. Newman excuse you for a while?"

Mrs. Newman was graciousness itself, making Dr. Moorhead promise, however, to return very soon—she was "tired of sitting alone."

Archie prepared Dr. Moorhead for the work before him by relating the cause of the sudden seizure of Mr. Dacres—a relation which made the doctor frown ominously.

"We must get him home at once. I will go with him; and who else?" the doctor said, after a careful examination of the state of the sufferer.

"I," said Raymond Blythe; and so it was settled that Mr. Dacres should be taken home immediately, without further alarming the assembled company.

Before he was removed he recovered consciousness, and said, in broken, uncertain accents, "Who is here? Where is Helen? My good name, my good name! Where is Helen?" And Helen was sent for, that the patient's restlessness might thereby be abated.

She was standing talking to Mrs. Lawson when Raymond made his way to her. She knew him instantly, although for more than seven years she had not seen his face. Had not seen his face?—did it ever fade from her inward vision? Ah! she had not even tried to forget.

He shook hands with her, and then, before she had time to recover from the shock of that meeting—for shock it was, although her pale, proud face scarce changed its color—he said, "Miss Dacres, your father is going home. I have been commissioned to take you to him."

She expressed no surprise: it seemed fair enough that Raymond Blythe, always a gallant man, should cling to his old-time gallantry. She laid her hand upon his arm, and walked away with him, and not until they reached the library door did he give her warning of what she must expect to see. He held her hand firmly, for her trembling fingers would have given up their hold upon his arm, and he said to her, in tender, passionate tones, that quieted her terror, "For your father's sake, Miss Dacres, you will compose yourself. We trust implicitly in you."

She raised her eyes, swimming in tears, and said, sadly yet calmly withal, "I think I can trust myself."

"Loyal en tout," Raymond whispered, so low that Helen Dacres did not at first comprehend: then his meaning flashed upon her, and remembrances of what had been, and visions of what might have been, stirred her heart until every throb was pain.

Mr. Dacres was sitting up when his daughter entered: he heard the door open, and looked around to see who came.

"Helen," he said, and his voice was changed and shaken, "I thought you had left me. Did they tell you—do you know—?"

"Know what, father?" she interrupted, going up to him, and kneeling at his side, letting her head rest against his shoulder. "That I love you? I have known that all my life." She affected a cheerfulness that she did not feel, repressing her own anguish that she might comfort one dearer than herself.

"My darling! my darling!" said the old man, passing his hand feebly over the dark hair that lay close to his snowy locks. "I have not felt well this evening," he endeavored to explain; "I came here to be away from the noise and the glare, and I heard— Do you know what I heard, Helen?" he asked, so suddenly and fiercely that Helen was startled at the change in his manner.

"Do not tell me anything, papa," she answered, unconsciously using the name familiar to her in her days of childhood. "We will go home now, and all will be well. I am with you," she added, proudly.

"Yes, yes," he said, hesitatingly, "you are with me." Then his mind wandered, and he cried out, piteously, "But my good name, Helen! my good name!"

"Shall be our good name," was her firm reply.

"But they have talked of it, Helen—they will talk of it," and the proud old man gazed distractedly about him.

"Not while I am here to silence them." All the pride of a proud race rang out in

her voice, and told its tale upon her flushing cheek.

"Has your carriage come, Miss Dacres?" asked Dr. Moorhead, wishing to have Mr. Dacres removed as speedily as possible.

"Not yet."

"You need not wait for that," Raymond Blythe remarked. "There is a carriage in waiting, and I think we can have that for the time required."

Mr. Stuart, Archie's father, was leaving Mrs. Lawson's at that moment: Raymond Blythe saw him pass out, and followed him, reaching him in time to effect the purpose desired.

"Mr. Stuart," he called out, as that gentleman put his foot upon the step of the carriage awaiting him.

"What is it? Is that you, Blythe? I am going home. It is early, I know, but I want to get out of this place," Mr. Stuart returned, still lingering at the door of the carriage, that he might hear what Raymond had to say.

"We want your carriage for a while, to take Mr. Dacres home."

"George Dacres! Why, what is the matter with him?"

Raymond hastily explained, adding, as an apology for his detaining Mr. Stuart, who was really anxious to reach his home, "We do not wish to have any know that he is ill, beyond those already aware of it; that is, we do not wish to have it spread about to-night: hence my reason for requesting the use of your carriage. We cannot wait until his own comes, and mine may be later still."

"And George Dacres is broken down at last! God help him! I can say this with all my heart, although you may think me embittered against him. If I am wronged, George Dacres had no hand in it." Mr. Stuart came up the steps slowly, and stood in the shadow of the doorway, while Raymond Blythe returned to the library to assist in taking Mr. Dacres to the carriage.

"Helen must come," said the old man, when he was seated in the carriage, with Dr. Moorhead beside him. "I cannot leave Helen."

"We do not wish you to leave her," said the doctor, quieting the anxiety of his patient. "Mr. Blythe will bring her in a moment."

Helen came out upon Raymond Blythe's arm, and then Mr. Dacres was satisfied and willing to be driven home. Blythe stood at the door of the carriage after he had assisted Helen in, and seemed uncertain whether to offer his services further or to withdraw.

"Mr. Blythe," said Dr. Moorhead, putting the question beyond dispute, "you may be of use to us. If Miss Dacres agree with me, I would like to have you come with us."

"I did not ask Mr. Blythe," said Helen, frankly, "because I thought he was coming with us. He knows how great a kindness he would confer upon us by accompanying us now." And so the doubt was settled.

The doctor remained all night with Mr. Dacres, who was in a most critical condition, unconscious, at times, or, if conscious, dwelling piteously upon the one theme, "My good name, Helen! my good name!" Helen, whose unnatural calmness had been succeeded by a terrible reaction, was persuaded to leave her father's room and seek rest elsewhere; but before morning she stole in again, and sat with a face like the dead, and hollow eyes that burned unnaturally, making the paleness of the features more ghastly. Raymond Blythe did not leave until the first gray gleam of morning came in through the half-closed shutter. All the next day Mr. Dacres lay in that helpless state, and those that watched thought death very near. George Dacres, Helen's brother, who had been absent for some days, was telegraphed for, and arrived late in the afternoon, shocked beyond measure at the melancholy state of affairs in his home. He went at once to his father's room, and there found Helen, who kept unbroken watch beside that bed of pain: he kissed her fondly, —he had always made an idol of her— and then went up to the bedside to see his father. Mr. Dacres was lying, with eyes closed, apparently sleeping, but the sound of George's step, light as it was,

aroused him: he looked up and saw his son beside him; he would have raised his hand, but the power was denied him. George clasped the poor, helpless fingers in his strong grasp, and said, bending low that his father might not lose a word, "Father, all will be well. Trust us yet a while."

"But my good name, boy! my good name!" was the wailing cry.

"Is it not my name too? I am George Dacres." The fair, handsome face of George Dacres was slightly flushed, and that was all the evidence of his earnest feeling. He was, by nature and habit, a careless, idling sort of man, who hitherto had had no special aim in life to make him stir himself in the world or give his dormant energies fair play. That day became the turning-point in his life, and the reverses that had come upon the head of his family were to be, indeed, the "stepping-stones to higher things" for gay, pleasure-loving George Dacres.

"You do not know all, George," said Mr. Dacres.

"Yes, all—all that concerns you or me."

"And you say that 'all will be well.' How can that be, George? Helen said so, too, last night. How can it be?"

"It will be," was the emphatic answer, "God helping me."

"But how, George, how?" asked the old man, impatiently.

"Leave that to me—trust me, for my name's sake," and George Dacres smiled at his own enthusiasm.

The evil news spread rapidly that the great banking-house of "George Dacres & Co." had gone down in the financial storm. There had been heavy failures among men of high commercial standing, but none like this, and it became the town-talk before the day was over. Augustus Lloyd had brought the dire day upon George Dacres, and had, coward-like and criminal as he was, fled to save himself. Other firms were involved, and curses, loud and deep, came even from the lips of cool, calm men—curses upon the head of the man who had so shamelessly betrayed the trust reposed in him; and all the while old George Dacres

lay, bewailing not his own loss, but the loss of others and the stain upon a fair good name.

The day after his return home found George Dacres the younger very busy. He was closeted with his father's legal adviser the greater part of the morning, and came out from the interview almost himself again—indifferent, little-caring George Dacres. When he went home he found Helen waiting anxiously for him.

"What is it, Nellie? Is father worse?"

"No, George, not that." She hesitated a while, then she continued: "George, you have not dealt fairly by me. Have I not guessed your purpose?"

"What, Helen?" He intended the question to be very careless.

"You propose to surrender your own private fortune to aid in liquidating our father's debts!"

"Yes. How did you find it out?"

"Because I wish to be with you in this."

"You, Helen! What do you know about business?" he exclaimed, affecting to regard her woman's ignorance of money-matters with contempt.

"I know this," she answered firmly—"that my money will pay debts as well as yours, and I intend to prove it to you."

"You shall not do it," he said, sternly.

"I am my own mistress," was the cool reply. "You cannot say no to me."

"The worse for you, Nelly!" he commented.

"I know all that, George," she answered, calmly, although the blood flushed painfully in her face. "I know what you mean—that I have let my best chances go by—that I am no longer young, and therefore I should look out prudently for the future."

"Now, now, Nelly!" George said, taking her in his arms, and holding her closely. "What is all this to me, that you should think me base enough to taunt you with it? Say what you please to me, now: I will not make a single objection even to your wildest schemes."

"Tell me, then, George, how far your

fortune will go toward the object we contemplate."

"About half-way. I will take the business in my own hands, then; and in the course of years the other half of the indebtedness will be discharged, I hope, unless some malign influence prevent the consummation of my plans."

"George," Helen said, sadly, "our father will not live for 'years;' then he will never know that 'his good name' is again redeemed before the world. You will let me help you, George?" she pleaded.

"If you will have it so," he said, gloomily. "Let the responsibility be your own, however: do not say that I gave willing consent to your strange sacrifice."

"No stranger than your own, George. You shall not talk this way to me. My money has been accumulating for many years: I have not drawn upon my resources as you have, and it may be that I have more than you. How about that, George Dacres?" she said, almost playfully. "They used to say that one day I would be one of the richest women in Philadelphia; and I know that to retain my riches would be but misery to me, if I believed that their surrender would contribute even one happy moment to a father whose life was devoted to his children and their welfare."

There was no turning her from her purpose: her father's solicitor attempted to reason with her upon the madness of her sacrifice, but her haughty manner cut his argument short, and he left her, convinced, as he expressed it, "that the whole family shared in the mental prostration of Mr. Dacres."

"May Mr. Stuart come in, father?" said Helen, one day, half dreading the effect of her question.

"What for, Helen? To curse me? What else can Robert Stuart want with me?" asked the old man, with a wild gleam in his sunken eyes.

"He has not seen you for a long time," Helen went on, taking no notice of her father's gloomy questions, "and you were great friends once."

"Once, Helen—ay, once—but not now—not now."

"Yes, now," said Robert Stuart, entering at the moment. He had overheard their talk, and he went up to Mr. Dacres and caught his hand, holding it for a while in silence: then he said, "As you would not send for me, George Dacres, I came in uninvited."

"To curse me, Robert?" Mr. Dacres half drew back at the thought,

"God forbid!" was the earnest reply.

"I make no claims to extraordinary goodness, but I am not a fiend, George Dacres; and no one but a fiend would intrude upon you now for any purpose but that of friendship."

"Do they talk of me as dishonored, Robert? Nelly will not let me talk about it, and George evades all my questions."

"No man living can couple dishonor with your name. Your son George knows the story far better than I: let him tell you what a Dacres is worth in an hour of difficulty."

"And they that suffered?—you, Robert Stuart, will you call me your friend still?" The old man was childish in his dread of disgrace.

"I did not suffer. You owe me nothing," was the strange reply.

"I owe you nothing?" In his astonishment, George Dacres endeavored to rise, feeble as he was, but Robert Stuart held him down. "Am I going mad?" the old man continued, looking helplessly about him. "Did I hear what you said, Robert?"

"I think you did. Let me repeat it, with a word of explanation. They sent me to tell you, because it is the right of an old friend to bring good news, if indeed this be good news for you. You owe me nothing."

"Helen," said Mr. Dacres, groping feebly about him, as if he did not trust his eyesight—"come to me, Helen, and do not let them deceive me with tales to comfort me. My good name! my good name!" he moaned, as Helen drew the aged head close to her breast, and kissed the poor white face that looked up into hers, while all the time the blinding tears fell from her eyes. "Why do you cry, Helen?" he asked, passing his hand over

her face. "For the loss of our good name? Darling, I have no power to comfort you."

"Let me be the comforter," she answered, in a voice choked with tears. "All is well—they are not deceiving you—Mr. Stuart will tell you."

She did not leave her father's side: she stood with her arm about his neck, and one hand clasping his, to keep the restless fingers still.

"It is soon told," said Mr. Stuart, speaking very rapidly. "Helen has given up her fortune, and George his, and that is the whole story. Think of it at your leisure: it will give you a good night's rest, I venture to predict."

"But, Helen—" said Mr. Dacres, wonderingly."

"Are you sorry, father?" Helen asked, bending and pressing her face close to her father's. "We would give you peace, if we could. Are you sorry?"

"And my good name, Helen?" Again his mind was wandering.

"Will you not believe me, father? I have never deceived you. All is well, and our good name does not know what stain or blemish is."

Mr. Dacres looked at his daughter, and scarce seemed to comprehend all that she said. He gathered in, from her words, that George and she had done their best to purchase consolation for him in his sore trial.

"Helen," he said, at length, "you are a good child, and George too: God has blessed me in my children."

"Then you are not sorry?" she asked, anxiously. "You are glad that we did this without waiting for your permission?"

"Glad, Helen? How could I say anything else to you? God bless my children!" He sat quiet for a moment: then, relapsing again into that dreamy, wandering state, he went on, "And my good name is a good name still! Thank God! I can go to my grave in peace: it will soon be over, but it will be rest at last—rest, rest—and not in a dishonored grave! Thank God!"

Raymond Blythe heard the story of Helen Dacres' "sentimental madness,"

as sympathizing friends termed it, from her brother's lips. He made no comment, but in his mind the grand old motto rang, "*Loyal en tout*," and he thought how well it became her, the proud daughter of a proud, honorable race. The old love in his heart was stronger than ever, if indeed that might be—if there was any possibility of his loving her more than he had done through all those years of silence. He visited her frequently, making her father's illness a fair apology for his constant attendance: he spoke not a word of his love, for the remembrance of that night, eight years before, kept him silent; he treasured still the snowy handkerchief that had been such condemning evidence to him against any supposed preference, upon her part, for any man save Ross Vaughan only; and day after day he would have told himself that he was learning to think of Helen Dacres coolly and calmly as he might of a sister dear to him; but it would not do, and the time came when the secret, kept so well, was his secret no longer, for Helen Dacres discovered at last—and, as she thought, discovered too late—how much this man had loved her, in the years before—years remembered only with pain.

"Are you busy?" he asked, one morning as he walked into the drawing-room, to which he had been directed. "I did not wish to disturb you, so I chose to intrude upon you here, in preference to letting them call you from your occupation."

"Gathering up relics," she answered, looking up, but quickly averting her eyes, that were dim with tears. "I want to get ready by degrees. You know we leave this house very soon."

"Do you?" he asked, abstractedly.

"Rosa's casket," she said, holding up the curiously carved box that he remembered so well. "Do you remember the handkerchiefs she sent me? I showed them to you."

"How often did you appear with them? You did not express any special affection for their style, I recollect."

"There was some misfortune attending them. I carried one to Mrs. Lawson's

one evening—do you remember that evening?"

"Very well. What misfortune happened to your handkerchief?"

"I laid it down to play for Mr. Stuart, who ran away from the supper-room to have one good song, as he said, and that was the last that I saw of it."

"Spirited away, probably?"

"No: about a week after, Flora Lawson informed me that she had picked it up by mistake, leaving her own in its place—she had been playing before I began—and she was so impatient to have a quiet talk with Dolly Vaughan that she took possession of the first at hand, and made her escape with it."

"Why did she not tell you that night?"

"She was too much occupied with things of a deeper interest to her: Dolly Vaughan proposed to her that night in the conservatory, and she had little remembrance of anything else," said Helen, smiling at the reminiscence. "She lost my handkerchief in the conservatory, and when she went back to look for it, it was gone: that was the most mysterious part of the affair. My handkerchief had my name on it, and it was rather strange that the finder did not bring it to its owner."

The hot blood was in Raymond Blythe's dark cheek as he listened. It was all clear now: the man, whose voice and general bearing were so like Ross Vaughan's, was Ross Vaughan's brother, and the woman who listened that night to the story of an ardent love was—not Helen Dacres. "Fool! fool! and blind!" thought Raymond Blythe. "One word might have saved me years of agony, and I was not brave enough to ask it."

"The other handkerchiefs I never used—they lie ingloriously in the casket," Helen said, finding that Raymond Blythe made no attempt to break the silence. "The fate of the first gave me no encouragement."

"Do you recognize this?" at length Raymond asked, taking from his breast a small golden case, and opening it for Helen's inspection.

She looked at him wonderingly: she

saw him unfold something—a snowy handkerchief with a cross in scarlet, and a motto, “Loyal en tout,” wrought upon its spotless surface: she saw this, and could say nothing; she clasped her hands, and stared at him, unable to avert her eyes or summon up her proud composure.

“Do you recognize it?” again he asked. “Do you know why the finder did not return the handkerchief to its owner? Because he wanted some remembrance of the woman whom he thought lost to him.”

And then he told her all: he watched her closely; he saw that her fair face had deep lines to mar its smoothness; he read in the shadowy eyes a history of passing youth, and in his inmost heart he knew that she was dearer to him than then ever. He loved her, and he told his love as one whom years of misunderstanding had cruelly silenced.

“Is it too late?” he asked, when the story was done. “Tell me, Helen, can you forgive me now for being a coward, or do you not care to know this? did you never care for me or my love?”

“Do you know—” she began, and broke off abruptly. “We leave this house to-morrow—” she resumed; and here Raymond Blythe interrupted her:

“And I come to take possession.”

“You!” she exclaimed, in wonderment.

“That is, if you will stay with me, Helen,” he pleaded passionately. “Let me find home and wife at last.”

She spoke not a word; she looked steadfastly into his eager eyes, and let him read his answer in her silence; and he drew her close to him, and bent his face over the graceful head that lay against his breast. That moment redeemed all the years that had been doomed in pain.

“Raymond,” she said, looking up after a long silence, “does papa know?”

“That I would make you my wife? Yes—and George: I scarcely dared to come without some authority,” he said, smiling. After a brief pause, he continued, “And I came to find my Helen what her motto proudly declares her, ‘Loyal en tout.’”

THE TALMUD.*

THOSE who have had the opportunity of becoming acquainted with the Jewish nation have discovered that they are essentially a literary people—a great and intellectual race—who, after a long period of calamitous history, can yet produce a formidable array of distinguished authors and an extensive and varied literature. For eighteen centuries exiled, scattered, despised and persecuted, as a nation almost ground to powder by the iron heel of oppression and poverty, yet everywhere we find the Jews intelligent, learned, exercising vast influence, and, paradoxical

as it may appear, possessed of unbounded wealth. Strangers in every country, taking root in none; scattered in the midst of many nations, amalgamated with none; apparently a mass of disjointed fragments, but in reality knit together in the most intimate social, religious, literary and national union, and in continual rapid communication with their brethren in all parts of the world, they have produced scholastic divines and casuists whose learning and subtleties are not exceeded by writers of the same class among other nations. Their commentaries, grammars and various philosophical works have ever been regarded by those who were able to consult them as noble specimens of masterly ability and care; while the

* 1. *Talmud Babylonicum*. Venice: 1520. Folio, 12 vols. 2. *Talmud Hierosolymitanum*. Venice: 1523. 1 fol. vol. 3. “The Talmud,” an article in the *Quarterly Review* for October, 1867. London.

imaginative power shown in the Hebrew legends is not excelled even by the fancies of the Arabian Nights' Entertainments. To what causes can we ascribe this anomalous state? what has prevented the Jews from melting away amidst the nations among whom they are interspersed? what secret and mighty influences have been at work to preserve them?

The Talmud—the cradle of their pride and humility, the fountain of their learning and follies, the source of their joys and sorrows, the master and teacher of all their domestic, social, religious and business transactions—must be regarded as the only means of their national preservation.

"What is the Talmud?" This question, which was put in the October number of the *Quarterly Review*, has within the past few months been re-echoed by hundreds of thousands, who but a short time previously had never troubled themselves about the authors or contents of a work of whose existence they scarcely knew. What is that mighty system which has engrossed the thoughts, controlled the affections, and preserved the national and religious existence of Israel during the last eighteen centuries? By whom was the Talmud composed? Where is its birthplace? Is it the offspring of one or of many minds—the work of one or many generations? What is its age? Its history? Its doctrine?

"A contemporary," states the writer of the article in the *Quarterly*, "recently called it a 'sphinx, toward which all men's eyes are directed at this hour—some with eager curiosity, some with vague anxiety.'" But why not force open its own lips?

The Talmud claims Mount Sinai for its birthplace. In the first chapter of that portion called the Ethics of the Fathers the statement is made that "Moses received the oral law from Sinai, and delivered it to Joshua, and Joshua to the elders, and they to the prophets, and the prophets to the men of the Great Synagogue; and that Simon the Just was the

last of the men of the Great Synagogue."* It further states that Antigonus received the oral law from Simon the Just. The chain of named rabbis is there brought down to Rabban Gamaliel, the master and teacher of Saul of Tarsus.

From this account it seems clear that, although the oral law claims to be contemporary with Moses, its real active life can only be traced back to 302 B.C.

THE REDACTION OF THE MISHNA.

After the destruction of Jerusalem, and the fearful calamities which befell the Jews at Alexandria in the second century, Jewish learning found a retreat on the borders of the Tigris and also in Judea. A school was established by the learned Jews of Judea at Jamnia, which was subsequently removed to Tiberias, over which the descendants of Hillel presided in lineal succession, under the title of *Nasi* (Prince.) About the beginning of the third century, Rabbi Jehuda, the Prince (by way of pre-eminence designated "Rabbi" and "the Saint"), seeing the length of the captivity and the fewness of the disciples, also the decrease in the study of the oral law, determined to collect the *Halacha*, the judicial dicta, and the words of the wise from the days of the men of the Great Synagogue and the wise men of the Mishna down to his own time. These he divided into six portions, called *S'dareem*: these are again sub-divided into thirty-six separate tracts. The first six of these tracts are styled *Seeds*, and treat of agriculture. The second six, *Feasts*, treat of festivals. The third six, *Women*, treat of betrothals, marriages, divorces, also embracing Nazaritism and vows. The fourth six, *Damages*, treat

* The rabbis assert that Ezra, in his efforts to restore the Law of Moses and purify the ancient religion, called to his assistance 120 of the wisest and most pious men of Israel, upon whom he conferred the title of "The Men of the Great Synagogue." Ezra was its first president: Nehemiah, Haggai, Zechariah and Malachi were also members of that body, and they compiled the present Liturgies of Israel, and instituted the authority of the oral law. It is nowhere stated that the men of the Great Synagogue lived at one and the same time, but, like a close corporation, at the death of one of the members they filled their own vacancies. It closed with Simon the Just, who lived at the time of Alexander the Macedonian.

of civil and penal laws: they embrace also the ethical sayings of the Fathers. The fifth six, *Sacred Things*, treat of sacrifices: they also describe the Temple services. The last six tracts are styled *Purifications*, and treat of impure things and persons, their purifications, etc., etc.

The elegant writer of the article in the *Quarterly* informs us that "the Bible remains in all cases the background and latent source of the Mishna:" the reader must therefore take care not to conclude that the above-mentioned division is arbitrary, and that it may or can be changed. That this is the only division is proved in the Talmud (Tract Shabbath) from Isaiah xxxiii. 6: "And wisdom and knowledge shall be the stability of the times, and strength or faith of salvation; the fear of the Lord is his treasure."

Now, "the word 'Faith,'" says the Talmud, "signifies the six tracts on seeds; 'Thy time,' those on festivals; 'Strength,' those on women; 'Salvation' signifies the tracts on damages; the word 'Wisdom' signifies the tracts on sacred things; and 'Knowledge' signifies the tracts on unclean things; and the order of this division is the treasure of the fear of the Lord."

About a century after Rabbi Jehuda had collected the Mishna, Rabbi Jehochanan, the Nasi of the College at Tiberias compiled the opinions of about two hundred learned rabbis explanatory of the Mishna, to which he applied the title of "Gemara" (completeness); for, although the Dicta of the Mishna were perspicuous to the superior comprehension of Rabbi Jehuda's disciples, they were not so to the disciples of Rabbi Jehochanan: he therefore added the Gemara to the text of the Mishna, and designated it "Talmud Jerushalmi." The Jews who settled in the Persian empire also established there three schools—at Nahardea, Pumbeditha and Susa. Although these schools were located in the kingdom of Persia, the Jews styled them "Babylonian Schools," out of compliment to Hillel, who was a Babylonian. The rabbis of these schools refused to acknowledge Rabbi Jehochanan's Tal-

mud. In the fifth century (A.D. 425), Rabbi Ashi and his friend Rabbi Abina collated the opinions of about thirteen hundred of their most learned men, and also applied to them the title "Gemara;" but, in order to distinguish it from Rabbi Jehochanan's Talmud, they styled theirs "Talmud Bavly." Their work was again critically examined by Rabbi Jose, the Nasi of the Academy at Nahardea, who died about 475 A.D., and it was finally closed by the Sabora-im at the end of the fifth century. The "Babylonian Talmud" has far more extensive materials than the "Jerushalmi," and is held by the Jews in higher estimation, and is more the subject of study.

THE STUDY OF THE TALMUD.

In the opinion of the Jew, everything worth knowing is contained in the Talmud. For its study academies are established in Palestine and at Posen, Berlin, Presburg, Paris and Cracow, to which thousands of young men resort, and where, under the direction of the most celebrated rabbis, they spend in its exposition the best years of their lives, poring over its teachings the whole day and the greater part of the night. The influence which the study of the Talmud exercises over the body and the mind is various and unlimited. Upon physical development it is most injurious. The Talmud and its commentaries are mostly printed in large folio: this compels the youthful student, when reading, to assume a constant stooping position: the effect of this, together with the want of healthful exercise, confinement in unwholesome lodgings and inattention to personal decorum, joined to excessive studies, watchings, fasts and other ascetic practices, gives these students a kind of ghastly aspect, a stern and baleful countenance, odd peculiarities and ungainly manners; the figure becomes bent and distorted, and obstinate cutaneous diseases often follow. Upon the mind the study of the Talmud exercises many beneficial influences. 1st. It develops the musical talents of the student: the study is performed with *intonation*. Each dictum, answer, syllo-

gism, etc., has its peculiar intonation. As an illustration we give the following part of the paragraph of the Mishna on women from Tract Kthubeth (caput vi. 1),

with the intonation as practiced in the far-famed colleges of Posen and Presburg, and the entire translation of the paragraph :

Hac ko-thev lish-to deen u-dva-rim ain lee b'na-cha-sa - yeech h'rai zai o-chail pai-roth b'cha-yai-ha

v'im mai-thah yor-shah. Im kain la-ma ka-thav lah deen u-dva-rim ain lee b'na-cha-sa-yeech!

Shai-im mach-ra vnath-na kah-yaim. Kath-av lah deen u-dvar-eem ain lee b'na-cha-sa-yeech

u-vpa-ro-thai-hen h'rai zai ai-no o-chail pai-roth b'cha-yai-ha v'eem mai-tha yor-sha.

Translation.

"He who writes to his wife,* 'I have no legal rights and claims upon thy possessions,' eats the fruits thereof during her life-time, and when she dies, inherits her goods. If that is the law, why did he write to her, 'I have no legal rights and claims upon thy possessions?' If she sold or gave them away, it is valid.† But if he has written to her 'I have no legal rights and claims upon thy possessions and upon their fruits,' he cannot eat of the fruits during her life-time, but at her death, inherits the said possessions. Rabbi Jehuda said, 'He always eats the fruits of fruit, unless he writes to her, 'I have no legal claims upon thy possessions, and in their fruits, and in the fruit of their fruits for ever.' But if he has written to her, 'I have no legal claims upon thy possessions, and in their fruits, and in the fruit of their fruits during thy life and in thy death,' he cannot eat of the fruits during her life-time, and he cannot inherit her goods at her death. Rabon (the prince) Shimeon, the son of Gamaliel, said: 'He is the sole inheritor at her death, because he stipulated against the express written

law, and every stipulation against the written law is null and void."

The process of reasoning by which the son of Gamaliel arrived at the conclusion that the act of renouncing his legal claims to his wife's possessions was a stipulation which comes in conflict with the constitutional law of Moses, is peculiar. In Numb. xxvii. 8 to 12, it is said, "If a man die, and have no son, then ye shall cause his inheritance to pass over unto his daughter," etc.; "and then ye shall give his inheritance unto his *kinsman*—that is, next to him of his family—and he shall possess it." The Hebrew word "Nachla" (inheritance) is of the feminine gender. The last sentence of this passage, "and he shall possess it," reads in the Hebrew "and he shall inherit *her*," to agree in gender with "inheritance." The son of Gamaliel insists that the word "She-airo" (next of kin) can only signify "his wife," and he reads the passage, "but when his wife dies, he shall inherit her."

The study of the Talmud is accompanied by a perpetual motion, a continual moving and clapping of hands, and a rapid rising of thumbs and fingers to the level of the forehead, in accordance with the character of the passage expounded. The spirit of ingenuity and hair-splitting accuracy, the miscellaneous

*The commentators explain that he wrote to her during their betrothal, and after marriage repented of his rash act.

† Jarchi states that this selling and giving away has also taken place during their betrothal; after marriage the wife loses all right to sell or give.

and rhapsodical character of the teachings, with the abrupt and enigmatical style in which they are composed, greatly sharpen the intellect of the student, and enable him to seize at once the right point in a discussion. Talmudical scholars, applying themselves to the study of any of the various branches of science or foreign literature, usually succeed in their undertaking in an eminent degree.

There is no other production of the human mind upon which there is so much diversity of opinion, both among Jews and Gentiles, as upon the Talmud: with its friends, it is considered not only the source of theological learning, but the basis of all education and literature. To the minds of its votaries it contains the only truthful exposition of the Scriptures: it treats of history, chronology, astronomy, jurisprudence, medicine, astrology, etc., etc., with unerring accuracy. The enthusiasm of its friends is of so high a degree that they fail to perceive any paradox in its statements, impropriety in its dicta or inconsistencies in its teachings. Others associate with it everything that is ridiculous, call it a mass of absurdities, and speak of it with derision, abhorrence and contempt. At one time it is lauded to the skies; at another, hurled to the lowest abyss: at one time, persecuted, confiscated, destroyed and burnt; at another, rescued and protected, and Talmudical teachers ordered to be appointed for the university. At the commencement of the sixteenth century, Pfefferkorn, a Christianized rabbi of Cologne, who was intimately connected with the Inquisitor Hochstraten, solicited and obtained from the Emperor Maximilian an order which commanded the Jews to bring, not only the Talmud, but all their Hebrew books. (the Old Testament only excepted), to the town-halls of the places in which they resided, where they were to be burned. The emperor invited John Reuchlin to give his opinion upon these works. Reuchlin, who had studied the Talmud under the learned Rabbi Abdias Sphorna, was exceedingly anxious to save these books, with a view of using

them as flambeaux to increase the light of Germany; and as the reason which Pfefferkorn and his friends assigned for their destruction was that "they were full of blasphemies against Jesus Christ," he separated the books written against Christianity and left them to their destined fate, but saved the rest by reporting to the emperor that "the best way to convert the Israelites would be to establish two professors of Hebrew in each university, who should instruct the theological students to read the Bible in the Hebrew." In consequence of this advice, the Jews had their books restored to them, and thereby the Talmud was saved.

But the Talmud was still in danger. Hochstraten and Pfefferkorn, seeing their prey escaping them, became furious. They attacked Reuchlin's own works—accused and threatened him with the Inquisition. This brought forth from him (in 1513) his celebrated "Defence against my Cologne Slanderers," in which he painted the whole party in such ridiculous colors that they were the laughing-stocks of Germany. Hochstraten became more incensed, and convened that wonderful court, the Inquisition, which, of course, gave its infallible decision, condemning Reuchlin's works to the flames. This decision rallied round him all the great masters of the New School: even the superior clergy rushed to his rescue and advised him to appeal to the Pope. Leo X., who was a great patron of learning, referred the whole controversy to the Bishop of Spire, who pronounced Reuchlin innocent. The inquisitor *also* applied to Rome. Leo X., not knowing how to act, issued a mandate *de supersedeendo*, and the Talmud was thus saved.*

The study of the Talmud was at its lowest ebb from about 1775 to 1850. In the middle of the last century the renowned Moses Mendelssohn (the Martin Luther of the Jews) commenced his earnest and successful efforts to divert his nation from the exclusive study of the Talmud to the acquisition of the classics and other Gentile literature. Though thoroughly acquainted with the

* *John Reuchlin und Seine Zeit.* Berlin, 1830.

Talmud, and having an intense love for the literature of his forefathers, he was nevertheless unwilling to confine himself to that line of study only; for although the Talmud commands study, praises study, and declares that God weeps daily on account of those who do not study, Greek is strictly forbidden, as well as all other branches of learning not Talmudical. To warn all against the study of Greek, it relates that one wise man, Elisha, the son of Abuyah, by name, was permitted by God to apostatize on account of the great sin he committed by keeping concealed Greek and profane books, and studying them.* It was, therefore, no small thing for Mendelssohn to break through the trammels of tradition, and apply himself to the attainment of the various philosophical and scientific branches of learning. Although he never possessed the advantages of a university education, and labored under great pecuniary difficulties, he nevertheless became a master of the Greek, Latin, English and French tongues. He succeeded in directing Jewish education to the acquisition of useful elementary learning and languages, and other ornamental qualifications; and the study of the Talmud was thus neglected. In 1836 the writer visited the Beth Hamedrash, at Berlin—the college where the Talmud is taught. *Not one* student was then present; not a voice was heard in the place where, seventy years before, it was crowded at all periods, even of the night.

About 1840 a reaction in favor of the Talmud took place. In Berlin alone—the centre of educational efforts and literary enterprise—no less than forty thousand copies of the various treatises of the Talmud have been sold in one year! while no less than five editions of the entire Talmud have recently been printed

* The Talmudical story runs thus: "Four men—Rabbi Akiba, Ben Zoma, Ben Azai and Elisha ben Abuyah—entered Paradise alone. There they saw Metatron, the great prince, perform divine functions. Rabbi Akiba understood that he (Metatron) was only performing delegated duties. Ben Zoma became insane at the sight, Ben Azai died; but Elisha ben Abuyah (styled since that, The Apostate) insisted that Metatron was the true deity, 'coequal with God.'" The idea has often presented itself to the writer whether Elisha and Saul of Tarsus may not be one and the same person.

and sold; and we are told in the July number of the *Archives Israelite* that "a company has been formed in Berlin for publishing another edition of the Talmud, with a capital of two hundred thousand francs, at two hundred and fifty francs per share." Talmudical students are again to be found in the Berlin College at the early hour of three in the morning.

Among the several modes employed in the Talmud for the "searching of the Scriptures,"† that called *Notricon* holds the chief place. Upon it the Talmudists displayed the most magnificent inventive powers and fertile imaginations. It is *not* merely a kind of *memoria technica*, as stated by the *Quarterly*, but an ingenious manner of explaining the Scriptures. Words are formed from each letter of a word found in the Scriptures, without paying the slightest regard to context, and upon it an authoritative statement is made. For instance, the first word of Deut. vi. 4 is Sh'ma (hear): this word consists of three Hebrew letters, S, M, A. By *Notricon* they formed the following words: Se-oo Marom Aynaichem—"lift up your eyes to heaven;" Shadai Mailech Aylyon—"to the Almighty, the most high king;" "Shachrith, Mincha, Arvith—"morning, dusk and evening," from whence the Talmudists command that prayers should be performed three times a day. A zealous admirer of this method of interpretation once undertook to prove that our Saviour is actually named in the first word of the Bible; for the word Brashith—"in the beginning"—consists of these six letters: B, R, A, S, I, T, and by *Notricon* it reads: Ben (the son of) Ru-ach (the Spirit) Aichad (one) She'mo (whose name is) Jaishua (Jesus) Taloo (the crucified) are the Elohim who created heaven and earth.

In like manner they took the word Pardaist‡ (Song of Sol. iv. 13), which

† There are some thirteen various methods employed by the Talmudists in *searching* the Scriptures, and thirteen rules by which to *expound* the Scriptures; but the limits of this article do not permit more than a reference to the chief.

‡ This word occurs but three times in the Bible,

consists of P, R, D, S, and by Notricon made the following four words of it:

1. P'shat, said to signify the simple LITERAL MEANING of the Scripture.
2. Remes—HINTS AND SIGNIFICATIONS, embracing the discovery of the indications contained in certain words or verses in the Scriptures, Gematria, etc., etc.
3. D stands for D'rush—HOMILIES—LEGENDS, and such as are found in no other writings.
4. S. stands for Sod, SECRET REVELATIONS, and alludes to the cabalistic discoveries of the deep mysteries contained in the letters, points and accents of the Pentateuch. We give a few specimens of each of these four methods of "studying the Scriptures."

1. P'shat—or the PRIMARY MEANING of the passage. Although the Talmudical adage is, that "no verse of the Scriptures travels beyond its (P'shat) literal meaning," the passages quoted from the Bible are but *very rarely* literally understood. After one traverses the 5894 pages which make up the twelve folio volumes of the Babylonian Talmud, he discovers that no literal expositions of the Scriptures are found therein; and, indeed, none are necessary, for the obvious reason that very little use is made of the writings of the Old Testament Scriptures in that vast compilation; and whenever a passage is quoted, the interpretation is generally a good distance from the literal one. The Talmud goes further. It magnifies the importance of its own study, but speaks lightly of the study of the Bible; it lauds the wisdom of its masters *above* the wisdom of the prophets; it maintains the infallibility of its wise men, and instills a spirit of divine veneration for their persons; it asserts that "They who study the Scriptures perform a work which may or may not be meritorious; they who study the Mishna perform a meritorious work, and will receive a reward; but they who study the Gemara perform the most meritorious work;" "The words of the wise men are weightier than the

viz.: Song of Sol. iv. 13; Eccles. ii. 5; Nehem. ii. 8. Our translators rendered it, in the first two instances, "Orchards," and in the last, "Forest." The derivation of the word is uncertain, but it is not of Persian origin.

words of the prophets;" "A wise man is better than a prophet;" "More lovely are the words of the scribes than the words of the prophets." Again: "He who strives with his rabbi is like to him who strives with the Divine Majesty, as is said (Numb. xx. 13): 'This is the water of strife, because the children of Israel strove with God.' And he who murmurs against his rabbi is like to him who murmurs against God, as it is said (Ex. xvi. 8): 'Your murmuring is not against us, but against God.'"

The following is one of the best examples of the so-called P'shat, or literal amplification of the Scriptures, where the logical faculties of the rabbis of the Mishna were brought into requisition. The starting-point for the discussion is (Ex. lxvi. 5): "And it shall come to pass that on the sixth day they shall prepare that which they bring in." The literal meaning of the verse is, that no manna shall be collected on the Sabbath day, and that day shall not be desecrated by work in the kitchen. From this verse the question was propounded, at the school of Hillel and at the school of Shamai, whether it is lawful to eat an egg which was laid on the Sabbath day. Both colleges decided that if the hen was set apart for the purpose of laying, the work of a week-day was accomplished on the Sabbath; therefore the eating of said egg is not only forbidden on the Sabbath day, but on all days: the egg must be destroyed in such a way that no living creature should ever taste said egg. But if the hen was set apart for eating, and not for laying, and if a feast day—which is to all intents and purposes a "holy convocation"—follows a Sabbath day, and two Sabbaths come together, what is to be done with such an egg? The college of Shamai, whose decisions are usually severe, decided to permit the eating of said egg. The college of Hillel reasoned thus: "Said egg was brought to light on a Sabbath day or feast day: its illegal origin is most patent to all, and therefore it cannot be permitted to be used for food on either day. And inasmuch as what is forbidden for food may not on the Sabbath

day be carried from one place to another, said egg must not only not be eaten on that day, but it must not even be preserved, as such preservation may prove a temptation." The correctness of the decision was awarded to the college of Hillel, for we are informed that "a voice from heaven was heard saying, 'The words of both are the words of the living God; but in practice follow ye the college of Hillel.'"

2. R—Remes—(HINT)—means the discovery of the indication contained in certain words or verses in the Scripture. This consists in forming one mysterious word either from the initial, middle or final letter of certain other words. For instance: They were about to reject the book of Esther from the canonical books because the word Jehovah is not once named therein. This omission was satisfactorily accounted for by showing that the name Jehovah (consisting of the letters J. H. V. H.) was found in the initials of the words Javo Hamailech V'haman Hayom, "Let the king and Haman come this day." These "hints" are sometimes extended to a full sentence, and are a fruitful source of all kinds of exposition. In Tract Avoda Zara, Rabbi Jehuda informs us in the name of Rav: "That the day has twelve hours: in the first three hours the Holy One, blessed be He! sits and studies the Talmud, and in the second three hours he judges the whole world; in the third three hours he feeds the whole world, and in the last three hours he recreates by playing with the leviathan, as it is written (Ps. civ. 26): 'The leviathan whom thou hast created to play with him.' But after the destruction of the Temple he ceased to play with him." Upon this last statement the rabbis went seriously to "search" for the "hint" in the Bible how the Almighty now spends the remaining three hours. Here is the result of their investigation: "He teaches the small children the Talmud, as it is written (Isa. xxviii. 9): 'Whom shall he teach knowledge, and whom shall he make to understand doctrine?—even them that are weaned from the milk and drawn from the breast.'"

It was justly observed by the writer in the *Quarterly Review* that "nothing was admitted into the Code but that which was well authenticated first." We adduce here one of the best-authenticated oral facts deduced by a "hint." The starting-point is Job xxvi. 9: "Rabbi Isaac said, At the time the Holy One, blessed be He! said to Moses, 'Get thee down' (Ex. xxxii. 7), his countenance became dark, and he was blinded by terrors: he did not know how to descend. The ministering angels sought to slay him. How did the Holy One, blessed be He! who knew the intention of the angels, frustrate it? Said Rabbi Berachja, in the name of Rabbi Chelbo, in the name of Ben Joseph, in the name of Abba ben Ibbo, God opened a small door beneath the throne of his glory and said to him, 'Get thee down,' as it is written (Deut. ix. 12): 'And the Lord said to me, Arise, get thee down quickly from hence.' Rabbi Azaria, in the name of Ben Simon, in the name of Ben Ela-ye, said, When Moses was in the act of descending the angels came to slay him: how did he escape? He grasped the throne of the Holy One, blessed be He! and He spread over him the cloud of his glory, as it is written (Job xxvi. 9): 'He held firmly the face of his throne, and He spread upon him (Hebrew "*Parshez*") his cloud,' [Parshez has four Hebrew letters—P. R. S. Z.], and by Notricon reads: Parash (he spread) Rachoom (the all-merciful) Shadai (Almighty) Ziv (the cloud of his glory)."

Hints also embrace "*Gematria*." This word seems to be of Greek origin, *γεωμετρία*, and is a mathematical system of searching the Scriptures. Every letter in the Hebrew is a numeral. Words are reduced to the number they contain, and then compared with another word of the same value, and the close relationship between those words is inferred. For instance, Javo Shilo (Gen. xlix. 10) (Shilo shall come) has the same number as Mashi-ach (Messiah), hence Shilo must be the Messiah. These numerals are used in two ways: "the great number" (where the units are

counted for hundreds, thousands, etc.), and "the small numbers" (where the hundreds are counted for units, etc.). From "Othioth" of Rabbi Akiba, "the most exalted, most romantic and most heroic character perhaps in the vast gallery of the learned of his time," we produce the following specimen: "'The Lord is nigh them that are of a broken heart' (Ps. xxxiv. 18): all those who are of a broken heart are more acceptable before God than the ministering angels. The distance of the Divine Majesty from the ministering angels is 36,000 times 10,000 miles, for it is said (Isa. vi. 2): 'Above it (Hebrew, "lo" "him") stood the seraphim.' The word 'lo' by the Gematria makes 36,000. From whence we learn that the body of the Divine Majesty stands 236,000 times 10,000 miles high. From the hips and upward are 118,000 times 10,000 miles, and from the hips downward the same distance. But these miles are not the length of our miles, but the length of *his* mile, which measures 1000 times 1000 cubits; and one cubit is four spans and a little finger, and his span reaches from one end to the other end of the world, as it is said in Isa. xl. 12: 'Who hath measured the waters in the hollow of his hand, and meted out the heaven with a span.'"

3. D stands for D'rush—HOMILIES, LEGENDS—and such as are found in no other writings.

"No Homily or Legend was accepted unless it was traced directly or indirectly to the Word of God." It must have been very difficult for the sons of Israel to reconcile the statement of God's peculiar love for them with the destruction of the Temple. The following affecting and soul-stirring homiletic legend, the truth of which is proved from several passages of Scripture, tells them how ardently they are beloved by God, even in the midst of national chastisement: "At the hour when the Holy One, blessed be He! desired to destroy the temple, He said: 'As long as I am in it the nations of the earth cannot possibly touch it: I shall hide my sight from it, and I will vow not to take its part

until the end, and then the enemies will come and destroy it.' Instantly God swore by his right hand, and placed it behind his back, and this is what is written (Lam. xi. 3): 'He hath drawn back his right hand from before the enemy.' At that hour the enemies entered the Temple and burned it. Then said the Holy One, blessed be He! 'I have no longer a dwelling-place on earth: I shall draw back my Shechina (or Divine Majesty) and will return to my first place;' and this is what is written (Hos. v. 15): 'I will go and return to my place till they acknowledge their offence and seek my face.' In that hour God wept and said: 'Woe to me! What have I done? for Israel's sake I caused my Shechina to dwell on earth; and now they have sinned, I have returned to my first place, and become a reproof among the heathen.' In that hour came Metatron and fell upon his face and said: 'Lord of the Universe, permit me to weep, but weep not thou!' He answered him: 'If thou wilt not let me weep here, I shall go to a place where thou hast no permission to enter, and I will weep there;' as it is written (Jer. xiii. 17): 'But if ye will not hear, my soul shall weep in secret places,' etc. Then said the Lord to the ministering angels: 'Come, and let us go, I and you, and see what the enemies have done to my house.' Instantly all went, and Jeremiah before them; and when the Holy One, blessed be He! saw the holy Temple, He said: 'This is certainly my house, and my rest: the enemies came and did to it as they pleased.' In that hour the Lord wept and said: 'Woe to me because of my house. My children, where are ye? My priests, where are ye? My lovers, where are ye? What shall I do to you? I warned you, but ye would not return and repent.' Said the Holy One, blessed be He! to Jeremiah: 'I am this day like a father who had an only son, and made for him a marriage, and he died in the midst of the marriage ceremonies; and thou hast no sympathy, neither for me nor for my children: go and call Abraham, Isaac, Jacob and Moses from their graves, for they know how to weep.'

Said Jeremiah: 'Lord of the Universe, I know not where Moses is buried.' The Lord said to him: 'Stand by the shore of the Jordan and cry; lift up thy voice and cry: *Son of Amram! son of Amram! rise, and behold thy flock whom the enemies devoured!*' Jeremiah went instantly to the cave of Machpelah and cried out: 'Patriarchs of the world, rise! the time is come when ye are required before the presence of the Lord!' They said to him: 'What for?' He replied: 'I know not,' for he was afraid lest they should tell him, 'This affliction came to our children in thy days.' Jeremiah left them and went to the shore of the Jordan, and called out: 'Son of Amram! son of Amram! the time has arrived when thou art required before the presence of God!' Moses left him and went to the angels, whom he knew and recognized, and said to them: 'Ministers of the most high God, do you know why my presence is required before the Holy One, blessed be He?' They said to him: 'Ben Amram, dost thou not know that the holy house is destroyed, and Israel is in captivity?' He then cried and wept till he came to the patriarchs of the world. They also tore their garments and placed their hands on their heads, and went crying and weeping till they came to the gates of the Temple. When the Holy One, blessed be He! saw them, He proclaimed lamentations; as it is written (Isa. xxii. 12): 'And in that day did the Lord God of hosts call to weeping, and to mourning, and to baldness, and to girding with sackcloth.' Again it is written (Isa. xxxiii. 7): 'Behold the angels called, Erailim, cry without; and the angels of peace wept bitterly.'"

4. S stands for "Sod," SECRET REVELATIONS, and alludes to the cabalistic discoveries of the deep mysteries contained in certain letters, dots on letters, and accents of the Pentateuch. For instance, the last Hebrew letter in the first word of Deut. vi. 4, Sh'ma (hear), is a large Ayin; its numerical value is seventy. From it these deep mysteries were discovered: "The Ayin is large because Israel has seventy names: the

law which was given to them has also seventy names, and is interpreted in seventy different ways, in order to distinguish between Israel and the seventy nations. [From Deut. xxxii. 8: 'When the Most High set the bounds of the nations according to the number of the children of Israel,' it is proved that God created only seventy nations and seventy languages.] And as the Holy One, blessed be He! has seventy names, so the law must be explained in seventy ways, in order to correspond with the seventy names." The truth of this revelation is further proved by Rabbi Bécha-yah from the last Hebrew word in Ex. xxiv. 12, *L'horotham* (English version): "That thou mayest teach them." By deducting the "l," which is thirty, and the "m," which is forty, the middle word which is left reads "thora" (law); from whence we learn that the law is explained in seventy different ways.

The Hebrew word in Gen. xxxiii. 4, *Vayishakaiho*, rendered, "And he kissed him," has several small dots on the top of the word. From that strange fact these mysteries were discovered: Esau did not come to kiss, but to bite, our father Jacob; but his neck was transformed into marble, and the teeth of that wicked one were set on edge. But what signifies the word *Vayivkoo* (and they wept)? said Rabbi Abuya, in the name of R. Jehochanan. One wept because his neck became stiff, and the other wept because he hurt his teeth; and this is what is written (Song of Sol. vii. 4): "Thy neck is as a tower of ivory."

The Talmud claims the power of miracles inherent in its wise men. It asserts that miracles contrary to nature were performed in attestation of the truth they asserted. But as disputation is the soul of life in the Talmud, and as its wise men make it a point never to agree, they decided that the evidence of a miracle in behalf of certain assertions is not to be accepted, but the decision of the majority is to be the law. As an illustration we give the following extract (Tract Bava M'zee-a). The starting-

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point for the discussion is, how the oven ought to be constructed to bake the Passover cakes: "It is taught there, they hewed stones, and placed sand between the stones, and made an oven. Rabbi Eliezer said that the oven is pure; but the wise men maintained that the oven is impure. We learn that Rabbi Eliezer produced every testimony in the world to prove that he was in the right, but they would not receive them. He then said: If the law is in accordance with my interpretation, let this bread tree be removed four hundred yards from its place; but the wise men answered: We accept no proof from the bread tree. He said again: If the law is in accordance with my interpretation, let the currents of this stream prove it. The currents of the stream went then backward; but they replied to him: We accept no proof from the currents of the stream. He again said: If the law is in accordance with my interpretation, let the walls of this college prove it. The walls of the college began to bow and fall in pieces; but Rabbi Joshua rebuked them, saying: If the disciples of the wise men overcome each other by arguments, what matters that to you? The walls, therefore, did not fall on account of Rabbi Joshua, and did not re-erect themselves on account of Rabbi Eliezer. Then said he again: If the law is in accordance with my interpretation, let the heavens prove it. A voice from heaven was heard, saying: 'Why do ye oppose Rabbi Eliezer? The law is in every place as he interprets it;' but Rabbi Joshua rose and said: 'The law is no longer in heaven, and thou hast written in the law (Ex. xxiii. 2) to follow the many.'"^{*}

When Rabbi Nathan found the prophet Elias, he asked the prophet: "What did the Holy One, blessed be He! at that time?" Elias answered and said unto him: "I swear by thy life that He said,

^{*}Our translators rendered the verse, "Neither shalt thou speak in a cause to decline after many to wrest judgment." The literal understanding of the verse is, that in no case must the judge be influenced to act contrary to strict equity and impartiality. But the rabbis say, to "decline after many" means to take the opinion of the majority.

'My children overcame me, my children overcame me.'"

In respect to women, the Talmud is emphatically Oriental: it places them in the same category with idiots and children, and disqualifies them from giving testimony. No religious public worship can be performed among any number of females unless there are ten grown-up males present. The Talmud permits polygamy *ad infinitum* if the man thinks he is able to provide for the maintenance of many wives, and permits divorces *ad libitum*. The following discussion and decision, which took place between the schools of Shamaï and Hillel and Rabbi Akiba, will show when a man is justified in divorcing his wife:

"The school of Shamaï say: 'A man is not to divorce his wife unless he shall find some uncleanness in her;' for they explain the verse according to its simple meaning: 'If she find no favor in his eyes on account of his finding some uncleanness in her.' The school of Hillel hold that if a woman let the soup burn it is sufficient; for they interpret the words 'a matter of uncleanness' to mean either uncleanness or any other matter in which she has offended him. But Rabbi Akiba, 'the romantic,' thinks that a man may divorce his wife if he only find a handsomer woman than she is; for he interprets the verse, 'If she find no favor in his eyes,' to refer to favor of beauty as well as a matter of uncleanness; but the legal decision is according to the college of Hillel: if a wife offend her husband, he may divorce her."

From these few brief outlines it appears clear that *no* vital points of contact "exist" between the New Testament and the Talmud. The New Testament teaches *original sin*; the Talmud denies it. The Talmud teaches justification by sanctification; for it declares that "all things are in the hand of God except the fear of God;" the New Testament teaches sanctification through justification. The Talmud strictly forbids the Gentiles to study the oral law; the New Testament invites all to read

and learn the way of salvation. The terms "Redemption," "Baptism," "Grace," "Faith," "Salvation," "Regeneration," "Son of Man," "Son of God," which are found in the Talmud, were familiar to the Jews long before the Talmud was in existence, as they are found in the Old Testament. Other terms were taken from the New Testament, which is about one hundred and twenty-five years older than the Mishna, and about four hundred and thirty years older than the Gemara. Nor can it be reasonably supposed that the reasonings and writings of Saul of Tarsus exercised no influence upon the masters of the Mishna: they praised, admitted and followed the learning of Elisha ben Abuyah, though he became a Christian. Why not of St. Paul?

As an ecclesiastical system the oral law is very severe: it prescribes "floggings of rebellion" for the most trivial offences—for "eating a piece of cheese made by Gentiles"—and orders a "man to be put to death as a heretic" if he "says, in the way of denial, that phylacteries are not according to law."—*Tract Sanhedrin* xi. 3.

In matters of faith the Talmud knows no mercy. The Talmudical account of the trial and death-sentence of five of our Saviour's disciples will show that the Sanhedrin exercised very little humanity in their "anxiety to protect the faith from danger," and that they are not deserving the praises bestowed upon them by the learned writer of the *Quarterly*:

"The rabbis have taught that Jesus had five disciples: Mathai, Nakai, Naitzer, Boni and Thodah.* When Mathai was brought up, he said to them, Shall Mathai be put to death, when it is written, 'When (Mathai) shall I come and appear before God?' (Ps. xlii. 2). They answered, Yes; Mathai shall be put to death: for it is written, 'When (Mathai) shall die and his name perish' (Ps. xli. 5). When Nakai (Innocent) was brought up, he said to them, Shall Nakai be put to death, when it is written, 'The innocent

(Nakai) and righteous slay thou not?' (Ex. xxiii. 7). They answered, Yes; Nakai shall be slain: for it is written, 'In secret places doth he slay the innocent' (Ps. x. 9). When Naitzer (a Branch) was brought up, he said, Shall Naitzer be put to death, when it is written, 'A branch (Naitzer) shall grow out of his roots?' (Isa. xi. 1). They answered, Yes; Naitzer shall be slain: for it is written, 'Thou art cast out of the grave like an abominable branch' (Isa. xiv. 19). When Boni (My Son) was brought up, he said to them, Shall Boni be put to death, when it is written, 'My son (Boni), my first-born, is Israel?' (Ex. iv. 22). They answered, Yes; Boni shall be slain: for it is written, 'I will slay thy son, thy first-born' (Ex. iv. 23). When Thodah (Praise) was brought up, he said to them, Shall Thodah be put to death, when it is written, 'A psalm of praise?' They answered, Yes; Thodah shall be slain: for it is written, 'Whoso sacrificeth Praise honoreth me' (Ps. l. 23).—See *Tract Sanhedrin*, fol. 43. Amsterdam ed.: 1644.

It must, however, be admitted that the account of this trial may be an allegory. Certain it is that the Talmudical accounts of our Saviour and his disciples are very confused. One account states that Jesus lived at the time of Janæus the Asmonean, a hundred years before the Christian era; another account says that the husband of his mother was contemporary with Rabbi Akiba, A. D. 100. One account says that the Sanhedrin "hanged Jesus on the eve of the Passover;" another account says that when Jesus was put to death, the Sanhedrin had lost the power of capital punishment.

But this confusion is no reason why the correctness of the Talmudical statement should be doubted by its votaries. Even the great Maimonides and the learned author of the *Quarterly* article could perceive no difficulty in the statement of the "chain of distinctly-named authorities to Sinai itself" that "Ahiya, the Shilonite," who lived five hundred and twenty-five years after the Exodus, was himself a youth when he came out of Egypt, and heard the oral law from Moses; but, as he was then very young, he received the oral law again from David and his council.

These two distinguished authorities

* In order to understand these special pleadings and answers, the reader should bear in mind that Mathai signifies *When*; Nakai, *Innocent*; Naitzer, *Branch*; Boni, *My Son*; Thodah, *Praise*.

further inform us that "proselytes were rigidly excluded from the Sanhedrin;" but the "distinctly-named chain of succession" states that Sh'majah and Abtalyon, the *Princes* of the council of the Sanhedrin, were *both proselytes*, and that the great Hillel and Shamai received the

oral law from those proselytes. The decision of the council, where one of the members was a proselyte, has to be set aside altogether; but, according to the Talmud, both statements are to be believed.

THE COURT OF THE TUILERIES.

IT is wonderful how it came to pass that sans-culottic Paris should have spared those most obtrusive monuments of loyalty, the Tuileries and the Louvre—that, amid all the overturning and down-pulling of the past century, the palaces of the tyrant Capet should have remained standing. In the first passion of revolutionary fury fell the hateful Bastille: it was swept away, and to-day there is no sign thereof. Later, the sans-culottic multitude went in a great human flood out to St. Denis; there pulled down the tombs of the kings, took thence the embalmed and bejeweled bodies, and threw them, heaped together, into one common sans-culottic grave. Thrice, too, in the course of a century, has this mass of human firebrands swooped down upon the palace, bombarded it, conquered it, thronged in at its doors, crowded pell-mell and roaring through its shining and gilded halls, howling threats at royalty and all things royal, proclaiming thence the sovereignty of the people; yet, somehow or other, the frenzy to pull down this last, central, suggestive reminder of the olden tyranny never took them. A passionate word from some rudely-eloquent blue blouse—a single cry, "A bas les Tuileries!" uttered when the "people" were invading it—would surely have been its sentence and its doom; but the word was not spoken—the cry not heard; and so it stands there still intact, and once more serving its ancient use, as the sojourning-place of a brilliant despotism.

What is more fascinating than tales of

court life—of the sayings, and doings, and dresses, and loves, and hates, and habits of kings and queens? And where, in all the world, will you find a palace more redolent of rich, romantic, tragic and brilliant memories than the Tuileries and the Louvre? Their names carry us back to many a scene which we have read of in our youth: they were the theatre of a long and most exciting royal drama, carried through centuries of action. We are reminded of Henry the Second and his tournaments; of Charles the Ninth and his St. Bartholomew; of Catherine de Medicis and her cabinet of poisons; of rollicking and glorious Henry of Navarre and his right royal hospitality—his brave, generous heart; of poor, weak Louis "the Wise," with the stern and silent Richelieu at his elbow; of brilliant Anne of Austria and her sly priest-husband, Mazarin; of Louis the Magnificent, sweeping about and thinking himself the sun, surrounded by bewigged and padded lords and by high-heeled and painted dames; of licentious Louis the "Well-Beloved," scolding his daughters, scolded by Dubarry, and tied to Pompadour's apron-strings; of Louis the Sixteenth, wrapped up in his locks and clocks; and Marie Antoinette—poor queen—now rejoicing in the worship of her court, now the widowed prisoner of St. Antoine! Then comes the confusion of the Terror and the Anarchy: the Tuileries has become the "Palais National;" the Convention sits there, and Robespierre is now, for a little, master, with his incorruptibility, his immaculate

ruffles, his "sea-green," atrabilious complexion and his hesitating speech. Presently, however, the scene shifts: all this confused terror has passed away, and Robespierre, with his lacerated jaw, has followed his victims, in a tumbril, to the dread caress of "Mother Guillotine;" the Tuileries is once more tranquil—is once more magnificent and royal. Monseigneur the Emperor is there, restless among the group of old marshals, stiffly courteous as he leads in Josephine. But anon we arrive at Waterloo: Monseigneur, the fierce little Emperor, is gone; and while, moody, arms-folded, he paces the deck of the Bellerophon, in a dismal night on the dismal sea, his conquerors are carousing in his Tuileries, and in the centre of his mourning Paris the victory over France is drunk amid shouts and trumpet-blasts. A fat old glutton, so full of his dinner that he has to be propelled under either arm by a Titanic lacquey as he ascends the great staircase—a Bourbon, Louis the Eighteenth now—Provence that was—is tenant of the Tuileries, and fills it up with English and Prussian generals, with Jesuits in cassocks, and emigrant *noblesse*. Two of these Bourbons—Louis the Eighteenth and Charles the Tenth, the latter the whilom D'Artois—have had their day: Louis is dead; Charles has fled. Here, in their stead, is a patriarchal, curly-headed old gentleman, with a grandly-simple air, emphatically the model father of a family, but suspiciously weak and hesitating as a monarch. The court is now almost republican in its simplicity: the fine old Citizen-King receives his guests without ceremony, often will open the folding-doors himself and advance to meet them, and makes them forget that he is any other than a well-bred Parisian gentleman. A genuine patriarchal era in the history of the Tuileries is that eighteen years when the good, timid old King Louis Philippe is ensconced there. Somehow, nevertheless, he cannot make himself beloved: stiff statesmen of the Guizot metal lead him into difficulties, and the *sans-culottes* once more surge up, and old Louis walks with his wife out through the crowd to a

carriage one morning, taking snuff by the way to show that he is cool, and makes off, at a conservative pace, for England, stopping to lunch at St. Cloud, and reaching the Chânel at last without molestation. Another confusion, only less terrible than the Robespierrian, and after that the grim President of the Second Republic rises up, plainly seen above the smoke, with his small eyes, his huge nose and his excessive moustache.

So much for the Tuileries of the past: now for that of to-day. Prince President Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, elected to the "executive power" because some thought him a shadow of the fierce little great man and sage of St. Helena, and wanted glory imperial back in France—others because they thought him an "imbecile," hence easily manageable—coming near to the term of his Presidency, finds power too sweet to be yielded up; seizes and shuts up the legislative body; appeals to the people whether he had not better go on ruling for a decade longer; and receives back a very emphatic "Yes!" Again, just a year afterward, he appeals to them whether or not he should go on ruling all his life—now as Emperor; and the response is equally flattering. And now, as full-fledged Napoleon the Third, he moves from the Elysée, the Presidential mansion, to the Tuileries, the Imperial one. As yet, however, he does not flaunt forth in regal state. He is a child of the Revolution and of republicanism; elected and reigning "*par la volonté du peuple*;" he must work cautiously toward royal splendor: it will not do to startle his faithful Paris; let the light of royal splendor dawn gradually and softly upon them. So that the court of the Tuileries, early in the Second Empire, was most simple, quiet, unostentatious; almost as much so as the unfortunate old patriarch who occupied it last. There was very little ceremony: the Emperor seemed at first, and tried to seem, no more than the President; there were no wearing of royal robes, no great state ceremonies; and to this day there has been no coronation of Napoleon as Emperor, as Paris is sensitive, and is so perverse as to elect

a unanimously hostile deputation, and has got so used to the excitements of the *émeute* that it will hardly do to tempt it. Gradually, however, you began to see indications of a greater Imperial ostentation; there began to be receptions of a suspiciously ceremonious style; money began to be spent profusely; you note that the Tuileries has been repainted, frescoed, regilded, refiligreed, recorniced. The old gilded carriages of the former kings are hauled out of neglect, dusted, and once in a while clatter, as of old, over the smooth, wide thoroughfare of Rivoli. But royal state, without the additional grace of feminine royalty, is but a stiff and gloomy thing; so shrewd Monseigneur looks him up a partner to his throne, casting about for a crowning ornament to add to the renovated Tuileries. He has been struck—although a beau of rather ancient date, and a gallant of at least thirty years' standing—by the exceeding beauty of a Spanish lady who is sojourning in the Place Vendôme, just opposite the big column which was cast from the cannon taken at Austerlitz, and which is surmounted by an iron figure of the fiery little Emperor of old. There are gossipers who say that his first propositions to Mademoiselle the Countess of Montijo were less honorable than those of marriage, Monseigneur's past life not having been entirely without reproach; but let us leave the scandal-mongers, and neither believe nor disbelieve—that is, pay no attention to—the thousand tales of royal folk they whisper in our ear. Certain it is, that Mademoiselle de Montijo was singularly beautiful, and had royal blood, albeit descended on one side from a certain Irish consul who took root in Spain some time in the last century. She combined, indeed, several qualities of which Monseigneur had sore need. She was accomplished, queenly in manner, a rare beauty, and a very devout Catholic. Ever since he came to the throne, Napoleon the Third has been anxious to gain the support of the priests, whose influence in rural France it is hardly possible to over-estimate; and he surely found a very influential mediatrix with them in his bride. The marriage

of Napoleon and Eugenie at Notre Dame, on the 29th of January, 1853, was the first grand display of the reign: it was accomplished with right royal splendor, and the fêtes which celebrated it were marked by the same scale of magnificence as used to be seen in the old-monarchy days of the last century.

The beautiful young Empress became at once the centre of a brilliant court circle. She was fond of dress and display, a lady of infinite taste and grace, as well as of beauty; and the Imperial palace was now at once the dispenser of fashions and the grandest hospitable mansion in France. And so it has continued ever since: indeed, so brilliant has been the court life at the Tuileries, that, more than once, rumors have prevailed that her Majesty had made her Imperial lord's privy purse a void. The fine, expensive old fashion of having a series of balls in the early winter was revived; concerts and theatricals, performed in turn by the leading *prime donne*, tenors and basses of the opera, and by the most celebrated actors of the Parisian theatres, were established; grand dinners were instituted, and three or four times a week the Imperial host and hostess found themselves entertaining guests in the great *Salle à Manger* of the palace.

Despite these efforts to revive the magnificence for which the Tuileries was once so renowned, the court of the French Emperor, as it is to-day, presents a remarkable contrast to those of former sovereigns. It is essentially a new court, and has all the recognizable features of newness. Napoleon has been able to win to his cause (and hence to his hospitality) but few of the proud old noblesse who still exist in France, and whose ancestors made so notable and imposing a group around the thrones of Louis the Sixteenth and Marie Antoinette. Those who, nowadays, are so fortunate as to gain admission to the palace, find no longer those grand manners, that lofty and superb courtesy, that perfect polish which lent a grace even to the dissolute court of Louis the Fifteenth. There are no Richelieus, Choiseuls, Rochefo-

caults, Aiquillons, with their gold snuff-boxes, their fastidious dress, their inimitable bows: the remains of that class—the real blue-blooded old nobles, descendants of Crusadal chevaliers and Valois kings—are now to be found far from Paris, moodily shut up in their crumbling châteaux, with a portrait of Louis the Sixteenth over their mantel-pieces, which they festoon with crape on the 21st of January, holding no sort of intercourse with “this man” (*cet homme*), as they contemptuously call Napoleon, and considering themselves far bigger people than the Bonapartes. They are biding their time, like Ravenswood, hoping steadfastly that some fine day or other they may welcome the Count de Chambord, last of the Bourbons, back to his ancestral throne: then they will emerge from their shells and become stately court butterflies once more. A few, indeed, of these stilted old fellows have found the temptation of returning to court too alluring to be resisted; so that, among the starred and bejeweled throng which you see at the Tuileries balls, you may pick out here and there one who has a high-sounding title, known in the history or the court gossip of former centuries. There is another attraction, mostly wanting to the present court, which graced those of the old Bourbon kings—that of the presence of literary and philosophical celebrities. Who has not half forgiven that wicked old Louis the “Grand,” that rascally old revoker of Nantes edicts and persecutor of Huguenots, when one reads how that monarch cherished and pensioned Molière, admitted La Fontaine to his intimacy, and hunted up all sorts of literary people to do them honor? And what would that superbest of all courts have been without Molière to write plays, to put them on the palace stages at Versailles and Fontainebleau, and to take himself the most side-splitting parts? without gloriously bashful La Fontaine, gliding noiselessly through the corridors in among the groups of courtiers, and repeating witty impromptu couplets, as if they came out in spite of him? Then think of the “philosophers” of the court of Louis the Six-

teenth, who talked about liberty and the rights of man in presence of royalty and nobility, and even made royal and noble converts—some old dukes and counts prating about equality just for the fun of the thing, and so as to seem philosophers (that being fashionable just then), little thinking what a trick this philosophy of liberty and equality was to play them all a little later—in 1789. There were sneering Voltaire, mild old Rousseau, Lafayette fresh from American battle-grounds; and lo! in comes, one day, Franklin, first-born philosopher of a new hemisphere, in snuff-colored coat and breeches, welcomed and worshiped by the proudest court in Europe!

The race of philosophers and poets has by no means died out in France, but you will find none of them at the court of Napoleon the Third. Somehow or other, the intellectual celebrities are all in opposition, and hate this dynasty as heartily as do the old Bourbon nobles. They are mostly democrats and Orleanists: some of them are in exile, for a military despotism is not favorable to efforts of genius; among the latter, perhaps the greatest of all, Victor Hugo. You will find those who remain in France anywhere but at the Tuileries. There is not a single exception that I know of: Thiers the historian, Guizot, are Orleanists; Michelet, Martin, Pelletan, Girardin, Angier, Lamartine, Favre, Balzac, Dumas, Sand, are republicans: they are to be found at the Institute, the Academy, not seldom the guests of Prince Napoleon at the Palais Royal, in the salons at the West End, but never at the palace.

Having seen what the court of the Tuileries is not, let me try to describe what it is. Essentially a military dynasty—founded on the memory of the First Empire, which was nothing if not military—glorying in the tradition and claiming the heritage of the most brilliant series of triumphs which France ever won, and claiming for itself no little renown for military achievement, we find the chief adornment of the present court to consist of military heroes. The salons of the Tuileries are always crowded with

this species of aristocracy—a new and self-made one, like the Second Empire itself: you find yourself, if present at one of the balls, surrounded by brilliant uniforms, by huge epaulettes and stars of the Legion of Honor, by red-faced, hardy, fierce-moustached warriors, with heavy swords and that intense air of *amour propre* and *esprit de corps* which is so marked a characteristic of the modern French officer. The later generation of French generals and marshals—who are by no means to be sneezed at—have taken the place of the blood-proud noblesse of Louis the Fifteenth, of the philosophers of Louis the Sixteenth, and the poets, astronomers and historians of Louis Philippe. You may be always sure of finding stout, pompous Marshal Canrobert, the unsuccessful hero of the Crimea, with his gray moustache turned up at ends, and his small gray eyes seeming to look over everybody and at nobody; thin and graceful Marshal Niel, he of Solferino, now Minister of War, with Napoleonic imperial, bushy, curly hair, prominent nose, and a quiet dignity and polish unusual to the French soldier; rubicund and jovial-looking Marshal Vaillant, with a jolly word for everybody, his fine round face shining with pleasant excitement; courtly and soldierly General Fleury, toward whom all feminine eyes are turned, for he is the handsomest man of the court, and has that knightly bearing which appeals so strongly to the feminine heart; quaint old Marshal Regnault St. Angely, with white whiskers in patches all over his face, the very model of a fierce old veteran still good for a fight. The Emperor himself has claims to be considered a warrior, always appears in the uniform of a general officer, with the broad red ribbon of the Legion of Honor across his breast, and seems to delight in being surrounded by a phalanx of his redoubtable brother heroes. Then we find at the Tuileries all the great lights of the modern fashionable world; for, as I have said, it is the centre of fashion. The old noblesse sneer at this class, and mutter “parvenus,” which means much the same thing as our “shoddy” in its signification of ple-

beians rising suddenly to fortune. The truth is, the Empire had to create a new society for itself. The old nobility, the priests and the intellectualities shunned it from the beginning: the army and its aristocracy was at first its only resort. A new civil aristocracy had to be built up to support the splendor of the new dynasty. Some few renegades came over from the old noblesse, and that was a foundation. These kept their titles, and had new honors conferred upon them: some were appointed to court offices—for instance, the Duke of Bassano, who became chamberlain. Then there arose a circle of able men, who, ambitious and worshiping the just-risen sun, became the statesmen of the Second Empire. The Senate was established, Senators for life were chosen, and these became a sort of order of nobility. Rich and fashionable citizens, foreigners of Parisian residence, likewise aided in the formation of the new court. Of course, as soon as the Empire was firmly established, all the descendants of the many Bonaparte brothers and sisters flocked back to Paris, and were magnificently lodged at the Tuileries, the Elysée and the Palais Royal. The grandchildren of brilliant and eccentric Murat, whilom King of Naples, the descendants of Lucien and Jerome Bonaparte, of the Princess Bacciochi and the Princess Borghese, found themselves, after long obscurity in exile, on the next to the highest round of the ladder of fortune. Prince Napoleon, heir-presumptive to the throne until the little Prince Imperial was born, received the far-famed Palais Royal, once the lordly residence of Cardinal Duke de Richelieu, afterward that of Philip Egalité of Orleans, as his city palace, and the beautiful palace of Meudon, standing on the crest of a high hill, from whence you can see the complete circle of the Paris barriers, as his rural seat. The gay young princes of the house of Murat had apartments assigned them in the Tuileries.

Thus it is that Napoleon the Third, though laboring under manifold disadvantages, has been able to gather about him a new and brilliant court; and

within the past year or two the court display of the Tuileries has reached a height of magnificence certainly equaling, perhaps surpassing, that of Valois and Bourbon royalty in its palmy days. Its splendor reached its culmination, perhaps, during the memorable summer of 1867. That period was selected by Napoleon to supply to the world the most unequivocal evidences of the grandeur to which the Second Empire had attained. The great Exposition was in full progress, and on the ancient field of the god of war the world in epitome had given itself up to the celebration of the arts of peace. The Emperor sought to celebrate in his beautiful city the dawn of a new era; and the sovereigns of all nations were hospitably summoned to do homage to his power, and as well to witness the enterprise and the genius of their several peoples. In their honor a series of fêtes was given, which those who witnessed them will never forget. One could hardly avoid being dazzled by the splendors which were then displayed. One dazzling picture, which presented itself on a bright July morning, is vividly impressed on the writer's mind. It was the day of the presentation of prizes to the competitors in the great Exposition. The ceremony was to take place in the Palais de l'Industrie. The Grand Turk had entered Paris in pomp on the day before, and was to add a unique and wonderful feature to the display. The whole of the wide and superb Place de la Concorde—the finest square in the world—with its fountains and obelisk, its typical statues of French cities, was filled with soldiers in various costumes, with flags and plumes, and spears and corslets, bands at intervals bursting out in soul-stirring tunes. The two cortéges—that of the Emperor and Empress, and that of the Sultan—were to approach the Place from different directions, and were to meet and mingle in the very centre of the square. As the two sovereigns, in chariots glittering with gilt, and surrounded by a host of dazzling uniforms, entered the Place, there was a triumphant burst of music—the Turkish national

air; and nothing could exceed the superb effect of the whole scene as the two long lines of chariots approached each other.

Thoughtless, plebeian Paris must have half forgotten its misery and want—must have half forgiven Napoleon his despotism—as it gazed upon the gorgeous hospitality then offered to the Eastern sovereign. There were nights, too, when the Tuileries gardens were illumined by festoons of light, which made them as distinct as daylight; when, at the Hôtel de Ville, there were balls, and the spacious salons were converted into grottos and parks, and there were cascades and fountains, and trees blossoming, and pretty mounds covered with blooming flowers; when, in the long dining-saloon of the Tuileries, Olympian banquets were given, and nobles of ancient lineage served emperors and kings; when there were grand gala performances at the opera, wherein were placed, in the front, a long line of thrones, and on every throne sat an emperor, an empress, a king, a queen, or an heir-apparent to some august crown; when there were races in the Bois de Boulogne, reviews in the Champs Elysées and on the Carrousel, glorious hunts at Marly and Compiègne. Grave people, who remembered the economical simplicity of Citizen-King Louis Philippe's time, shook their heads ominously; but Paris, always gay and fond of show, proud of its beauty, and charmed to receive the homage of the powers of the earth, reveled in these gorgeous sights, and the shouts of "Vive l'Empereur!" were louder and heartier than ever, as the fallow, long-moustached chief whirled along the streets on the way to welcome the coming or speed the departing royal guest. It was a long fairy scene, and seemed like an Eastern story; and one forgot for a while that underneath and beyond the glitter was a commonplace, a struggling and a tearful world!

But this modern Louis the Magnificent—this emperor who *will* be foremost in everything, outvying his brother and sister monarchs alike in royal ostentation and in substantial power, alike

in warlike enterprise and in the arts of peace—who aims to live in history as the most splendid, powerful, generous, intelligent and eloquent of Frenchmen—what of his every-day life, his habits, his amusements, his tastes? Notwithstanding all this outward pomp, the private life of the sovereign is almost republican in its simplicity. It is well known that his personal tastes are not ostentatious. The spectacles, the ceremonies, which have become so frequent of late, have an object—that of distracting, amusing, perhaps awing, the people: they are to the Empress's liking, too, and that may be a reason for them. On private and social occasions, Napoleon is easy, yet not familiar—unceremonious, yet always preserving a quiet and almost melancholy dignity. His adventurous career, so full of vicissitudes and fitful fortune; his fondness for good-living from early youth; the long excitements of pleasure and political turmoil, seem to have wearied him, and rendered quiet a blessing when he has opportunities to seize it. These causes have enfeebled his health, and have impressed upon his face an habitually sad and careworn expression. We may imagine, too, that the burdens of a power centred in himself alone have had, and still have, a terrible weight: there must be an eternal anxiety by night and by day—a never-ending, ever-distressful care. He has, it is true, a wonderful faculty of throwing off, in public, the evidences of a depression of spirits which, it is known, constantly haunts him. I shall never forget the calm yet seemingly delighted smile which I saw upon his face as, on the day of the opening of the Great Exposition, he passed through the spacious corridors of the yet half-empty "gasometer;" yet at that very moment his heart must have been racked with exquisite pain as the young Prince Imperial, on whom all the hopes of his heart are founded, was then about to undergo a critical operation, and his life, the most precious in all the world to the Emperor, was in serious danger. Although the Imperial table is set with the choicest viands and wines which the markets of

Europe and the great hothouses of Compiègne and Fontainebleau can produce, the Emperor is observed to eat but little. Serious considerations of health enter into every habit and movement. When we think of how much hangs upon that life—for the death of Napoleon before his heir has arrived at puberty would be the signal of revolution, and the announcement of his death its watchword—we imagine how important he himself deems it to have a care. For years he has been subjected by his physicians to a strict and simple diet: he takes physical exercise at regular hours, and forcibly divests his mind from affairs of state—on which it is always, naturally, fain to run—by reading current literature and engaging in out-door amusements. To preserve his health is his first care. As soon as spring comes he leaves his city palace and resorts to the various rural châteaux which have gradually accumulated in France for the use of royal occupants. The sojourning-place of the court is changed three or four times a year. The spring, summer and autumn months are spent at the famous hunting-parks of Compiègne, at the lovely suburban retreat of St. Cloud (renowned as one of Napoleon the First's favorite residences), at the watering-place of Vichy, and the seaside villa of Biarritz. It is evident that the change from the Tuileries to the quiet and comparative obscurity of the country is very grateful to the careworn Emperor. At Compiègne, St. Cloud, Vichy, Biarritz, he finds himself relieved of the noise and the tedious ceremonies of the capital. he may take abundance of exercise, may enjoy moderately the healthful sports of the field and the sea, may observe, in comparative tranquillity and from a distance, the march of political events. It was in his rural residences that he found leisure and inclination for writing his history of Julius Cæsar; and but for the peculiarly exciting events of the past two years—the unification of Germany and the Papal difficulties in Italy—he would doubtless have accomplished his purpose of giving to the world a Napoleonic version of the life of Charlemagne. It is

his habit, when in the country, to rise early, and, after the French fashion, to take a cup of coffee without accompaniments. He exercises in the open air, walking in the enclosed gardens of the château, accompanied often by his old-mannish and thoughtful little son, but never by the Empress, who rises late and is everywhere long at her toilet. He has daily consultations with his physicians, and is attentive to their counsel. Sometimes, instead of walking, he will take a horseback ride, the Prince Imperial at his side; not seldom attended by General Fleury, his equerry, and a great favorite of both the sovereigns. It is usual for the Emperor to receive whatever officials may be at the château and require instructions, before breakfast: that meal, which is a substantial one, is announced about noon; and the Emperor seldom sees the partner of his throne before meeting her in the breakfast-room. The Emperor is known to have little weakness for priests, confessionals and morning chapels: on the contrary, the Empress never fails to perform her devotions after rising, with the assistance of the well-fed abbé who is lucky enough to hold the position of chaplain to the Imperial household. Taking a short nap after breakfast, Napoleon does the heavy work of the day—the deliberations with ministers, the prompting of despatches, the reading and answering of telegrams, the audiences with ambassadors, the cogitating over some newly-proposed measure, the reports of secretaries. In Council, Napoleon is usually taciturn, seldom expressing his own thoughts or opinions, but asking for those of others and considering them attentively: when the discussion is ended, he signifies, in a few words, his determination and gives his commands. His policy was, until recently, a mystery even to his most confidential ministers, and he used frequently to surprise them by the suddenness and boldness of his decisions. Lately, however, the cares of his position seem to have overpowered him, to have rendered him less bold, and to have robbed him of his self-reliance. He depends more upon the advice and the

sense of his counselors, and shows a disposition, once quite foreign to him, to lean upon his advisers. His decisions are not so prompt and peremptory: he hesitates painfully between the two sides of a question, and allows himself to be persuaded. He has always paid a high tribute to the intelligence of his Empress by uniformly inviting her to the meetings of the Cabinet; and she is known to perform an important part in its deliberations. More than once her voice has determined a policy. Allied closely to the Jesuitical and Papal party, and bent on maintaining the despotic power which now rests in the hands of her husband, she mingles freely in the discussion, and uses every influence to persuade the ministers to sustain her. This participation of the Empress in the deliberations of the Council is not without an object: it is a purpose very dear to Napoleon the Third to perpetuate his dynasty: he would have his wife, who, in the event of his death, would become Regent in the minority of the son, fully conversant with affairs, and able to conduct a government, aided by a ripe experience. It is supposed to have been owing to her advocacy that the last expedition to Rome was resolved upon—an act which, as is known, caused a vivacious controversy in the Council, and resulted in the retirement of the two most liberal ministers. The Emperor takes a very keen interest in the education of his son; is often present at his sessions with his instructors; promotes his health by encouraging him in healthful outdoor exercise. He takes every occasion to win the attachment of the public to the young heir; and, as all fathers should do, makes his boy a companion, talking to him about his studies and of the future, and interesting him in things likely to be of use to him hereafter.

The Empress, in her daily life, presents a great contrast to her husband. She is gay and vivacious, inordinately fond of society and fashion, and detests solitude. Her life is divided between the society of fashion, religious devotion and benevolent enterprises. She is genial, has a warm and sympathetic heart,

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yet is rigid and earnest in conviction, a strict Catholic, and not favorable to too much popular liberty. She is at her best in dispensing the hospitality of the palace—ruinous in her expenses.

Prince Napoleon and the Princess Clotilde of Italy maintain a sort of rival court at the Palais Royal. The cousins—the two Napoleons—are never on cordial terms, and are more often in direct antagonism. Prince Napoleon is known for his democratic tendencies and for his friendship for the leaders of the Opposition. His *salons* are often crowded by the literary and political lights of that school, and it is rarely that he is seen at the Tuileries.

I have tried to give some idea of the court and life of Napoleon and Eugénie: in this short space it is impossible to give more than a passing glimpse—to make, as it were, a rough, but, I hope, not too indistinct an etching. One must wait for the thousand little details of life as it is to-day until the Imperial hosts shall have passed away, and the curtain is drawn by some gossiping old count or curious dame who has lived in it, seen it, and survived it all, and who is, perhaps, even now jotting down notes in a little red-morocco blank-book, in the intervals between attending on her Majesty at dinner and riding with her Majesty in the park.

COMMUNICATION WITH THE PACIFIC.

HALF a century has elapsed since the superiority of railroad and steam-car conveyance was demonstrated. During that interval the iron road and the steam engine have done much to increase man's dominion over nature, to multiply his powers, enlarge his sphere of activity, and better his estate in this world. European nations and their descendants have had almost exclusive possession of this new agency, and as a consequence their sway over the world has rapidly advanced. Out of 120,000 miles of railroad in existence, 38,000, or nearly a third, belong to the United States. The older nations of Western Europe may boast more railroads according to territory, but we have more according to population than any other people. As yet, France can hardly be said to be joined to Italy by the rail. Only a single line of railroad has crossed the Austrian Alps; and but one line of road has actually been pushed across the European frontier, and that one is on Russian soil. A line of railroad is now projected from Constantinople to India, across Asia Minor and Cabool; but as

the greater part lies in semi-barbarous and Mohammedan territory, it is scarcely probable that this generation will see its completion. The Suez Canal promises to be a failure; and if Western Europe would secure the shortest route to China, it must be by a continuous railroad connection the length of the Asiatic continent. If the requirements of the "Eastern Question" permit the Emperor of Russia to push on his great national railroad, designed to connect the extremities of his empire, one line may be carried to the shores of Eastern Asia within a short life-time. Already the capital at St. Petersburg is connected by rail with Moscow in the centre, with Odessa on the south, and the track is halted at Nijni on its way to Siberia. Thus far, the Europeans are from 2000 to 3500 miles of land distance from the capitals of India and China, and a still farther distance from Japanese ports. It is not probable that this gap of sterile country can be bridged within the next twenty years, and London will remain, as at present, from forty to forty-five days' distance from Shanghai.

The trade of Eastern Asia has been so profitable as to cause the keenest rivalry between the Dutch, the English, the French and the Russians for a century or more. When we reflect that China, Japan, Hindostan and the East India Islands contain 500,000,000 of people, mainly of the industrious agricultural classes—or nearly half the population of the globe—the importance of the trade with them is apparent. For a long time the export of the precious metals to Eastern Asia has ranged from twenty-five to thirty-five million dollars per year, chiefly in silver bullion, in return for which we have received teas, cotton, silk and spices. The list of products exchanged has kept continually enlarging, until now a good many fabrics, wares, articles of food, etc., are imported and exported. The imports of foreign merchandise (mainly European) at thirteen Chinese ports, in 1865, are given at 169,000,000 taels, or \$210,000,000; while the exports at the same ports amounted to nearly as much. The Japanese and island trade must have swelled this sum to nearly as much more.

American diplomacy and business energy have thus far been deprived of their fair share of this lucrative trade by the prior and exclusive occupation of Europeans, and by heavy capital in competition. There are symptoms of a change in this respect, American valor and skill having won victories in Chinese waters as well as in the British Channel. It is time, in fact, that the United States began to cultivate the closest acquaintance with their neighbors across the Pacific.

A line of steamships has already made a good beginning, but this is not enough to give us our rightful advantage. At this time New York is forty days from Yokohama, fifteen of which are required between New York and San Francisco. This link of the journey requires at present about 1100 miles of ordinary coaching, and is totally unavailable for anything beyond a courier or a mail-bag. We are promised a completion of the overland railroad in two years, which

will reduce the time to San Francisco to six days, and that to Japan to thirty—a clear advantage of fifteen days over London, and a feat which will make this the shortest way to the far East, even from Europe.

Great as are the advantages to be gained by an extension of our foreign commerce on the Pacific Ocean, they cannot exceed, nor can they be dissociated from, the expansion and development of our internal industry on the Pacific slope. It is quite possible for a nation to import too much, especially of such useful articles as it can produce for itself; but the East India produce is not of that class. Great nations are great traders, and conversely; and so long as the Eastern nations absorb our surplus gold and silver, and give us raw materials in exchange, we can employ our ships to advantage for a century hence. Indeed, who can foresee what may be the result of an admixture of American ideas upon the dense populations and native industry of five hundred millions of Asiatics?

At this time there are less than 700,000 people, all told, on the Pacific slope. Yet with this number they are yielding a crop of \$50,000,000 in bullion, nearly or quite that quantity of grain, beside wool, hides, wines, timber, etc. Such are the attractions of soil and climate that our best vegetable productions on the Atlantic slope are dwarfed and puny by comparison. The wheat crop of California for 1866 was estimated at 12,000,000 bushels; that of California and Oregon for 1867 was over 20,000,000 bushels, and far exceeded in value the gold product of both States—namely, \$27,000,000. The shipments, mainly of wheat, from San Francisco for twelve months furnished cargoes for 154 vessels, destined to Europe, the Atlantic ports and Australia.* This is but an earnest of what can be done when immigration shall render labor more plenty, and when communication with the interior will do away with the necessity of sending the

* The shipments to China from that port direct were \$7,000,000 in silver, and \$2,100,000 in merchandise.

surplus 'half round the world to find a market.

The one thing needed to swell this product indefinitely is population. Immigration, which pours its fertilizing stream into the Mississippi Valley, is checked by the prospect of desert plains or of a twenty-days' ocean voyage through the tropics. With a railroad line completed from the Atlantic to the Pacific, the attitude of affairs will be changed, and population and capital will pour over it in a steady stream, until the half million becomes five millions, and the wealth of the country is multiplied tenfold. When an emigrant can be transported to the cheap and fertile lands in California or Oregon for fifty dollars more than he pays to reach the Mississippi, he is bound to go whither the best crops and the best prices can be obtained, rather than halt midway. It may be safely reckoned, also, that there are at least 50,000 adults on our Western coast who are anxiously waiting for the completion of the Pacific Railroad to revisit their former homes; some of them to take back wives and families, from whom they have been long separated. Equally may we calculate upon a similar westward flow of travel from this end of the line—some on business, others on pleasure or for settlement. It will be safe to put down 75,000 passengers a year, from the beginning, as bound to and from the Pacific.* Thenceforward it would appear that the travel and traffic over the Pacific Railroad will be limited only by the capacities of the road. Washington, Oregon, Idaho, Montana, Nevada and Utah will rapidly be settled up. The centres of population and industry are there; the precious metals are there; a rich soil and an unequaled climate are there. What are not there are women and children, churches and schools—the amenities and belongings of civilized life. These will follow the locomotive. To supply them is the first function of the pioneer line of the Pacific Railroad!

* The total number of passengers arriving at San Francisco from foreign and distant ports was 25,618 in 1866, and 33,871 in 1867; the inward and outward freights were about 900,000 tons.

So many important interests are depending upon this single work of internal improvement that a brief account of its organization, progress and prospects may be of interest at this time. Although several names have been put forth for the paternity of the scheme of a railroad to the Pacific, it is obviously impossible to fix it upon any single person. Those who watched the first efforts of the steam engine must have vaguely dreamed of a time when continents could be crossed by such means. Few things have come into existence which were so collectively the desire and offspring of the people as the Pacific Railroad. The government half a century ago ordered surveys of the far West with a view to perfecting some means of communication with its distant posts. The discovery of gold in California brought the matter afresh to the minds of statesmen and business men. The "Pike's Peak gold fever" gave it another impetus; and by the time of the outbreak of the rebellion it had been formally recommended by several political and commercial conventions. In enterprises of this sort the real author or inventor is he who puts the scheme into working shape. The first intimate and practical knowledge concerning the feasibility of a railroad to the Pacific undoubtedly hailed from the Pacific slope. In the years 1859 and 1860, when the discovery of the famous Comstock Lode on the east face of the Sierra Nevada mountains had attracted from California nearly fifty thousand persons and many millions of capital, it became evident that some better mode of transportation must be provided than the ordinary wagon-teams. It was at this season, when business was stagnant in California, and the mobile part of the community had gone to the new silver mines, that a shrewd engineer, named T. D. Judah, conceived the plan of carrying the locomotive across the Sierras, and began to canvass the matter with his neighbors in Sacramento. At first, but one capitalist could be won over to the scheme, then another, and, after a week's earnest talking, half a dozen merchants and a lawyer or two were found who

would subscribe fifty dollars a-piece to enable Mr. Judah to make the preliminary surveys. During the summers of 1860 and 1861 these surveys were prosecuted on this basis, and in July of the latter year, as the result, the Central Pacific Railroad Company was organized, ten per cent. of the capital stock subscribed, and the data collected for estimates of construction.

It was upon the appearance of the representatives of the Central Pacific Railroad Company in Washington, to ask the aid of the general government for their enterprise in the Congressional session of 1861-2, that the scheme was seized upon by several well-known financiers to obtain a national charter for a railroad line across the continent. There were several rival interests to be conciliated. Both Chicago and St. Louis wanted to be considered the natural terminus of the Pacific Railroad, the former having two or more railroads projected across Iowa, while the latter had two hundred miles actually built westward from the Mississippi. Similarly, several towns in Kansas coveted the boon of a Pacific Railroad passing by them, and the Hannibal and St. Joseph Railroad presented strong claims for consideration, being at that time by far the most westerly stretch of railroad.

The result was a compromise. Congress conceded the right of way and a grant of land, as well as credit, for one main line from San Francisco to the rooth meridian, and a subsidy to two main forks from that point eastward, and a partial subsidy to two others, designed to connect St. Joseph and Sioux City respectively. Public attention was mainly occupied by the Union Pacific Railroad Company, with its capital nominally placed at a hundred millions, while the Central Pacific Railroad Company, a more remote affair, was but little noticed. The loan of the government credit was fixed at about half the estimated cost of the through line—namely, fifty millions, with ten millions more for the branches—the U. S. bonds to be delivered to the companies as sections of twenty miles of first-class railroad were

completed, the government reserving the right to reduce the rates after the through line was finished, if it should be found that the revenues were excessive. An important feature of the charter is found in the rights of the government at all times, and especially in time of war. It was passed as a military measure, at a time when the Southern States were flinging off their allegiance to the Union; and though it nowhere appears that there was any intimation of a purpose on the part of the Pacific States to withdraw from the Union, without doubt this liberal offer of aid toward supplying their great desideratum was made as an additional inducement to them to lend their support to the imperiled Union. They nobly responded to the invitation. It is exceedingly questionable whether the building of railroads be any part of the functions of a form of government like our own; but if ever it be justifiable, it was then. Both as a military and as a politic measure it commanded general concurrence. The precedent has been made under peculiar circumstances, which nothing but the overwhelming importance of the end in view could have justified. It will be for the wisdom of Congress to determine, in any future case which may be brought before it, whether the precedent thus set shall be imitated or not.

Within six months after the action of Congress, the Central Pacific Company had commenced work on their end of the main trunk line, and have kept their utmost force employed thereon up to this time. They encountered by far the most formidable difficulty of the whole line within the first one hundred miles. After comparing the only passes across the Sierra Nevada range which offered any chance for a railroad track, viz.: the Georgetown or Placerville route, the Henness Pass, Beckwourth's Pass, and Donner Pass, the latter was chosen as being the most feasible, sheltered, direct, and with the easiest grades. The difference in elevations is less than a hundred feet, the Donner Pass Route having a maximum ascent of 7042 feet from tide-water, while the best of the

others is 7031. The track has been carried to the summit of the Sierra and through the tunnel at the summit, with average grades of seventy-five feet to the mile, and with but one resort to the maximum of the Baltimore and Ohio, at a place where there are three and a half miles at a hundred and sixteen feet to the mile. To engineers who are familiar with the three-hundred-foot grades that are in use both in this country and Europe, this will be readily understood as a remarkably easy line. The fact that an ordinary locomotive with a passenger train can make the entire ascent, including stoppages, in six hours, is an assurance of the practicable character of the road built.

Something of the nature of the obstacles to be overcome may be gathered from the cost of blasting materials used in hewing this pathway of a hundred miles of mountain declivities, no less than nine hundred thousand dollars in gold having been expended for gunpowder,* which, with large quantities of nitro-glycerine, will make a total of nearly a million for explosive substances only. This is quite apart from the steel drills, etc., consumed at the same time, and does not include the labor or transportation of the same.

The hard work is done, the outlay made, and the road ready to descend into the Salt Lake plains. The fifteen tunnels between the 67th and 137th miles are all cut out, making in all 5126 feet, and the track laid through all but three or four of them. A passenger excursion train passed through and beyond the summit tunnel on the 7th of December last; at which time there was a gap of six miles intervening between the main line and a completed section of twenty-five miles down the eastern slope of the Sierra into the State of Nevada. Although the ascent on the Pacific slope of the range is 7000 feet, the descent on the east side is only about 1500 feet, whence it stretches, by easy undulations, away into the Salt Lake Basin, which is elevated 5000 feet and upward above sea-level. With the first disappearance

of snow in the spring, therefore, a week will suffice to bring the locomotive fairly to the base of the mountains.

Repeated surveys of the course of the road across the Salt Lake Basin establish the easiest and most direct line to be by the Humboldt Valley, from the sink of that river to the Humboldt Pass, near its sources: thence to the north end of Salt Lake it is about 845 miles from San Francisco. This portion of the main line is under construction by the Central Pacific Railroad. The total estimated cost of this section of road and equipment is sixty millions, of which the Government advances twenty-five millions, on a subordinate lien, and, in reality, subject to be canceled by the transportation services of public stores, mails, troops, etc. Beside this loan of the national credit, there is an outright donation of ten millions of acres of land contiguous to the roads, much of which will be brought into market at no distant day. It will thus be seen that the Central Pacific Railroad, owning this valuable franchise and controlling so productive a property, must become one of the mightiest corporations in existence.

Hardly less powerful and favored is the great Union Pacific Railroad Company, which will build, own and control the eastern portion of the main line (950 of the 1800 miles), between Salt Lake and Omaha, on the Missouri river. This immense corporation, whose capital stock is fixed at a hundred millions, is composed of some of the boldest and most successful financiers in the country. On the 1st day of January the track of this company had been successfully carried to the base of the Rocky Mountains, 530 miles west of Omaha. This was the result of but two years and a third of their actual labor; but as this portion of the road was over the level plains of the Platte, the progress over the three ranges of mountains in front can hardly be so rapid. Whatever energy and resources can do to complete the work will be done. Both the Union and the Central have exhibited such earnestness and perseverance in carrying through the great undertaking, that it would not

* One hundred and eighty thousand kegs, of twenty-five pounds each, at five dollars per keg.

be surprising if their promises were literally fulfilled, the locomotive entering Salt Lake City simultaneously from both directions in the closing days of 1869.

Of great importance in the Pacific Railroad scheme is the "Pacific Railway, Eastern Division," as it is officially styled, or "the Kansas Pacific Railroad," as it is more commonly known. This is a projection of the great middle tier of east and west trunk lines, which, commencing at Philadelphia and Baltimore, passes through Pittsburg, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Leavenworth, and across Kansas to the Rocky Mountains. As the charter of this company now stands, it is authorized to unite and connect with the Union Pacific (Omaha) line 650 miles west of the Missouri boundary. It is by no means certain, however, that it will do so. A more southern route is contemplated, and the Kansas company, having run a preliminary survey to the Pacific coast by the 35th parallel, are applying for Congressional aid to carry an independent line across the continent. Already a powerful company (the San Joaquin Valley Railroad Company) has been organized in California to build the western half of this line.

The Northern Pacific Railroad, connecting Lake Superior with Puget Sound, will follow at no distant day by the simple pressure of business requirements. Meanwhile the interests of Oregon and Washington will be served by a branch connecting Portland, by way of the Willamette Valley, with the Central line at the North Bend of the Humboldt—an important tributary fork on the Pacific slope which is deserving of attention. The Southern Pacific Railroad, from Memphis to San Diego or Guaymas, is a thing of the future. The charter is at present in the hands of men who will do all that can be done to overcome the serious difficulties presented by the arid, treeless deserts of Arizona and New Mexico. This railroad will pass through a district possessing inexhaustible mines of gold, silver and other metals of great value.

There needs no prophetic vision to

foresee what transformations are to follow the completion of this grand national highway across the continent. The next generation will witness the centre of population moving rapidly westward of the Mississippi, the trade and commerce of the Pacific Ocean rivaling that on the Atlantic, San Francisco pushing hard upon New York, and new Lowells and Pittsburgs springing up where the red men now roam; the millions of acres of bounteous soil between the Columbia and the Colorado teeming with agricultural wealth far beyond the sum of their bullion products. Asiatic labor and American skill may work a wondrous change in a single lifetime, and the tide of westward migrations will fill the far West with our most energetic and thrifty sons.

Meantime, one thing seems certain among the verities of the world—the Pacific Railroad is building and will soon be a finished fact. Already, in its beginnings, it is more profitable than any like enterprise of our day. This is especially true of the western half of it, whereon the business yields a profit of a million and a quarter in gold per hundred miles worked. What will it be, therefore, when the continent is spanned by the iron rail, and the route between the Mississippi and the Pacific dotted with populous towns? Omaha, Denver, Salt Lake, Humboldt, Washoe, Sacramento and San Francisco—these are the seats of future cities. From the day of its completion, the Pacific Railroad, then, must become one of the prominent institutions of the country, and, indeed, of the world. Its revenues must become so enormous and well assured that its stability will be likened to that of the Bank of England, and its stocks and bonds compare with consols in reliability and with the East India Company's bonds in profit. The financial triumphs of Pacific Mail Steamship, Panama Railroad, Erie or Central Railroad Companies, great as they seem now, will sink into insignificance by comparison with these mighty corporations of the future, who wield the fortunes of the trunk lines of railroad connecting the two oceans.

WILLIE'S WIFE.

A BLUSTERING evening! I am all alone. An old maid, with no husband to destroy her peace, nor any dreadful annoyances in the shape of children, with money enough at interest to keep the wolf from the door, and a house of her own overhead, might surely expect, after the tea-things were washed and put away, the fire made, the table drawn close to it, the lamp close to her elbow, and a book close to her nose,—an old maid thus happily situated might, I say, in all reason, expect a comfortable time. Alas! far from it! The wind whistles around the house with more than ordinary defiance, and I tremble inwardly; for well do I know, and well does it know, also, the cracks and holes in my dilapidated dwelling. Here it comes whistling and roaring! With a whisk it turns my new wig askew: with another, the leaves of my book are fluttering and flapping, as if they were in league with the boisterous thing. I adjust my wig and refind my place in vain! There it comes, again and again! A rough blast down the chimney sends the smoke pouring into the room, scattering a shower of ashes over my clean white curtains.

I slam my book with a petulant jerk, take up my lamp, and start on an indignant march up to bed. Creak, creak go the boards, as if they were possessed. The door refuses to open; I jerk and pull spasmodically; another blast of wind; my lamp goes out; still I tug at the door: it opens suddenly, and down I go. Miss Jemima Bloor picks herself up, minus dignity, temper and a wig. I grope my way up stairs, stepping lightly on certain shaking steps, and running a splinter into my hand from the broken bannister. I reach my room at last; must leave the door unlocked because the lock is out of order; undress, creep into bed, and cannot close my eyes, because there is a piece of loose plaster gaping just above my head—more terrible to me than the sword of Damocles.

During the long hours of that sleepless night I worked myself up to a desperate resolution. The case, you see, was grave and urgent: I ran imminent risk of losing that bland, amiable disposition which (as I know from the concurrent testimony of my most discriminating friends) is natural to me. The house shall be thoroughly repaired! Not another night will I sleep in it till it is!

I arose at peep of day, and noon found me domesticated at Mrs. Robinson's, just over the way. I am to sleep on the lounge in her parlor, for the little woman possesses only two rooms and a kitchen.

I immediately assemble all the carpenters, glaziers, tinnerns, bricklayers, painters and paper-hangers with whom our village is blessed. My house is being repaired and renewed outside and in. I contemplate the changes thus going on with—well, let the truth be told—with somewhat mixed emotions. I am slowly coming to the conclusion that there is no such thing as perfect happiness in this sublunary sphere. Men are so intensely aggravating, especially carpenters, glaziers, tinnerns, bricklayers, painters and paper-hangers.

One afternoon we sat—my hostess and I—in her little parlor; I at the front window, looking across the street and watching that rascally John Stocker, the carpenter. Good heavens! There he sat in my best-room window, swinging his heels and smoking a pipe—not a thought of my work in his head! Now, the odious creature knows—no one better—what a hurry I am in and how I detest a pipe. Yet here I may be, for all he cares, sleeping on Mrs. Robinson's lounge for a month or two, and all the time my parlor—Miss Jemima Bloor's best room—scented with tobacco! I wonder if the man expects to go to heaven when he dies? I wonder if he expects me to pay him three dollars a day for smoking his pipe and swinging his heels?

Ah! there comes Joseph Baldwin just back from dinner, and—let me see—it's twenty-five minutes past two. If I had my way about women's rights, I'd put the men out of this world altogether: *that* would settle the question. What are they, after all, but an aggravation, a marplot and a general nuisance?

Now, there goes Will Wiley, tramping right over my verbenabed! Has the man no eyes in his head? or did his mother never succeed in beating it into his dull brain that a verbenabed is *not* to be walked on, and that a garden-path is?

And, now I think of it, it was only yesterday I found five broken panes in my up-stairs window. Yet that faithless, good-for-nothing glazier had sworn to me that very morning that he had taken every sash out, from garret to cellar, and left all in perfect order. Lords of creation, indeed! Lords of fiddlestick! Wonderful example of superior intellect—was it not?—to take a window-sash out for repairs, and put it back in perfect order with five broken panes in it! If Miss Jemima Bloor were to sit in a maiden lady's best-room window and smoke a pipe and swing her heels—if she were to come from dinner to her work at twenty-five minutes after two—if she were to go tramping about on people's verbenabeds—if she were to declare a window-sash with five broken panes in it to be completely repaired—would she call herself a lady of creation and a superior intellect? I ask the world, Would she call herself a lord or a lady of creation and a su—

At this point my indignant reflections were interrupted by a soft splash-splash and a subdued little flutter of sobs.

My hostess had been knitting, with her comfortable fat hands, a baby's hood for Mrs. Peters, next door.

As I looked up I saw the tears trickle down on her knitting needles till they shone and winked at me in an impish manner.

This little woman is my mental cushion—my social rest. Mild, round and rosy in body and mind, crying is the only luxury she seems thoroughly to enjoy. The

tears roll over her plump cheeks as if they were used to it, and leave them plumper than before. The round, light blue eyes are always ready for a shower, and look all the rounder and bluer after it is over. I never knew her to have an original idea: indeed, I think she never had but one very clear idea of any description. The thought of her whole life had been "her Willie." Mrs. Robinson, although a weak little woman enough, has had a curious history of her own.

She was an orphan: had married, at twenty, William Robinson, a sailor of the town, and had moved into her present home, with her husband and an old uncle with whom she had lived before her marriage. Two months afterward young William sailed for India. The appointed time for his return had passed: month by month went by, and still his wife looked for him who never came. After two years the old uncle was laid at rest, and the little woman was left quite alone.

How she waited and watched—watched all through youth, all through middle age—waited and watched in vain through twenty long, long years!

In all that time her one thought when she rose in the morning was of "Willie:" her last thought as she laid down at night was of her lost husband. Nightly, long after we had gone to bed and she thought me asleep, her little figure would steal from the bed-room and kneel in a spot she had often shown me, where Willie had said his good-bye, and there she would pray, in a low, soft voice, the words always the same: "My God, take me home to my Willie: oh, come and take me! Willie, my husband, come back and take me!" And then she would creep away to her room as quietly as she came.

By the fireplace stood Willie's arm-chair: out in the pantry was Willie's cup and saucer, carefully, tenderly washed every day. Over the mantelpiece hung Willie's picture—to her, that of a beautiful hero; to me, that of a rather commonplace young man with blue eyes, light curling hair, large features and a

turned-up nose. I have seen love, devotion, infatuation, all manner of mischief brought on through men; but never, in all my experience, had I encountered such complete merging of one life into another. To her, Willie seemed to be not all this world only, but all she dreamed of in the world to come. She did not think of him as on earth, but as in heaven.

The little woman's mind and heart were a study to me. I was sitting, with my hands in my lap, thinking her over, she still knitting, and the click of the needles diversified by the splash, just audible, of the large, comfortable tears on her neat black silk, when we were both startled by a vigorous swing of the gate and a heavy step on the gravel. A moment more and the door was flung open, and suddenly, without word or gesture, a large, weatherbeaten, rough-looking man stood, like an apparition, before us. A long, purple scar, crossing his forehead and cheek, gave a sinister expression to one eye. He stared at us, then gazed about the room for some time without speaking: at last he fastened his eyes on Mrs. Robinson. She crept behind me and whispered, "Please send him away, Miss Jemima; see how he stares! Dear, dear! what a dreadful man!"

"What do you wish, sir?" I inquired, boldly enough, I think, although quaking internally, for he had now transferred his eyes to me.

"Does Mrs. Mary Jane Robinson live here?" The harsh voice made us both start.

"Yes; I am Mrs. Robinson," said the little woman, retreating further behind me. Suddenly I was seized, chair and all, and deposited in the middle of the room: the next moment the stranger lifted Mrs. Robinson and gave her a bear-like hug, the little woman struggling and screaming with all her might. I ran to the door, intending to call for help; but the words "Mary, my wife, don't you know me?" struck me dumb. I turned in amazement. He still held her in his arms. She had ceased struggling, and was looking at him with

strange, wild, shining eyes. Was her mind shaken? Had the shock been too much for her?

"Let her go; you will kill her!" I cried, scarcely knowing what I said.

He put her down gently, still holding her hand. She stood quite still and passive, as if frozen, the two fixed, bright eyes staring from her death-white face. The man looked from one to the other in a frightened way.

"Do you think I've frightened her out of her wits?" he asked, in an uneasy whisper, as she stood with her eyes riveted on his face.

"I dare say you have," I blurted out, curtly, as I turned to Mrs. Robinson. "Mary, my dear, what is it?" taking her passive hands in mine. She made no motion, not even shifting her eyes. "Won't you speak to me, Mary?" The eyes turned on me, and, slipping her hands from mine, she groped in the air like a blind person. It was terrible to see! "Mary," I said, desperately, "it is your husband come back to you"—anything, I thought, to rouse her; "won't you speak to him?"

"Yes," said Mr. Robinson, eagerly, "I am your husband: don't you know me, Mary? Ain't you glad to see me, my dear?" The tears stood in his eyes, and although they could not soften the look of the scarred one, still I could see a dim—a very dim—likeness to the picture over the mantelpiece, and could no longer doubt his identity. Deep lines seemed to grow in the little woman's face as he spoke to her: the very roundness appeared to fall into sharp angles, such as long years of sorrow had failed to produce.

"Send him away; tell the man to go away. Cannot he go away?" she said, piteously.

"No, my dear," said her husband: "I have come to stay, and I thought you'd be glad to see me." His rough voice trembled a little. "See, I've carried your picture with me through thick and thin. When we was shipwrecked I thought about it, and tied it up waterproof, so I should have that, any way; and all them long years, when Tom

Bright and George Griffith and me used to sit in our hut o' nights and talk over our wives and homes, your picture used to look so hopeful-like—just like you used to look them first two months—I a'most forgot I was a shipwrecked sailor, thousands of miles away. Oh, Mary, the long days and the dreary nights, and the weeks and the months and the years all stretchin' out, one after the other! Yes, child, it was awful dreary-like, and your picture got dim and blurred, and I grew old and gray afore my time; and George, poor fellow!—he died of a queer kind of a fever, and we buried him, decent as we could, under the big palm just above the hut. Then Tom and I led a rough kind of life: we got savage-like, and didn't seem to care much about anything."

There he paused and looked at Mary, sitting motionless: "I thought, sometimes, if ever I did get back, it would be kind o' hard for you to get used to me and my ways, and I'd feel awkward with decent folks. It was nigh on twenty years, I think, before we was found; but I thought, maybe you'd be kind o' glad to see me, any way." And the poor fellow broke down, and looked wistfully at his wife.

But the little woman's mind seemed quite gone. She did not answer him a word, and had again fallen into that fixed, unnatural stare. I thought I might rouse her by calling her thoughts back to daily things. "Mary, dear," I said, "Mr. Robinson must be hungry after his journey: won't you get him some supper?"

She left the room without a word, moving mechanically, like one in a dream. Half an hour passed, during which Robinson had given me a sketch of his shipwreck. It was the old story—the same, with variations, that De Foe and Tennyson and Adelaide Proctor have told. He and his two companions had been washed on an island, rich in beautiful vegetation, but infinitely dreary in its solitude through the long, long years of watching to which the castaways were doomed. He told me how hope had almost died out, when one morning, at sunrise, they saw a ship steering for the

island, signaled her, and were taken on board. She was "The Zephyr," bound for New York; and in little more than two months she brought them home.

When Robinson had finished his story, I went out to see what had become of his wife. She was in the pantry, standing before Willie's cup, and the blessed tears were streaming down her face. As soon as she saw me she fell on my neck, sobbing convulsively:

"Must I give him Willie's cup? No lips have touched it since he went away. How can I give it to that man?" I let her cry until she was exhausted: then I raised her gently and carried her to bed.

"Lie there fifteen minutes, dear: by that time I shall have supper ready."

She obeyed as a little child might. When I went to her, she was white and still, her lids closed. Alarmed, I called her hastily by name, and she raised her eyes to mine. There was still the same fixed glitter in them. I lifted her from the bed and arranged her dress: she was quite passive under my hands.

It was a dreary supper, and a more dreary evening. But at last it came to an end.

I lay half the night turning restlessly on my lounge. The moonlight poured across the room in a broad stream. Willie's picture looked down at me with an unearthly expression: Willie's arm-chair took weird forms in the dim light. I thought over the rapid succession of events, until my head grew dizzy with thinking. Then the reproachful eyes of the young Willie seemed staring at me from the dark corners of the room; and, mingled with his youthful traits, came the rough features and sinister eye of the adult Robinson. Through this chaos of faces Mary's, too, came up, just as I had seen her when she stood at the door of her room, bidding me good-night, her eyes large with terror, and her hands stretched out to me for help—for help, alas! which how could I give her? For was he not her husband? And is it not to her husband that a woman must cleave?

Suddenly my heart stood still. The little woman herself crept noiselessly

from the bedroom—her face looking horribly wan in the moonlight—crossed the parlor and knelt in the accustomed spot. Her hands were raised above her head: her upturned face was convulsed with an agony of appeal; but for a time no words came from her lips: she sank prostrate on the floor. "Oh, my God!" at last she moaned; "Willie has gone from heaven—gone from heaven! I have lost him! Oh, where is he?" Then she glided back as silently as she had come, but the bitter moan sounded in my ears the long night through.

The next morning she wore the same stony face. I stayed with her three weeks, and then returned to my own home, which had, meanwhile, been thoroughly renovated. I could sit in peace before my fire-place now, without fear of storms or risk of draughts. I could sit in peace, outwardly, but my mind had little rest. At intervals of two or three days I went over to see the little woman. Month by month her face grew smaller and her eyes larger and brighter. Their glitter haunted me.

More than a year passed. One cheerful morning, in early spring I was ironing in my kitchen: a pleasant breeze came through the window: the blithe birds without made the orchard vocal with their lively twitterings, and a bed of strawberries in the garden delighted my eyes with its white blossoms. Life seemed pleasant to me this bright morning, and my hands moved briskly at my work.

A shadow fell across the ironing-board and caused me to look up. There was Mr. Robinson, standing in the doorway. The weatherbeaten face had changed much in the year—an unhappy year it had been to him—but its events had stirred the gentler parts of his nature. He looked even sadder than usual this morning, and his voice was low and subdued:

"Miss Jemima, my Mary seems lower than common: she's clean given out and gone to bed. My rough hands and

ways ain't no account in a sick-room: wouldn't you just step over and see if you could help her any? I wouldn't ask it if I could get along without."

"Instantly," I replied, putting on my bonnet. "I will lock up the house and go back with you."

I found Mrs. Robinson lying on her bed, the room darkened. She looked up at me and smiled—a sweet, dim smile—then, closing her eyes, she lay quite still. Hour after hour, that I sat by her bedside, she never moved nor spoke. In the evening I sent for the village doctor—a quiet, meek little man—who shook his head, looked doubtful, and left some powders.

And so she lay for five days and four nights. Sometimes she was feverish, and would turn and mutter; but usually she lay quite still, her small, thin hands folded, and that wonderful smile on her face. The evening of the fifth day the room was intensely still: Mr. Robinson and I sat watching the calm face, white as the pillow beneath it. Suddenly a light broke over her features. She flung her arms upward with a murmur of joy: "Willie, I am coming!"—sank back, her breathing growing shorter and feebler—a gentle, scarce perceptible struggle, and the little woman was gone from her pain, from her longing, from her fond delusion—gone to a world of light and of peace, where all delusions vanish—gone to a world where, ere long, there will be another meeting; and then Willie will be recognized and welcomed by that faithful heart and loved for ever!

Meanwhile, a bent old man still lives in the house over the way. He, too, is going fast. His hair is white—a softened light shines in his eyes: his mouth falls easily into a tender smile when you speak to him of Mary, his wife, in heaven. Perhaps—who can tell?—she is watching him thence: her Willie, becoming gentler, more spiritualized, through his loving heart, his lonely life, and the guardian influence exerted over him from another world than ours.

BOSTON WIT AND HUMOR.

IT is considered, we believe, a proof of good sense and high culture to laugh at the pretensions of Boston: if not to laugh, then to sneer. Its climate, its Puritanism, its radicalism, its provincial character, are all fair targets for the gibes of the rest of America. From the heights of an imported Parisian elegance New York looks serenely down upon the "clumsy cockneyism of second-rate English imitation" which is supposed to pervade the New England metropolis. Even so the clubs of London have been wont to deride the ways of Edinburgh, and to sneer at Scotchmen, Scotch cookery, Scotch letters and Scotch morals. Nevertheless, one or two Scotchmen have written some books, articles, poems and reviews worth reading, and it is possible that Beacon street may have done the like.

But since the saying of good things may be a mark of a tolerably refined and polished society, we cannot help asking ourselves if we have ever remembered anything worth saving amid the sayings of Boston.

Humor belongs to Philadelphia. At least, it is more native there. For humor is the product of the temperament which enjoys, and the Quaker City has more leisure for enjoyment than most other places. Wit is struck out by collision, while humor can walk by itself, feeding on its own fancies. Humor charms us at the time, but does not dwell in the memory, while wit needs a little sharpness to hold its place. Humor sparkles because it must: wit flashes that it may be seen. The good things of Philadelphia are said for the moment: the good things of Boston are uttered with an eye to posterity. And how about New York? We do not happen to be able to fancy New York in that line at all. Its wit is all absorbed in its money transactions: its humor belongs to that order which is known as "street chaff." Wit is not valued unless it issue in the practical

result of a bargain. New York imports wit and humor, just as it does art and literature, large mirrors and Southern vegetables. Its business is to consume and pay for whatever has the brand of merit, but it does not originate. The genuine New Yorker is the clerk in the hotel who has no admiration for the frescoes, upholstery and plate-glass which decorate the parlors. His business is to sit in the office below and make out the bills. His art-galleries, libraries, studios and theatres are for the benefit of the country population, the Western and Southern trade. His finance is often the culmination of wit, and his humor a masterly effort of display; but he does not waste his brains in words when he can so much more satisfactorily express them in dollars.

We have compared Boston with Edinburgh. The Bostonian is the choice fruit of the New England soil, and the New Englander is the Scotchman, *minus* the pathetic element and *plus* the perceptive. In one thing New England and Scotland are near akin. There is in both hereditary culture—what Dr. Holmes calls the Brahmin caste. It is in this soil that wit is sure to flourish best, and Boston is the Benares of New England Brahminism.

Of course, after this, the reader has a right to expect some very brilliant proofs of what we have been saying. We, Sindbad, have been down into the valley of diamonds, and ought to have brought them up as large as hens' eggs. So we ought; but we can, on the contrary, produce only a few rather undersized brilliants. The big ones we keep for ourselves, to be re-set and flaunted at future Alumni dinners. You see, dear reader, there is a question of property involved. If you should steal the Koh-i-noor, you could never wear it or sell it, or even pawn it. People, especially the police, would ask how you came by it.

Did you ever hear of the late Mr.

Justice Littleton? The whole legal brotherhood of Massachusetts looked up to him. Clearer and cooler head has rarely dealt with the problems of the common law. It was of him that Counselor Rupert, the fieriest, most headlong of forensic orators, made the well-known saying. When Webster's new "Unabridged" came out, some one told the Justice—Chief Justice, we might as well say at once—that there were fifteen hundred new words in that dictionary. "For Heaven's sake," exclaimed the Chief, "don't tell Rupert of it: he has enough already." Rupert heard of it, of course, and waited for his turn. He was in court one day when some friend asked him what he thought of the Chief Justice. "Think of him? I feel before him as the South Sea savage does before his great wooden idol: I know he's ugly, but I bow to him as a superior intelligence."

It was Mr. Justice Littleton who made the remark about the Salem Hotel, after he had been there on circuit. Some one asked him how he found the table. "How?" growled the judge. "Everything cold but the water, and everything sour but the pickles."

But if the S. J. C. was occasionally brilliant, when was the C. P. not? His bon-mots were the current coin of table-talk. How that shrewd, genial face used to lighten with fun! After he went back from the Bench to the Bar, his position as an advocate in certain classes of cases was very high. He won upon juries, while Rupert stormed them. The sayings of his were once legion. Every month a new one was the pet anecdote of Court street. We cannot remember them now—the tithe of them; but we shall not forget some. In his earlier legal days, when he was at the bar of a southern county, he was walking with a noted Unitarian divine. They came to a fence which hung tottering over the highway, seemingly ready to fall. The Dominie exclaimed, hotly, "How shameful in Jacobs to let his fence be in such a state! It will kill somebody yet." "Better give him a sermon, D—," said the counselor. "If you'll give me

a text, I will," was the reply. "Oh, nothing can be easier. Try this: 'For it must needs be that off-fences must come.'" It was the judge also who gave the famous legal opinion in the horse case, or at least he has the reputation of it. A gentleman of Boston had a valuable horse, which had but this one defect: he would not pass over a bridge. His owner, for some equally good reason, had an invincible dislike to driving through Roxbury; and those who know Boston as it was, know that it was literally "Neck or nothing" if you wanted to go out of the city by land travel. In his dilemma he consulted the judge as to how he should advertise so as to avoid liability on the warranty. He stated the case. Quietly, without moving a muscle, save that almost imperceptible twinkle at the corner of the eye which we knew so well, the judge said, "Put it just as usual: 'To be sold for no fault, but because the owner wishes to leave town.'"

Apropos of leaving: It was another legal luminary, farther down State street, who was once importuned, in his office, by the agent of a religious paper. The counselor-at-law was a Churchman, and the paper was the diocesan organ, so that the agent felt that he was on ground that, if not good, ought to be cultivated. He began by asking a year's subscription—then six months'—then three months'. To all which Mr. ——— replied: "No, sir; I do not wish the paper." "But," said the pertinacious advocate, holding his ground in spite of symptoms of rising wrath, "I'm sure you'll like it if you will only read it. Just let me leave a few copies with you?" "Leave nothing, sir!" thundered S——, in his most impressive jury voice; "leave nothing, sir—but this office."

There were, if there are not now, witty men among the clergy. Clerical jokes, somehow, have a freedom which does not tell well in lay repetition; and though we know some capital *ana*, we will not produce them here.

But there were merchants quite up to their legal cousins in sharpness of repartee. It was a Boston banker who was walking with his son in the neighbor-

hood of Somerville Asylum—the great private lunatic hospital. Cræsus, Jr., looked up at the blank windows a while, and then said; “Father, why don’t we ever see any faces at the windows?” “Don’t you know, Bob? It’s because their heads are all turned.”

As for the medical men, do we not all know, and have we not laughed over, him who “never dares to write as funny as he can?” Yet, if he supplies fine gold for the *Oceanic Miscellany*, he also drops pearls and diamonds for his friends’ behoof. Phi Beta Kappa can tell of good things of old, in the palmy days of Præside Quincy, when reporters were jealously excluded, and the fun never got into the papers. It was a close corporation of wit and eloquence and scholarship—the academic *élite* of Harvard, and out of these the picked men, who were warranted to be as crisp as a salad and as effervescent as champagne. That day is over. Alumni has taken the wind out of its sails, and the doors are no longer sealed to all but the wearers of the mystic ribbon. However, the habit of saying good things clings to some of the old heroes yet. The other day died a prominent citizen, who left a legacy to erect a monument to the discovery of anæsthetic agents. You see they appreciate science at the “Hub!” This revived the old battle: Was it Morton, was it Jackson, who first found out the use of chloroform? There has always been a row upon this point—a feud like that of Bianchi and Neri—unappeasable and undying. The doctor was applied to in the dilemma. Who should have a statue? “Perfectly simple,” said he. “One pedestal! Two statues! Morton here! Jackson there! Underneath the simple inscription, ‘To Ether!’”

As for the literary men, the clever sayings they don’t say are not worth saying. They will appropriate—“the wise ‘convey’ it calls”—any orphan jokelet, and not only utter it, but, by dint of good dressing-up, make it their own. It is reported of Hosea Bigelow that he could make a pun four deep. Some of his best things are too good to be

laughed at: they only tickle one all over. If it were not H. B., who was it who did eminent justice to the late Prohibitory excitement in Boston? At the Parker House the law against drinking at the bar was evaded by half-hour leaseings of a room at the top of the hotel. The thirsty soul received the key of No. 999, went to his room, and, as guest, called for all he wanted. This was well known—better known than liked, as far as the teetotalers were concerned. Some Anti-prohibitionist was arguing the question rather excitedly. “Look here,” said he; “don’t you see how hard it is? Here is a merchant from St. Louis, comes on here, and is very busy all the morning running about, and at noon he is faint and wants a biscuit and a glass of wine. Now, what are you to say to him?” “Say? Why say, ‘Fils de St. Louis, montez au ciel!’”

If H. B. or T. A. did not say this, there is a third man somewhere about the Common who needs to be looked after.

We distinctly wish it understood that the above are not especial instances of Bostonian wit and humor. Their value, as representative specimens, depends on this, that they be, as they have been here, picked up at random. We wish to prove that there is an atmosphere of culture, a sunshine of *esprit*, which goes far to neutralize the chilliness of Boston east winds and the frigidity of Boston manners. Society in that capital is not made up of boys and girls, or of petroleum millionaires. It sparkles with other diamonds than can be bought at Tiffany’s, and it has been wont to confer other crowns than can be obtained in the dry-goods market.

It may lack ease and breadth, but it does not lack energy and sincerity. It is not stifled in a hide-bound conservatism, or driven about by whiffing winds of fashion. These sayings are the recreations of men who work hard and to a purpose; and we do say this, that the writer who gets the literary verdict of Boston generally gets the appreciation of the fairest-minded community of thinkers to which he can anywhere appeal.

FROM THE WOODS.

Why should I, with a mournful, morbid spleen,
Lament that here, in this half-desert scene,
My lot is placed?

At least the poet-winds are bold and loud—
At least the sunset glorifies the cloud,
And forests old and proud
Rustle their verdurous banners o'er the waste.

Perchance 'tis best that I, whose Fate's eclipse
Seems final—I, whose sluggish life-wave slips
Languid away—
Should here, within these lowly walks, apart
From the fierce throbbings of the populous mart,
Commune with mine own heart,
While Wisdom blooms from buried Hope's decay.

Nature, though wild her forms, sustains me still;
The founts are musical—the barren hill
Glow with strange lights;
Through solemn pine-groves the small rivulets fleet
Sparkling, as if a Naiad's silvery feet,
In quick and coy retreat,
Glanced through the star-gleams on calm summer nights;

And the great sky, the royal heaven above,
Darkens with storms or melts in hues of love;
While far remote,
Just where the sunlight smites the woods with fire,
Wakens the multitudinous sylvan choir;
Their innocent love's desire
Poured in a rill of song from each harmonious throat.

My walls are crumbling, but immortal looks
Smile on me here from faces of rare books:
Shakespeare consoles
My heart with true philosophies; a balm
Of spiritual dew from humbler song or psalm
Fills me with tender calm,
Or through awed heavens of soul Milton's deep thunder rolls!

And more than all, o'er shattered wrecks of Fate,
The relics of a happier time and state,
My nobler Life
Shines on unquenched! O deathless love that lies
In the clear midnight of those passionate eyes!
Joy waneth! Fortune flies!
What then? Thou still art here, soul of my soul! my Wife!

OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

"NAPOLEON! Sun, of whom I am the Memnon!" sings Victor Hugo. In these days it seems as though DANTE were acting the part of a sun in waking the poets into song. Not only has Longfellow devoted years of his life to the translation of the *Divina Commedia* (years, alas! that might have given us a second *Evangeline* or a new *Miles Standish*), but he has written numerous sonnets, having for their subject the great Florentine and his works. Parsons' "Lines on a Bust of Dante" are another testimony to the general appreciation of his genius in our time; and the interest felt in this poet is still further shown in the two poems of which translations are subjoined—the first from the French of Victor Hugo, the latter from the German of Emanuel Geibel, both having for their subject the bard of the *Divina Commedia*. They are from the graceful pen of Mrs. R. M. Hooper of this city, and are now published for the first time:

LINES WRITTEN ON A BLANK LEAF OF
A COPY OF THE DIVINA COMMEDIA.

He passed at twilight hour my steps before,
Draped in the garb the Roman Consuls wore;
Black seemed its folds beneath the twilight skies.
This passer stopped, and fixed on me his eyes:
So bright, so deep, half savage seemed their ray.
He said: "First, in the ages passed away,
I was a mountain tow'ring to the stars;
Then burst my blinded soul its prison bars,
I rose one step on Being's mighty stair.
I was an oak—had altars, priests and prayer,
And to the winds I made mysterious moan.
A lion next was I, in deserts lone,
Speaking to Night in accents fierce as flame.
I am a man now—Dante is my name."

VICTOR HUGO.

The following translation is particularly happy:

Through the streets of fair Verona once alone great
Dante went,
When the bard of Florence wandered from his land in
banishment;

And it chanced a little maiden, as he passed, the poet
spied;
And she spake thus to her sister who was sitting by her
side:

"Sister, look, there goes that Dante who descended
into hell;

On his dusky brow are written gloom and horror—
mark him well.

"In that city of the torments he has seen such anguish
sore

That an inward terror holds him, and he smileth
nevermore."

Dante heard and turned toward her—from his lips
these accents fell:

"To forget the trick of smiling I need no descent to
hell.

"All the suff'ring I depicted—every torment, every
wound—

Here upon this earth already, ay, in Florence, I have
found."

EMANUEL GEIBEL.

The elevation of a literary man to the most exalted station that can be occupied by a subject is an event of such unusual occurrence in England as to have allayed, for a moment, the passions of party spirit, and secured for the fortunately-placed individual the felicitations and congratulations of even his most violent opponents. When Mr. Disraeli "kissed hands" upon his appointment as first minister of the Crown, the ceremony was performed with the acquiescence, if not with the warm approval, of all classes. Englishmen, of every shade of politics, could not but feel a certain satisfaction at beholding him who, for a generation, had fought with unfaltering courage against fearful odds, at length obtaining the object of his ambition and hopes. The Radicals looked upon the elevation of a commoner as a triumph for democracy; the Conservatives regarded it as the legitimate reward for the vast services he had rendered their party in times of adversity; men of letters, English and foreign, considered it in the light of a personal triumph: there were none to lament that a man had been found capable of forcing his way, by virtue of his intellect, from a solicitor's office to a position which enables him to create earls and dukes, "and a' that," to nominate governors of vast provinces, and to regulate the policy of the fore-

most nation of Europe. Immediately upon Mr. Disraeli's appointment a number of literary men formed themselves into a committee for the purpose of doing him honor. They intended to invite him to a public dinner, at which they would offer him their congratulations on his accession to the Premiership; but the Right Honorable gentleman having already promised to preside at the next annual dinner of the Royal Literary Fund, they have decided to combine and render the approaching festival of that society one "of unusual brilliancy." There can be no denying that Disraeli is a literary man, and that, as he has himself avowed, he was at one time "a gentleman of the press;" but, on a review of his career, we fail to see the ground upon which men of letters base their conceit that the success of the author of "Vivian Grey" is, in any respect, the success of literature. Disraeli is essentially a politician, and has triumphed in spite of his early reputation as a writer. Indeed, his brilliant romances acted as impediments to his upward progress, and it is well known that the author had to outlive their effect before he could establish himself as a politician in the eyes of a generation which declined to see that a writer of fiction could be, also, a successful statesman. He undoubtedly deserves the palm he bears, and none who have watched his course will be surprised at the high reward he has earned.

The Roman Catholic clergy of Ireland have almost unanimously opposed the Fenian movement from its very beginning, although for so doing they have frequently been bitterly denounced by many of the lay members of their Church. That the spirit which animated them, however, was not anti-Irish, but merely anti-Fenian, and that they are not only willing, but anxious, to foster a properly-planned patriotic association, is shown in a remarkable letter recently written by the Very Rev. Dr. O'Brien, Catholic Dean of Limerick, to the London *Morning Star*. The Dean states that, unless justice be speedily done to

Ireland, of which he entertains no hope, a universal agitation will be organized for a repeal of the union and the restoration of the Irish Parliament. "Every nook and corner," he writes, "will have its association: every hamlet will have its leader. . . . Men of mark will be forthcoming, and the clergy, who have hitherto kept back the people, will urge them onward; while the supreme direction of the movement will be in the keeping of sound judges of the boundaries of prudence and forbearance." The Dean speaks authoritatively, and says that everything has been arranged and all responsibilities carefully considered, and that the movement will make itself felt in Europe.

In her *Pen Photographs of Charles Dickens' Readings*—a sparkling if too eulogistic criticism, published in pamphlet form in Boston—Miss Kate Field presents the reader who has not heard him with a vivid picture of Mr. Dickens' recent entertainments. Her description of the novelist's voice in reading is capital, and her manner of representing it on irregular lines is a true photograph. It is a veritable outline drawing of the cockney rising and falling in Mr. Dickens' voice. In the Jack Hopkins' necklace story this rising inflection is extremely effective. But those who have since heard Mrs. Kemble's readings—the greatest intellectual treat ever vouchsafed to an American audience—will recognize the deficiency in Mr. Dickens' style. His broad humor is very good: his pathos wretched and stagey. It is with his reading as with his writing. His Wellers, Micawbers, Crummeleses, Peggottys, Nippers and Marigolds are excellent. Their author is perfectly at home with them, and his pen-pencil flows over the page with cleverness and skill; but when Mr. Dickens approaches a higher and more refined sphere of life in his works, he fails. His caricatures of the bench, the bar, the pulpit and the drawing-room are forced and unnatural. There is no life in them, and his society-pictures pale before those of his equally distinguished contemporary, Thackeray.

Neither author is a man of the first order of genius—both are remarkable representative men. It is reported that Miss Field's *Pen Photographs* are to be republished in England with illustrations.

... We are indebted to the London *Athenæum* for the information that, at a meeting of the Royal Society of Literature, January 22d, Dr. C. M. Ingleby read a paper "On some traces of the authorship of the works of Shakespeare," in which, while rejecting the theory which has been from time to time put forward, *i. e.*, that Lord Bacon and other great writers of the Elizabethan age were the real authors of many of the plays bearing the name of Shakespeare, he showed that Shakespeare was unquestionably indebted to a greater extent than is generally supposed to the early Elizabethan drama, of which only a few relics have come down to our time.

... A novel in a hundred and six volumes is a novelty indeed. In Trübner's valuable *Literary Record* we find, in a list of Japanese works, "transliterated into English and described by a Japanese gentleman now residing in London," the following: "Hatchi-Kenden: A biographical novel, containing the Exploits of Eight Heroes. This is simply fiction, but contains some very delightful and also some sorrowful tales. Written by Kiyote Bakin, a good writer; in 106 vols. The first volumes were published in 1814, but the whole was only completed in 1852. Printed at Yeddo. 8vo. boards; £15.15." It must be admitted that the *Grand Cyrus* and *Clarissa Harlowe* are completely overshadowed by a novel which is thirty-eight years in going through the press.

... A periodical—started last year in London, and entitled *The Friends' Quarterly Examiner: a religious, social and miscellaneous review, conducted by members of the Society of Friends*—contains some interesting papers. It appears that in 1866 the total number of members of the Society in Great Britain was 13,786, and that 3582, not in membership, were habitual attenders of meetings for worship. There had been, since 1861, an increase of 392 of the latter

class, and a decrease in the number of members of fifty-eight. It is doubtful whether history can supply a parallel case where so small a body of men has exerted so great a moral and religious influence as the Quakers have in time past.

At the London Yearly Meeting, last year, two Friends from the United States were present, who testified that in every Yearly Meeting in America, Friends who use stimulants as an ordinary beverage are rendered amenable to the discipline of the Society, and that none who do so would be received into membership. The subject of inculcating total abstinence from intoxicating liquors was discussed; but it was found that the London Yearly Meeting was not yet prepared to go so far. In another point the English Quakers are now less strict than those of America. Marriage is allowed between a member and one not in the Society, but who "professes with it"—that is, who attends meetings. Moreover, according to the Rev. Dr. John Cunningham's recent book, entitled, *The Quakers*, Friends in England are no longer questioned about the cut or color of their garments or the grammatical structure of their sentences.

... It is well known that the literature of Quakerism is voluminous, but few would be prepared to learn that a mere list of Friends' books would occupy more than two thousand pages. Yet such is the case. We have before us Joseph Smith's Descriptive Catalogue of works written by members of the Society of Friends, in two large octavo volumes, just issued in London. The titles of George Fox's writings, together with some explanatory matter, occupy no less than sixty pages!

The subject of "Women's Rights" is one now often debated, and it is surprising how much may be said on both sides of it. In our last number one view of the question was presented in a paper entitled "Womanhood and Chivalry in America:" in the present issue will be found a review of Gail Hamilton's *Woman's Wrongs*, which looks at the

subject from the point of view of many women whose views are entitled to respect. In endeavoring to hold the balance between the arguments urged on the two sides of this difficult question, it should be borne in mind that the sensible, if unromantic, doctrine of the equality under all circumstances of woman with man is one peculiarly American, and that it is to be contrasted, not only with the Continental practice which makes a divinity of woman in youth, but consigns her to drudgery in maturity and obliteration in age, but with the Oriental theory that she is simply a slave.

Inasmuch as the tendency of modern thought is clearly in the direction of giving to women more scope for their energies, and even of granting them a voice in the making of laws by which they are bound, it is worth while to glance at a case where the experiment has already been tried. Among the Quakers the separate meetings for discipline (as they are called) of men and of women form a veritable legislature, the two bodies agreeing or disagreeing on matters of business precisely like the two houses of Congress. The system has worked well, practically, for two hundred years. A perfect equality between the sexes exists also in the matter of preaching and praying in public. Moreover, when members of the Society of Friends marry, the bride does not promise to *obey*, but simply to be to her husband "a faithful and loving wife." A Quakeress, however, remarked to us in a sad voice the other day: "It is true I did not promise to obey when I was married; but I might as well, for I have had to do it!"

The laws securing their own property to married women, which have recently been passed in various States, are a step in the right direction; but, after all, the hardship of the present state of things lies mainly in the fact that unmarried women, who perform precisely the same work as men in many cases, cannot earn a decent support for themselves. It is to this point that the attention of reformers should first be turned.

The *Courrier des Etats Unis* of March 2d remarks, under the head of its Paris news, that M. Charles Coligny has recently published an historical article in the *Gazette des Etrangers*, in which he reminds the public that the publication of the posthumous Memoirs of M. de Talleyrand should be made on or after May 17th next. The prince died on May 17, 1838. In his will the following passage occurs: "My Memoirs, which have been written for a long time, but which I desire not to be published until thirty years after my death, will explain to posterity my conduct during the tempest of the Revolution." The curiosity with which the work in question was regarded by those of M. de Talleyrand's generation who survived him may be judged from the remark of an eminent Philadelphian, who died recently at an advanced age, that one of his reasons for desiring to live a few years longer was to be enabled to read these Memoirs.

Our Paris correspondent writes:

The expression "well dressed" is unfortunately ill-adapted to the present style of ball costume: "well *undressed*" is more appropriate, for the body is so low that the description of "un corsage qui commence à peine et finit de suite" conveys the best notion of the scant covering. As for sleeves, they have entirely passed out of vogue: a strand of jewels, or a ribbon, or a *ruche* replaces the shoulder-band and forms the link which holds the bodice together. I am not exaggerating for the sake of making a paragraph, but transcribing what we nightly see in the opera houses as well as in the salons—not only among the denizens of the *demi-monde*, but in that other *monde* of aristocratic women, who, at least by family and position, have a pretension to morality. I grieve to say that many of our beautiful countrywomen have fallen into all these excesses and caprices of the modes, and have gained a popularity in *le grande monde*, by a lavish outlay in luxuries, wild extravagance in dress and loose recklessness of manners, which classes them with the *fastest of lionnes*. The kind of admiration excited by these vagaries and eccentricities was well expressed by a member of the club most frequented by

the young noblesse, who exclaimed, after a discussion upon the charms of the belles of the last fête: "Ce sont de bonnes filles les Américaines; on peut leur parler comme au corps de garde!"—an expression of good fellowship scarcely applicable to those who ought to have the tone of modest maidens. But to these strictures on my countrywomen let me do them the justice to add that this recklessness of manners and expression has not yet extended to morals; and I only desire to give them a word of warning in repeating what took place in the hearing of an elderly French gentleman, who, in repeating the *propos*, expressed his regret that the American women should have lost the well-deserved reputation for dignity and refinement which a few years back distinguished "*la femme Américaine*" in Parisian society.

It is almost impossible to give an idea of the richness of the present style of costume. Stuffs of all sorts—velvets, satins, brocades, tulles and crapes—are laden with gold. On a late occasion one of these fabulously beautiful tissues reminded me of a description given by Madame de Sévigné of a robe worn by Madame de Montespan: "D'or sur or, rebordé d'or, et par-dessus un or frisé, rebordé d'un or mêlé avec un certain or qui fait la plus divine étoffe qui jamais ait été imaginée." We are startled at the amount of money lavished on a costume: the minimum is very often ten thousand francs. We know of a fine *marquise* to whom her milliner proposed to appear at a fête *travestie* as the Bois de Boulogne (somewhat difficult to conceive, represented in gauze and silk) at the moderate expense of 30,000 francs! Another *grande dame* of the Imperial circle, attired as Venus, only required 25,000 francs for the silk and satin appurtenances, but the doves on her shoulders, to be formed of diamonds, would have exhausted for two years the rental of a Rothschild. The characteristics of the *bal costumé* now differ, in some respects, from the masking of olden times. National costumes are out of vogue: we rarely see in the brilliant balls either Greeks, or Poles, or Chinese: the Imperial *régime* has introduced a more poetic and imaginative style of disguising one's individuality. The ambition of modern ducs and duchesses is not to appear as heroes and heroines of historic renown, but to represent gods and goddesses and fairies, buds and blossoms from the garden, starry constellations from the celestial world. The French love for the *diabolique* is not forgotten, and some dive into

the deep *inferno*, and are arrayed in less gaudy and more sombre attire, and the other various fanciful conceits that make mantuamaking and tailoring, for the moment, an effort of the imagination as well as an ingenious piece of handiwork.

The only novelty in the fashion of dress is the change in the coiffure: from hanging low on the neck it has mounted upward, and is now perched on the summit of the head. A lively *chroniqueuse* gives the following amusing advice on the subject, and I transcribe it for the benefit of your lady readers: "One general receipt, somewhat in the style adopted in cookery-books, may be given: Take as much hair as you can, either in the shape of curls, bows, frizzed chignons or otherwise (as yet, hair of the same color as your own is preferred); arrange it in a confused mass as high on the head as you can, and you can then add as much gold or silver or steel ornaments, or diamonds, or, in fact, anything shining, as you can lay your hands on, and you will not be far out of the fashion."

The numerous services in the churches are attended during Lent by crowds of worshipers, and the exertions of many women of rank and high position, as well as those of the middle classes, redouble in behalf of the suffering. The French proverb tells us that every *médaille* has its *revers*; and if on one side of the present *médaille* we decipher wealth and all its accompanying luxury, on the other we read images of long faces—moaning inscriptions of dear bread and but little work (the oft-repeated tale), "for the poor are always with us," even in our brilliant Paris, from which—if the stranger judged by its outward aspect—he would suppose that poverty, illness, and death, too, had been banished to less-favored lands. All Parisian women, fortunately, do not pass their time either in dancing or toiletting: a goodly number of the highest in the land occupy many spare hours with the charitable works in which Paris abounds.

Within the last two years no fewer than twenty-three butcher-shops for the sale of horse-flesh have been established in Paris. Whilst beef is at twenty sous the pound, and twenty sous so scarce, any substitute at three or four sous will be eagerly accepted. But in spite of the well-meant efforts of those who attempt to introduce the taste for "Hippocreas" (as it is classically styled) at better tables, the bourgeois prefers his old-fashioned *pot-au-feu* and the *bouillie* to "le consommé de cheval à l'A. B. C."—the "Saucissons de

cheval aux pistaches Syriaques"—"les petits pâtés à la moelle Bucéphalé," the "Mayonnaises de hemoral à l'huile Rosinanté"—"les feuillantes aux pommes des Hespérides," etc., etc., or to any other of the dishes, with high-sounding names, concocted out of *la viande de cheval*.

Dr. F. Garrigon has lately published the results of an exploration of one of the caves of the South of France, and has made some developments tending to throw more light on the natural history of pre-historic man. The cavern explored is known as the "Grotte de la Vache," and is situated a short distance south-east of Tarascon, in the department of Bouches-du-Rhône. The usual accumulation of bones of mammals and fishes, together with shells, was found, associated with implements similar in character to those observed in other caves of the reindeer age. There were also found some interesting examples of pre-historic art. The specimens of bone, numbered 1, 2 and 4, in M. Garrigon's collection, exhibit designs. The drawing on the first represents the head of a cetacean, probably a walrus; and this, together with the presence of a large number of marine shells, among which occur *Pecten jacobus* and some other species, leads our author to the conclusion that these mountaineers had constant and easy communication with the sea-shore, and, also, that the climate of the South of France at that day was similar in temperature to that prevailing at the present day in the Scandinavian islands, upon the borders of which the walrus and other cetaceans now live.

We cannot help thinking that this conclusion has been too hastily arrived at; for the only shell specifically indicated as having been found in the cave under consideration—the *Pecten jacobus*—is essentially and entirely a tropical and sub-tropical species, not found at present even as far north as the northern coast of France, much less on the borders of Scandinavia. But the fact of a tracing of a walrus head having been found in the South of France cannot be taken as conclusive evidence of the existence of a cold climate so far

south at that time, even when the supposition is strengthened by the presence of reindeer bones in the same locality. Admitting that the walrus could not live at that time in the waters of the Mediterranean Sea or the central Atlantic Ocean, if the temperature were as it is at present—which we think is not by any means proven—it is but reasonable to suppose that the inhabitants of that region had communication with their northern neighbors, and consequently might have obtained those figures from that source. If we reject this supposition, we must suppose that a shell which is at present tropical then existed in an arctic or sub-arctic region, or was obtained by intercourse with a people of a much more southern latitude, which certainly does not at all lessen the difficulty.

To specimens Nos. 3 and 5 our author invites special attention. After submitting them to the inspection of those competent to judge of their character, he confesses that they still remain to him an enigma. One of them contains signs exactly similar to those engraved upon a slab of bone found in a cavern of the reindeer period at Massat, about one hundred and forty-eight miles distant. The coincidence of these two specimens, containing what seems to be identical arbitrary signs and occurring in situations so far apart, is certainly curious. Had this series of signs a conventional value? Are we to regard them as the germs of a written language far more ancient than that received from Asia? Prof. Van Beneden, describing a similar specimen from near Dinant, in Belgium, says of the signs, that "they might well be writing." Perhaps further investigation will throw additional light upon this matter, which is certainly worthy of attention.

... At a meeting of the Academy of Natural Sciences of this city, held March 24th, Prof. Edward D. Cope exhibited and made some remarks upon the remains of a huge fossil reptile from the cretaceous formation near Fort Wallace, Kansas. The specimens were obtained by Dr. Theophilus H. Turner, and for-

warded by him to the Academy at the suggestion of Dr. John L. Le Conte of this city. The bones were found imbedded in a bluish clay, containing a large quantity of gypsum, the surface of the specimens being, also, in many places, converted into the same substance. Although the whole skeleton has not yet been received, sufficient material has been examined to indicate clearly the character of the animal. It was a marine reptile, at least forty feet long, related to the Plesiosaurs, but differing from them in generic and probably in family characters. Prof. Cope proposes for this creature, which throws the fabled dragon of the fairy tales into the shade, the name of *Elasmosaurus platyurus*. It possessed a tail of great length, which was elevated, compressed and adapted for sculling the ponderous body through the water: the limbs were disproportionately small.

Professor Cope presented over one thousand specimens of teeth of forty distinct species of fossil sharks, found in the miocene deposits of Charles co., Md. When we consider the large quantity of animal food necessary to support these creatures, we cannot but feel astonished at the manner in which the seas of that remote period were filled with life.

... Prof. Oswald Heer, of Zurich, has published the results of his researches into the primeval flora of Greenland in the *Archives des Sciences Physiques*. He shows that in the miocene period the polar regions were covered with great forests of various trees, including four species of the largest trees in the world, of which two only survive—the *Sequoia sempervirens* and *S. gigantea*, of California. The beech, the oak, the plane and the poplar abounded, together with vines, ivy, shrubs and ferns; and these forests extended to the lands bordering on the Pole, if not to the very Pole itself. The question naturally arises, To what causes is the change of climate owing?

It is with sincere regret that we record the death of Mr. E. H. Butler, pub-

lisher, of this city. Mr. Butler, whose ancestors were among the early settlers of New England, may be said to have been born in a book-store. His father, Simeon Butler, of Northampton, Mass., was himself a publisher and paper-maker. The son, having acquired a knowledge of the book business, first under his brother, J. H. Butler, in Northampton, and afterward as clerk successively to Mr. Marshall, in Philadelphia, and the Appletons, in New York, went into business here on his own account in 1836. With considerable knowledge of literature, of agreeable manners, and possessing great conversational powers, Mr. Butler's most striking characteristic was his indomitable energy and force of will. He died on the 27th March, in the fifty-fifth year of his age.

The Public School system of Philadelphia has received a thorough overhauling, as is evident from the recent able "Report of the Committee on Revision of Studies," of which Edward Armstrong, Esq., is chairman—a reform which has not come too soon, if the complaints which have reached us are correct. The concluding reflections are worth quoting:

Those who now fill our schools will soon fill our places. Upon the thoroughness with which we discharge our official obligation must measurably depend the future welfare of this community. The greater, therefore, the need of zeal and watchfulness, when so many look with indifference, and others with even an unfriendly eye, upon the whole scheme of public education—who would, indeed, rejoice in its destruction, and with reluctance pay a tax which, of those levied upon our heavily-burdened property-holders, must, in the end, of all investments prove the best—one which, if slow in yielding its full fruits, shall as surely do so as the sun will shine; securing for us, and those who shall succeed us, the benefit of a good government, the protection of the rights of property, and the continuance of the blessings of freedom.

The education of eighty thousand children—eighty full regiments!—is a great undertaking, but the laborious efforts of the new Controllers have resulted in wholesome and far-reaching

reforms, from which our State and city are destined, in the future, to reap good fruit. It is curious, by the way, to compare the schools of the present day with those of the twelfth century in England. From the "Forewords" of the new volume of the publications of the Early English Text Society, entitled *Manners and Meals in Olden Time*, it appears that anciently "on Shrove-Tuesday each boy brought his fighting cock to his master, and they had a cock-fight all morning in the school-room!" *E pur si muove.*

... *Our Boys' Monthly School Report* is the title of a periodical conducted by the members of Broad Street Academy, a private school of this city. It is a quarto of eight pages, in which are printed essays and miscellaneous contributions by the students and their teachers. It is, we believe, the only journal of the kind in this country—perhaps in the world; and is well calculated to stimulate the scholars to excellence in the art of expressing their thoughts on paper.

Such a serial would be useful in the school where the following composition, which we take from the *Presbyterian*, was recently read:

Dogs is usefuller as cats. Mice is afear'd of cats. They bite 'em. Dogs follers boys and catches a hog by the ear. Hogs rarely bite. Sheep bite people. People eat hogs but not the Jews, as they and other animals that doesn't chew the cud isn't clean ones. Dogs sum times git hit with boot jacks for barking of nites. Sleepy people git mad and throw at 'em. Dogs is the best animal for man; they do more for man than grown'd hogs or koons or gotes. Gotes smell. The end.

This interesting paper illustrates Artemus Ward's remark: "How hard it is to write good!" The author is a close observer, and has presented a large number of facts in natural history in a small compass; but his lucubration is open to the same objection as the speeches of Davy Crockett. That go-ahead individual, it will be remembered, used to

write out his orations for the press, and then hand them over to a friend with the request that he would "put the grammar into them!"

The following has been sent in anonymously:

SHE.

Being a woman, I look at the men, and when I can, I listen to them, and have observed, that when two or more of them are together in conversation, the word most in use with them is the little one, "*She*."

When I first discovered this how gratifying it was to my vanity! "Such," I said to myself, "is the influence of my sex! Well may the poets sing the charms of female society, &c., &c."

But, alas! by persevering in my pleasant little habit of listening, I found out by degrees that "*She*" does not by any means always indicate a creature in a silk dress.

"*She*" may designate

A Watch.

A Locomotive.

A piece of Brass or Lead Pipe.

A Boat.

A Hose Carriage.

A Clock.

A Turning Lathe.

A Pulley.

A Cart Wheel.

Being outside a blacksmith's shop, I once heard a young man address another with the ominous words, "*She's* dead." "Poor fellow!" thought I, "he has lost a wife or mother, or perhaps a sweetheart. Let me stop, perhaps I can hear more." I did hear more, enough to show me that the "*She*" in question was the fire, which had gone out!

MR. EDITOR:

Can you tell me where the following passage occurs? It runs something in this wise:

"Grand, gloomy and peculiar, he sat upon a throne, a sceptred hermit, wrapped in the solitude of his own originality."

Respectfully, A. T.

It has reference to the first Napoleon, and was uttered by Charles Phillips. See *Speeches of Phillips, Curran and Grantan*, p. 134.

LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

Woman's Wrongs. A Counter-Irritant. By Gail Hamilton. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 12mo. pp. 212.

When, several years ago, a brilliant essayist appeared in the field of literature, the reading public opened its eyes in dubious astonishment, and predicted a speedy extinguishment—arguing, probably, from the saying that "All that's bright must fade." But the years have thus far revealed in her too much of the glitter of the real gem for us to prophesy any very near lapse into darkness.

A writer who possesses the rare power of uttering old truths in a charming and unique way is one not easily to be relinquished by readers generally; and Gail Hamilton is peculiarly one who will be read, even by those who are diametrically opposed to her views, because of the exhilarating, champagne way in which they are presented. And her sentences usually leave behind a flavor much more enduring than that of champagne, for the effervescence of her style conceals a substance that deserves to be digested at leisure. Only the superficial reader could turn her pages and not see that they hold more than a surface sparkle.

If she scatters her seeds with a marvelously debonair air—as if she were sowing some quickly perishing blossom—she has, nevertheless, much good seed in that attractive hand of hers. Some of these germs may indeed be but those of a sort of brilliant chaff, but we can easily forgive that in one who does not pretend to a ponderous style, wherein no word shall be written lightly. If, at first sight, she sometimes seems inconsequent, she rarely is so, and we follow up the vein she has opened, and triumph with her in her evident exultation over the ore she has found.

It is much to find a writer so healthful, so free from morbid tendencies, in these days of strained intensity. It is high praise to say that one can hardly rise from a perusal of any book of hers without experiencing something of the sensation caused by pure air, by the unclouded blue of country skies. She so mingles the ludicrous with the earnest that she cannot cease to be entertaining, and in *Woman's Wrongs* is generally convincing.

Beneath her skillful arrows, Rev. John

Todd, who has been guilty of an intensified manlike view of woman's rights, stands transpierced from top to toe; and, unfortunately for that gentleman, his most deadly wounds are caused apparently by the effect of the passages quoted from his own pen. We have not read his essays, thus reviewed by Gail Hamilton, but she has transcribed enough of them to show plainly that he was an obvious target for any markswoman. Few, however, would have made him suffer quite so severely as this author has done, and the reader is divided between pity for him and admiration for the reviewer. The first portions of the book are devoted to talk concerning Dr. Todd's essays, prefaced by an apology, in which she says that she should not have presumed to touch upon a topic so exhaustively discussed, had not the acclamations from religious and secular journals upon the appearance of Dr. Todd's book incited her to argument.

There are in many places of her book such earnest and fervid paragraphs as go far beyond the phrases of her extravagant moods—that make us forget the mirth-provoking author of the Halicarnassus episodes, in the presence of her noble sincerity and fearlessness. A sincere protest is always to be admired. "A gospel that preaches masculine self-gratification as manly religion—the lowest womanly subserviency to man as the sole womanly way of doing God service—is not the boon of every day, nor to be lightly let slip." It is not to be wondered at that she breaks forth into such exclamations, in view of the way in which Dr. Todd handles the great subject of woman's work and sphere. There is a supercilious air of gallantry, an almost incredible superficialness in the remarks of her opponent, that assuredly would not render him a "foeman worthy of her steel," had it not been, as she says, that so large a proportion of periodicals admired and agreed with him.

In her own spirited way she demolishes his argument, that because women are not inventors they shall not be allowed to vote, by very pertinently asking, "What connection is there between invention and woman's rights? Shall Dr. Todd be disfranchised because he is not an inventor?"

The absurd idea so prevalent among men,

that "what women want is to be men," is treated with the scorn so rapid a thought merits. The writer makes plain the sum and substance of every sensible woman's desire—that she shall have free access to whatever occupation God and nature have fitted her for; in other words, to that work to which an overpowering instinct calls her, whether it be preaching, trading or housekeeping. The author's idea is, that only the most superficial thinker can for a moment suppose a refined and educated woman would choose for her work anything coarse and unfitted for her, simply because she has the privilege of choice. It is the pet fear of many masculine writers on this subject that women who were everything delicate and beautiful formerly will immediately become like the wrangling rabble if they are vested with the ballot or with the independence of man in choice of work.

We cannot quote at length, but it can be very easily imagined what is Gail Hamilton's reply to such sentences as these: "The great error of our day is that woman is to be made self-supporting." Of course this phrase throws out of thought or question the thousands whom circumstances force to be self-supporting or to die.

Concerning woman's voting, she asks: "So, when it is said that voting is out of the woman's sphere, will any one be so good as to tell us what it is that is out of her sphere—the possession or the expression of political opinion? But possession, as we have seen, she already holds. Wives, mothers, daughters, who discharge with fidelity every domestic and social duty, are conversant with national and international affairs." "The ballot neither elevates nor depresses. It takes its character from its possessor."

Having proved to her own satisfaction, and certainly to that of many of her readers, that the right of suffrage belongs to woman in the same measure as to man, and that the exercising of that right is powerless to change her nature, the author goes on to say that she thinks female suffrage would not untangle the snarl of work and wages; that the "volume of the vote would be increased, but its proportion not affected," for the reason that the men and women of a family are usually of the same political opinion. Humiliatingly true in many cases is her assertion that women are not more ready than men to do justice to women.

In consideration of such ideas, it would be her choice to "change the basis of suffrage by restricting it among men, rather than extending it indiscriminately to women."

She acknowledges that it is easier to tear down than to build up, and the fact is evident in the feeling of dissatisfaction with which the latter half of her book is perused. Having granted so much in the preceding pages, we are led to expect and to hope that she would deem the exercising of that which she has proved to be a right would result in some improvement in the remuneration awarded to women—would at least let a ray of light into the darkness of that problem of wages.

We are not of those who believe, as the author says some do, that the ballot is a talisman that would be the open sesame to all places of emolument; but we certainly have faith enough in feminine human nature to expect from it an appreciation of the possession of such a right, and in time an approximation to a correct use of it. Herein, it appears, the writer reasons narrowly, and in striking contradiction to her liberal thoughts.

There is much justice in her restrictions upon the ballot; and she condemns in telling language the present laws, which allow the utterly ignorant the same privilege as the intelligent, and says:

"Surely in a country like ours inability to read and write is as strong presumptive evidence of incompetency to exercise the right of suffrage as the fact of being only twenty years old."

But her suggestion regarding property suffrage is so utterly at variance with all principles of real republicanism that it has not the usual ring of its authorship. Better is this sentence, containing an idea that would go far to make a model country: "I would have the ballot made a noble and desirable possession—a sign of sagacity, of ability, of worth—something to be striven for—a guerdon as well as a power."

But, leaving all matter of voting aside, this book presents many noble thoughts, many sentences containing power to overturn all that twaddle about "dependence," "woman's greatness being only in her husband," etc., of which we hear so much. We cannot resist transcribing a few such paragraphs:

"A woman should be strong and wise and cultivated, not chiefly because she becomes thereby a better wife and mother, but because wisdom is better than folly, strength than weakness, cultivation than neglect."

Upon the subject of marriage she is equally excellent: "Its love is founded on respect, and increases self-respect at the very moment of merging self in another. Its love is mutual, equally giving and receiving at every instant of its action. There is neither dependence

nor independence, but inter-dependence." It seems strange that such expressions should be necessary, but we have only to look into any book for "young ladies" to find the cause for Gail Hamilton's forcible words. When advice shall be offered to woman as an individual soul, then books like *Woman's Wrongs* will find no sale—will be neither piquant nor just.

It has often been complained that this author uses "her pen too much as a lash"—that she is, in short, a scolding woman. Only those who have justly smarted under that lash would thus complain. Her style, even in its most ludicrous vein, is never undignified; her fault-finding is only the castigation of real faults; and in this, her last book, she has not fallen from the position gained by her peculiar powers of expression. Severe though her words have been, they have a weight in their severity which is never the attribute of "scolding," and in the wielding of that strong weapon, ridicule, few have a more skillful hand.

Lectures on the Evidences of Christianity in the Nineteenth Century. Delivered in the Mercer Street Church, New York, Jan. 21 to Feb. 21, 1867, on the "Ely Foundation" of the Union Theological Seminary. By Albert Barnes, author of "Notes on the New Testament," "Notes on the Psalms," etc., etc. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 451.

Well does the author of this volume urge that the advocates of Christianity must, for its just defence, keep themselves abreast of the intelligence of our age. Two errors may still be, as they have been, committed—one, dogmatically to resist all investigation, historical, critical or scientific, which seems to question the currently received interpretation of the Bible; the other, to yield everything to it, making religious opinion, on all sides, plastic to the fluctuating movements of scientific theory and philosophical speculation. Galileo's persecutors, and all who have wielded the *odium theologium* against geology, ethnology and archæology, have perpetrated the former; Baden Powell and other authors of the *Essays and Reviews*, and Colenso, the latter. How to keep the fair balance—studying nature, history and the written revelation as the contexts of each other, and aiming at the truth only in all—is what Mr. Barnes endeavors to show in these Lectures.

That he has done his task well, with great ability and learning, and in a very clear and vigorous style, may be said without hesitation. The "Lectures" must have delighted as well as instructed those who heard them.

But it must be added that he has not done all that was to be wished for; perhaps not quite all that was to be expected from the announcement of his theme. The best chapters in the book are those upon "Historical Evidence as Affected by Time," "Evidence of Christianity from its Propagation," "Evidence from the Personal Character and Incarnation of Christ;" and the last two lectures, on the "Adaptation of Christianity to the Wants of Man and to the World's Progress in the Nineteenth Century." To the references upon the subject of the character of Christ as a man, however, there might have been added, with advantage, that remarkable book, *Eccle Homo*. The eccentricities of the latter, and its fragmentary character, ought not to cause its great power and general truthfulness to be ignored. But the weakest parts of Mr. Barnes' disquisitions are upon the subjects of inspiration and of the present relations of science to religion. We ought to say, perhaps, that the Lectures are, upon these points, *imperfect*, rather than weak. They do not here come up to the wants of the time. On inspiration, he is most eloquent in lamentation over its difficulties. While urging, as he must, the necessity of the acceptance of inspiration by every believer in the Bible, why could not so able an author have done more? Was he withheld by his fears from declaring the Christian scholar's freedom from the shackles of that sometimes superstitious, always irrational, literalism which Origen and Chrysostom first contended against; afterward, Erasmus and Luther; later, Coleridge and many other great and good men? We might have had, at least, from Mr. Barnes, some succinct statement, like that of E. Harold Browne, D.D., in the *Aids to Faith*, of the right recognition of the human as well as of the divine element in all inspired writings. Those critical studies which have culminated in the labors of Tischendorf ought surely to have established this recognition. With this exception, the lecture of Mr. Barnes upon inspiration presents a most vigorous argument for the divine origin of the Bible, on the ground of its comparison with all pretended "book-revelations" and works of merely human authorship.

On the subject of science as related to religion, with a great deal that is true, excellently expressed and appropriate, these Lectures contain some oversights and omissions. Mr. Barnes has pinned his faith in scientific matters too absolutely to the views of Agassiz, underestimating the present importance in science of the theory of Darwin, and forget-

ting also the steady progress which Lyell's views, on the sufficiency of the gradual changes now in progress on the earth's surface to account for all that we know of its past history, have made among scientific men. Thus we find him saying (pp. 190 and 253) that "the essential fact on the subject, which no man who is properly informed will deny, and which is now stated by geologists as a part of the teaching of their science, is, that entire races were swept away, and were succeeded by others which were in no sense whatever *developments* of the former;" and "if there is any one thing now clear in the developments of geology, it is that one race was *swept off* to make way for another." Let us contrast this with Darwin's words: "From our ignorance of the geology of other countries beyond the confines of Europe and the United States, and from . . . the discoveries of even the last dozen years, it seems to me to be about as rash to dogmatize on the succession of organic beings throughout the world as it would be for a naturalist to land for five minutes on some one barren point in Australia, and then to discuss the number and range of its productions." "The old notion of all the inhabitants of the earth having been swept away at successive periods by catastrophes is very generally given up, even by those geologists—as Elie de Beaumont, Murchison, Barrande, etc.—whose general views would naturally lead them to this conclusion." "On the theory of descent with modification, the main facts with respect to the mutual affinities of the extinct forms of life to each other and to living forms seem to me explained in a satisfactory manner. And they are wholly inexplicable on any other view." It is notorious that the fossil remains of closely consecutive formations are closely allied in structure, and we can at once understand the fact if they are likewise closely allied by descent.

We do not mean to assert that the Darwinian hypothesis is, as a whole, or ought to be now, adopted: it is, confessedly, unproved; but then it is not, as Mr. Barnes intimates, *disproved*. Nor is it meant that any *greater* difficulty would present itself, in reconciling a theory of continuously successive development with the Bible history of man, than exists in the case of other theories of older date. Only, the mode of reconciliation must be different. Nor will it do ever to forget, as the author of these Lectures most clearly states, that we ought not to *expect* an exact

* *Origin of Species*, last edition (New York), pp. 268, 277, 291.

accordance between the language of Scripture, written for *all* time, and the progressive and constantly changing utterances of natural science, not yet—perhaps never to be—perfected.

With room for improvement, as we have said, upon the above-named topics, Mr. Barnes' book is on the whole an admirable one. Not exactly adapted for use as an academical text-book, it may be commended as well worthy of studious perusal.

The Crittenden Commercial Arithmetic and Business Manual. Designed for the use of Merchants, Business Men, Academies, and Commercial Colleges. By John Groesbeck. Philadelphia: E. C. and J. Biddle. 12mo. pp. 216.

This work has for its object to impart that practical knowledge which is daily required in the conduct of business. A case like the following will illustrate the utility of such a book: A young man graduates from college and enters a counting-house. Some fine day he is told to calculate the discount on a note for \$1135 27 for sixty-six days. He could not do it if his life depended on it. He has never been taught in college that in mercantile usage sixty days is considered as one per cent., so that in the instance given, \$11 35 is the interest for sixty days, and for six days more it is of course one-tenth of \$11 35, or \$1 14. Therefore 11 35 + 1 14, or 12 49, is the discount required. In the book before us this process (which by Practice can easily be applied to any number of days) is not given, though, in our opinion, it is the shortest mode of calculating interest. Instead, we have the rule to multiply the principal by one-sixth the number of days, or to multiply the principal by the number of days and divide by 6. With the exception of the mode of reckoning interest, the author appears to have presented to the student the best methods of calculation in actual use among business men; and a knowledge of his Commercial Arithmetic, which occupies the first 143 pages of the work, would save the merchant and the merchant's clerk who should master it from many errors and much useless drudgery.

The second part of the book is devoted to Business Forms and Information, and contains a variety of useful matter, opening with the following

BUSINESS MAXIMS.

Endeavor to be perfect in the calling in which you are engaged.

Think nothing insignificant which has a bearing upon your success.

There is more in the *use* of advantages than in the measure of them.

Make no investments without a full acquaintance with their nature and condition; and select such investments as have intrinsic value.

Of two investments, choose that which will best promote your regular business.

Become known—and favorably known.

Never refuse a choice when you can get it.

Goods well bought are half sold.

Goods in store are better than bad debts.

Nothing valuable is lost by civility.

By prosecuting a useful business energetically, humanity is benefited.

Keep accurate accounts, and know the exact condition of your affairs.

Be economical: a gain usually requires expense; what is saved is clear.

Reality makes no allowances for wishes or bad plans.

This book will be of service to all, and especially to those of limited experience in business affairs.

Books Received.

Dickens' Works. People's Edition. Illustrated. "Great Expectations," pp. 523. "American Notes and Uncommercial Traveller," pp. 472. "Sketches by 'Boz,'" pp. 581. "Hunted Down," pp. 467. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros. 12mo.

Landmarks of History. Part III. Modern History, from the Beginning of the Reformation to the Accession of Napoleon III. By Miss Yonge. Edited by Edith L. Chase. First American Edition. New York: Leypoldt & Holt. 12mo. pp. 465.

The Massacre of St. Bartholomew. Preceded by a History of the Religious Wars in the Reign of Charles IX. By Henry White. With Illustrations. New York: Harper & Bros. 8vo. pp. 497.

The Great Exhibition, with Continental Sketches, Practical and Humorous. By Howard Payson Arnold, author of "European Mosaic." New York: Hurd & Houghton. 12mo. pp. 486.

A Smaller History of England. From the Earliest Times to the Year 1862. Edited by William Smith, LL. D. Illustrated by engravings on wood. New York: Harper & Bros. 16mo. pp. 357.

In the Year '13. A Tale of Mecklenburg Life. By Fritz Reuter. Translated from the Platt Deutch by Charles Lee Lewes. Authorized edition. New York: Leypoldt & Holt. 18mo. pp. 299.

History of the Thirty-ninth Congress of the United States. By William H. Barnes, A. M., author of "The Body Politic." With Portraits. New York: Harper & Bros. 8vo. pp. 636.

Father Tom and the Pope; or, A Night at the Vatican. By the late John Fisher Murray. Illustrated. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros. 16mo. pp. 96.

Three Little Spades. By the author of "Dollars and Cents," "Mr. Rutherford's Children," "Casper," etc. New York: Harper & Bros. 18mo. pp. 268.

Sooner or Later. By Shirley Brooks, author of "The Silver Chord," etc. With Illustrations by G. Du Maurier. New York: Harper & Bros. 8vo. pp. 348.

The Pupils of St. John the Divine. By the author of "The Heir of Redcliffe." Illustrated. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 12mo. pp. 320.

The Ground and Object of Hope for Mankind. Four Sermons. By Rev. F. D. Maurice, M.A. Boston: W. V. Spencer. 16mo. pp. 84.

Cakes and Ale at Woodbine, from Twelfth Night to New Year's Day. By Barry Gray. New York: Hurd & Houghton. 12mo. pp. 229.

Mozart: A Biographical Romance. From the German of Heribert Rau. By E. R. Sill. New York: Leypoldt & Holt. 12mo. pp. 323.

Human Life in Shakespeare. By Henry Giles, author of "Illustrations of Genius," etc. Boston: Lee & Shephard. 16mo. pp. 286.

My Husband's Crime. By M. R. Housekeeper. With Illustrations. New York: Harper & Bros. 8vo. pp. 115.

My Son's Wife. By author of "Caste," "Mr. Arle," etc. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros. 12mo. pp. 437.

The Sabbath-School Index. By R. G. Pardee, A.M. Philadelphia: J. C. Garrigues & Co. 16mo. pp. 256.

Grandpa's House. By Helen C. Weeks. Illustrated. New York: Hurd & Houghton. 16mo. pp. 239.

On the Heights: A Novel. By Berthold Auerbach. Boston: Roberts & Bros. 12mo. pp. 544.

Abraham Page, Esq.: A Novel. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 12mo. pp. 354.

The Social and Political Dependence of Women. Boston: W. V. Spencer. 12mo. pp. 86.

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